MARVEL

DEAD-POOL®

CLASSIC

ALVIN LEE
UDON

FEATURING AGENT X™

VOL 10

AFTER THERE WAS DEADPOOL — AND BEFORE THERE WAS DEADPOOL AGAIN — THERE WAS AGENT X!

He's a merc, check. With a mouth, check. And an uncanny healing factor — hey, what gives here? Prepare to find out as the adventures of Alex "Agent X" Hayden race to a dramatic conclusion — and one way or another, there'll be a Deadpool walkin'! But first, Alex has a business to get off the ground: the merc group Agency X. Only problem is, there's no "Taskmaster" in "team." Still, there's plenty of work to be had with a pantie-snatcher on the loose, an invisible man to be found, the glorious return of Fight-Man and…wait, the Black Swan? Didn't Deadpool already kill that guy? Paging Wade Wilson! Plus: Fight-Man's over-the-top, punch-packed debut by Evan (*Milk and Cheese*) Dorkin!

Collecting *Agent X #7-15* and *Fight-Man #1* — written by Gail Simone, Buddy Scalera, Evan Dorkin and Daniel Way; and illustrated by UDON Studios, Mitch Breitweiser, Juan Bobillo, Kyle Hotz and Evan Dorkin.

T+

MARVEL

MARVEL

DEADPOOL CLASSIC

FEATURING AGENT X

VOL 10

MARVEL

7

SIMONE
LEE
UDON

AGENT X™

AGENT X AGENT X
AGENT X AGENT X AGENT
ALVIN LEE 2K2
UDON

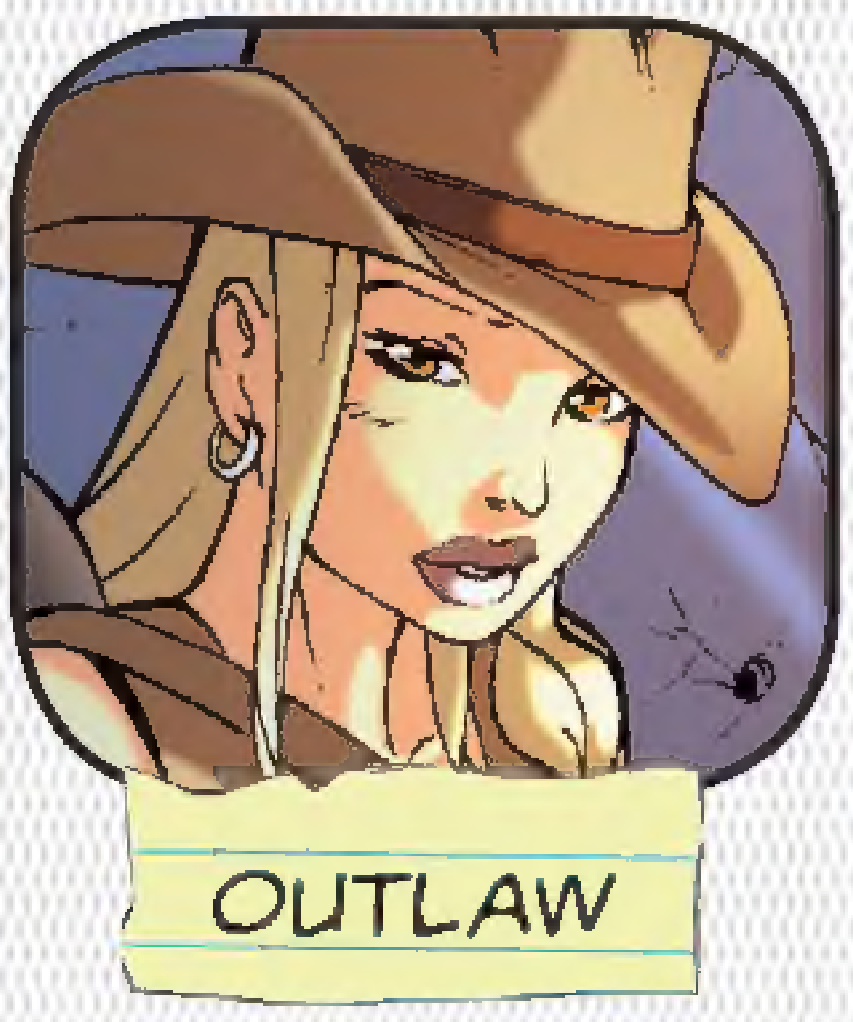
TO MOST, THE LETTER X STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. THE UNDERWORLD IS NO EXCEPTION. FOR PEOPLE WITH EVIL INTENT, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE HIRED GUN WITH NO PAST AND A BURNING DESIRE TO TAKE HIS POSITION AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST AND HIGHEST PAID MERCENARY.

STAN LEE PRESENTS...

AGENT X

"SHAMEFUL WILLIAM"

TASKMASTER



PREVIOUSLY

ALEX HAYDEN'S FEEL-GOOD JOURNAL OF SELF-DISCOVERY

TOP TEN THINGS I LIKE (not in order):

10) Shooting people
9) Hitting people (sometimes after shooting)
8) Washing (hygiene very important)
7) Mary Zero (brave kid)
6) Outlaw (nice to me, soft to touch, shoots people good)
5) Sandi (very excellent)
4) My theme park (even if rides slightly demolished!)
3) Corn Dogs and Corn Dog-related condiments
2) Yentl (VASTLY under-rated performance by Streisand)
1) Not having vast criminal organization trying to kill me (PARTAY!)

We did it. Despite overwhelming odds and likelihood of loud, messy deaths, we (self, Outlaw, Taskmaster) defeated huge group of mercs and freaks! With help from sneaky kid Mary Zero, was able to convince Four Winds organization to back off. One cranky lady with sword chose not to listen. Good-bye, cranky lady with sword!

Last night, after celebrating self into stupor (want to explain that 'celebrating myself' means drinking, and not something dirty), came up with brilliant idea.

This idea is so great, could change merc world forever. Full of high hopes for future. Can't wait to finish small recovery assignment first...should be routine gig. Will try to stay awake and interested despite spending too much time celebrating myself last night (not dirty).

TOP TEN LEAST FAVORITE THINGS

10) Taskmaster
9) Jock itch
8) Rudeness
7) Head wounds
6) Shemp
5) ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~*

© 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

So very kind of you to come so promptly, Mr. Hayden. Before you enter, would you sign this, please?
>munch munch chew< Sure, I guess. What is it?
This place looks like Vegas without the buffets.
WAIVER OF ALL RIGHTS
This is to signify that I, Alex Hayden, do waive the right to seek redress of any kind should I develop a case of cooties, swollen glands, or the fiery drips while in the employ of S.W., Inc.
Oh, standard contract, nothing to worry about.
Thank you. Now, when meeting Sir William...
...I must ask you that you not make eye contact, nor should you remove your footwear, and any physical contact of any kind is strictly forbi...
May I ask what that is that you're eating?
Fruit by the Foot. Want some?
Thank you. No.
It's fruity.
All food should come in roll form. Imagine how good Pheasant by the Foot would be.
10
Right. Now, then, I suggest you take all possible precautions when speaking to my employer, Mr. Hayden, for your own safety.
And above all...

AGENT X in
SHAMEFUL WILLIAM
WRITER: GOODBYE-GAIL SIMONE
ARTIST: U-AIN'T-LEAVING-SO-SOON-DON
LETTERS: CORY "SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE" PETIT
EDITOR: ANDREW "LATER FOR THIS" LIS
EDITOR IN CHIEF: JOE "SPRING O-LEANING" QUESADA
PRESIDENT: BILL "CASHING OUT" JEMA$
SPRINKLES
YOGURT
...do nothing to entice him.
?!?!?
Sprinkles!
Someone sprinkle me!

Oh! The professional gunman One requested is here!
One is *delighted.*
Ah, facial scarring. Yes.
Visor, guns, jacket, yes yes yes.
Umm...
Fruit by the Foot?
One doesn't mind if One does!
It's triple-berry.
It is an orgiastic *frenzy!*
A fruitful *symphony* for the *palate!*

Um. No, that's okay. You keep it.
I've just decided to give up all rolled foods, in fact.
Unimaginable. To deprive oneself of such bounty!
One's *robe*, Artemis! One's *luxuriant silken robe!*
Sir William has a rare... condition, Mr. Hayden. He's an omni-fetishist.
He finds everything... er...exciting.
Have you ever considered that he might just be *disgusting?*
You!
You defeated *all others* on the field of *battle.*
Well, yeah, I...
How *wonderful* it must be to hit someone in the face!
And now, to the *panties!*
Um, I *kicked* some guys when they were *down*, too.
The *imagery!* You are a *Picasso* of *pain!*
And this other guy? I just grabbed him and *punched* him 'til he started *crying...*

And he's all like, *stop, stop!* And I'm like *no way!* And he's all "*I'm a bleeder!*" So I take his throat and start *twisting* and *twisting* and...
Your tales of sweaty grappling are boring One, now.
Wait... did you say "Panties?"
Oh, yes...
...One has a *panoply* of panties!
Also thongs, boxers, briefs, bloomers, g-strings-- undergarments of every size, color and shape. It is a rainbow of unmentionables!
Talk about gratuitous!
nor Roosevelt
Calista Flockhart
Madonna
Eric Vedder
Alvin Lee
Are those...
Are those Thor's drawers?
Don't touch those. They're near mint!
The Norse god must have been awfully drunk.
These are never to be *touched*. Their value would plummet.
What, you mean you plan to sell these to other unfortunate freaks like yourself?
RIP!
Don't be crass. One would *never* part with any of them.

Which makes having them *stolen* all the more heinous. The *jewels* of One's collection-- *stolen!*
They are being transported as we speak, my poor silky darlings...
Wow, Madonna's frillies!
DON Chief
Namo
Quite common. *That* pair was found in a jar of black olives. Took weeks to get the smell out.
Will you help One, you brave, bald, bald man?
If you know who did this, why not go to the cops?
This is more erotic by half.
Vedder
Lis
lvin
Well, the whole operation seems sort of juvenile and pathetic. I like that.
You got yourself a Jockeys jockey.
or Roosevel
Lockhart
Mr. Fantastic
nman
Mmm... Streeetchyyy!
Lis
lder
Gail S
Mister, the truth is...
...being killed just makes me *thirsty.*
velt
But we must be cautious. The harpy who has stolen One's lovelies delights in violence and destruction.
She'd rather destroy them all than let us retrieve them. Our mission is most perilous.
CAP

Two uncomfortable hours later...
You heard me: *panties.* I've graduated from monkey gigs to returning stolen underwear.
If only there were some way to *combine* the two, now *then* you'd have a party video.
Yes, you're right-- I won't mention that idea to Shameful William...
Okay, Alex, but hurry back. your profile is higher than ever right now. Word is spreading.
Suddenly, we've got *lots* of paying gigs!
Oh, Outlaw called, too-- says she needs to talk to you.
And your CDs arrived, finally.
Huh. *That's* weird.
The BEST of
Schuman
HAYDN
No, nothing. Check in when you're done there, partner.
We need to schedule some appointments.
It says here that one of these composers was German, and the other was Austrian. Weird.
I love shopping by internet. This Puffy Spice CD is wicked hard to find.

When Alex showed up, he said he picked the name "Alex Hayden" randomly.
So what? Look, I was wrong when I thought he was faking amnesia. He doesn't have a clue.
So maybe he just likes boring classical music by a bunch of beer-swilling sausage eaters.
MEL-B SEMI HITS
AGENCY X
Someday you're going to have to tell me why you believe in this guy so much.
You really don't know?
EXIT
Got LOST?
Alex is the first guy, since I was thirteen years old, who hasn't tried to tell me how to live my life.
Ouch.
Plus, he provides an interesting work environment, you've got to give him that.
truth

I can't believe I'm saying this, but I need you to... man the crank.
So, this condition... you get all worked up over everything? Literally everything?
The value of a thing is what one makes of it.
So, lawnmowers?
Yes.
Canned ham?
Yes.
Pat Buchanan?
Oh, my, yes.
Cheese slices?
One likes to undress them slowly.
Garage door openers?
So, so *functional.*
Poodles wearing sweaters?
Don't tempt One!
What about female folk singers? Non-shaving, non-bathing, chai tea-drinking female folk singers?
One *adores* them! *So breathlessly hirsute!*
Be careful! Your quarry *loves* explosive devices!
You could have told me *that* sooner.
Hey, lower me down *more,* would ya?
I should perhaps possibly have hypothetically put someone else in charge of the ladder, maybe.

Uh... hey. *Hey!*
Lower the damn ladder!
Oh, but you're a ***naughty*** spool.
Who's a naughty spool?
Why, ***you're*** a naughty spool!
I swear to *God*, if you're up there doing something disgusting with my *chair, I'll shoot you good!*
Providing I *live*, I hasten to add!
Oh, well-- it's either jump or smash into the wall, I guess...
Please don't let the roof be rigged to explode.
WHHHOOOOMPH
Jeez-- I guess Sir William is turned on by close calls, too!

Inside
WHHHOOOOMPH
They're on the roof, dearest darlings.
Go get them *hard* and *fast*...
And your beloved mistress shall take the detonator.
So small and so powerful... it makes me quiver.
MRS. BUTTER WORTH 2% BUTTER
WAKK e GLU!
There's a certain romance about trains, so rumbly and powerful...
What are *you* doing here? Quit gazing longingly at stuff!
No one ever began a secret attack by *gazing longingly at stuff!*
Okay, before I go to work, you *sure* this "Lynda Lodestone" broad is behind this?
She can not resist. She suffers from the same affliction and predilections as One's tingling self.
Hang on...
Do not touch me! Stopppppp!

What?!
No one *ever* touches me! *Never!*
You mean you *never*...you can't even...
You poor dumb dope.
You made your whole *life* about your squalid little interests, and you can't even *touch* another human being?
Note to self: Remember to spend some time with Inez. Don't turn into this guy.
GAAAH!
SCHLUK!
Well, hello, William. You've come for my pretty things, I imagine.

And you brought a strapping and eager young...
Wait, is that the mercenary who caught the monkey?
Oh, he *was*, yes...
But he's improved a *lot* since then.
Then I was a walking crash-test dummy--
--Now, I'm a *g-string samurai, baby!*
Now, me, personally, I always think it's really cool when the local Chippendales forms a hit squad.
And I bet you're not *really* a construction worker.

Stop! Make him stop, William, or it's goodbye, Marie Antoinette!
NO!
You fiend! You've removed the protective mylar sleeve that provides long life and protection from the elements!
Mmmm. Protective mylar sleeve.
So snug! The very snuggiliest!
No no no!
Fetch, doggie!
Aw, cripes.
"And what did you do today, Alex?"
"I risked death trying to save some drawers with 18th century stank on 'em, if you must know."

Whew.
Man, those arrow wounds *sting!*
I have the detonator, William. The explosives are in the display case we took from you.
If I can't have them, no one will. Least of all *you.*
Ack! Nooooo!
Haven't you guys learned to value *human life* over *material possessions?*
My *face!*
Have you dateless wonders not figured this out yet? It's *obvious!*
You two are *made* for each other.

Listen. You're both disgusting freaks, right?
She's a pervert, he's a pervert...
He falls in love when he sees a llama, she's willing to kill us all over some smelly underthings...
Don't you get it? This is your chance. Just marry each other and share your filthy collection of nasty shorts!
But I've never...
Is it possible?
Oh, my soulmate...
One's darling love forever!
Uh...hey, be careful there. You're going to bump...
...the detonator.

Property of ALEX HAYDEN
Hey! These are *mine*, dammit!

Ah, Sir William, there you are. Found these for ya.
I think they belonged to either Henry the VIII or Mr. Ed.
It's difficult to say for sure.
the pain... exquisite.
Yeah, true love can be rough. I think your lady landed over there, and over there, and a little bit over there.
When do I get paid for today?

After getting paid, back at the park.
...and when I said that, it just *hit* me. *Bam!*
We don't have to be like those two. We could all work together, watch each other's backs. Be a real *team.*
Because, look, we may not all *love* each other, but you have to admit, together, when it came down to it, when it *counted...*
...we kicked *ass.*
Sandi says we're *swamped* with jobs. Let's do it...
Alex...
...let's make *Agency X* the real deal.
Commissions, vacation, medical, dental, the *works.*
Look, I'm already plenty busy...

That's not the *point*.
The *point* is: we don't *have* to be *alone*.
Not interested.
But...
I *like* being alone. Sorry.
Maybe I'll stop by for pay-per-view sometime, but i'm *out*.
And, Alex, I've been tryin' to tell you.
It's my daddy. He's real sick.
I'm goin' back to Texas. Maybe just for a few weeks. Maybe a little longer...
But...I thought, you and me...
Don't make it harder than it needs to be.
Please.

Why don't you go, Alex. Do what makes you happy.
Inez...
I... can't. I just got here.
Well...
I ain't gonna cry, if that's what y'all are thinkin'.
You'll see--you'll be back in no time!
Take care of him.
It's a good idea. You'll make it work.
I wish y'all the best.
Good luck.
Good luck to *all* of us.

Well?
What do I *think*, you mean?
I think you've made my life a lot more dangerous, but I like it.
And I think this park is going to need a serious, serious makeover. But above all...
...I think you were always meant to be a *star*, Alex.
I'm staying. We'll do it *alone* if we have to.
Can't get rid of me, so don't bother trying.
Well, then... I think we have the makings of a fine pain-for-pay organization. This calls for onion rings.
You're missing out, Tasky. But thanks for not punking out when we needed you.
Here. In case you ever need help from the very *best*.
AGENCY X
Jobs done, questions none
Agent available 24 hours
No moral judgments made
NEXT: A SOLO AGENT X ADVENTURE AS ALEX FACES OFF AGAINST THE INVISIBLE MAN!

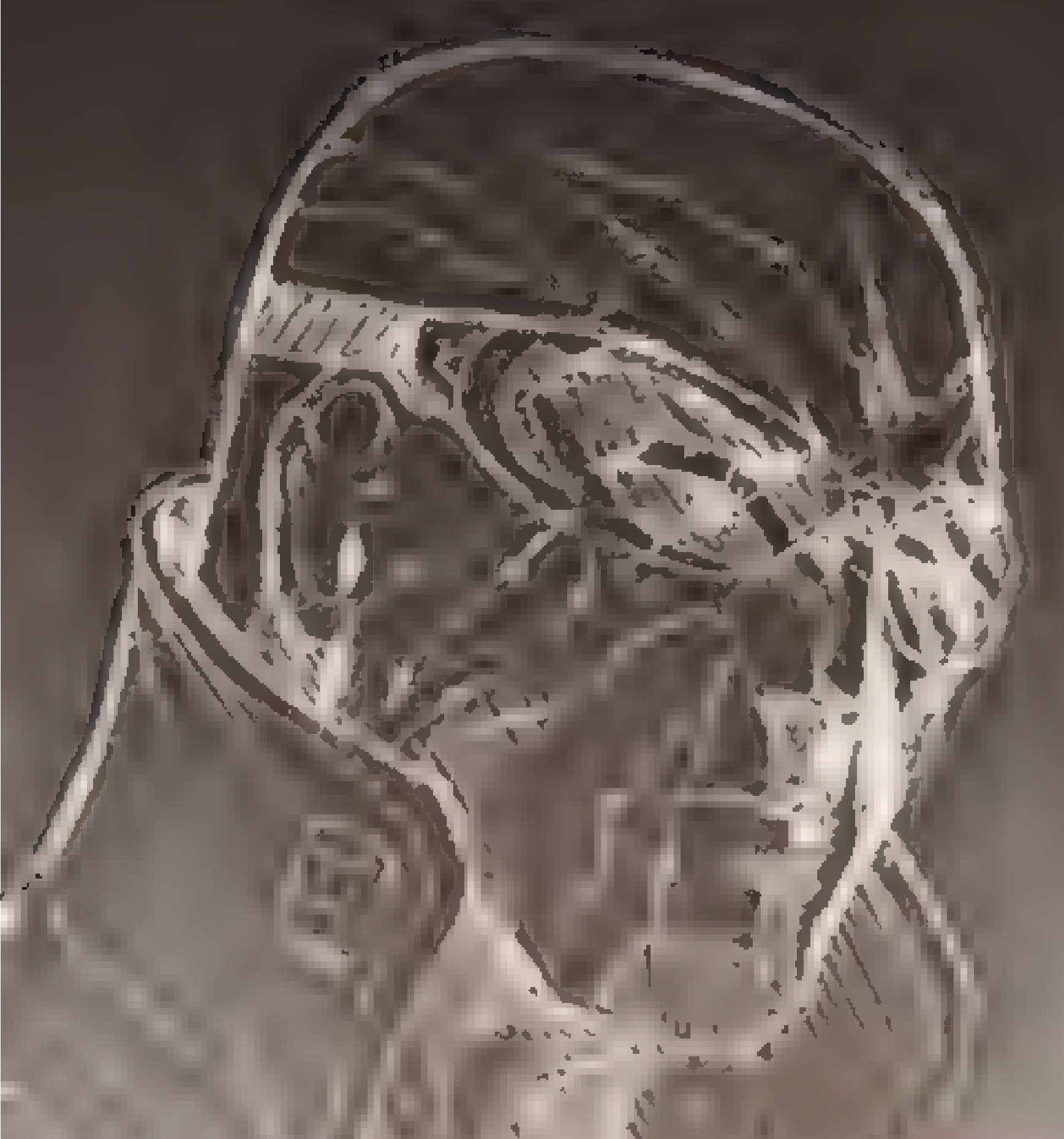
MARVEL

8

SCALERA
BREITWEISER
McKENNA

AGENT X

ROOT BEER
2002



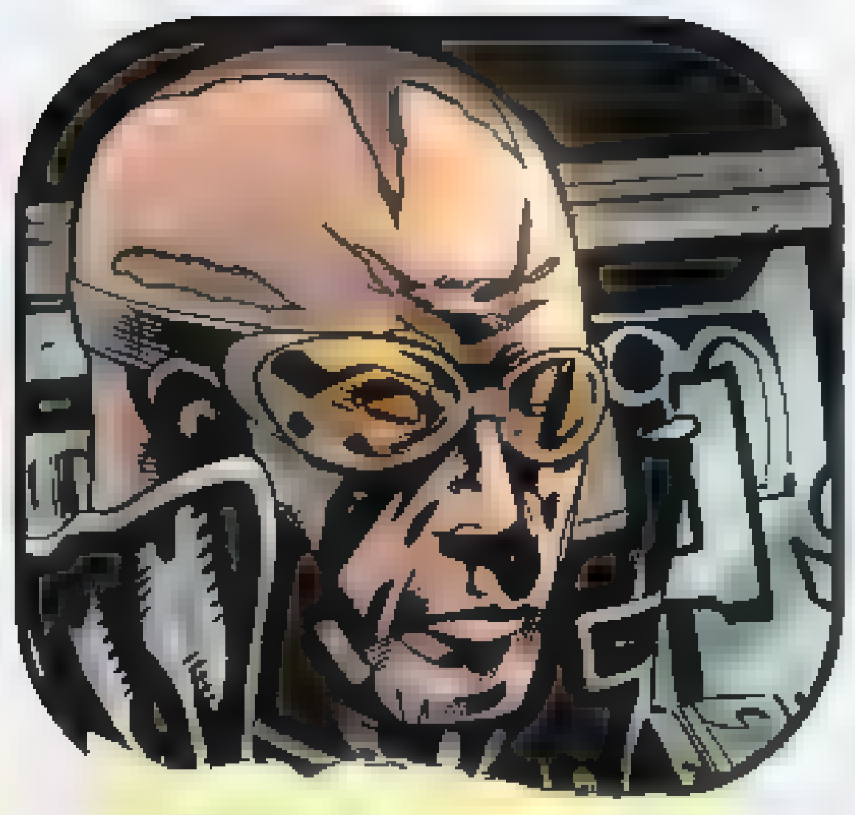
TO MOST, THE LETTER X STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. THE UNDERWORLD IS NO EXCEPTION. FOR PEOPLE WITH EVIL INTENT, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE HIRED GUN WITH NO PAST AND A BURNING DESIRE TO TAKE HIS POSITION AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST AND HIGHEST PAID MERCENARY.

STAN LEE PRESENTS...

AGENT X

"HOLD THAT GHOST"

part 1 of 2



ALEX

CHRISTINE GALLHAGER

DANTE

THE INVISIBLE MAN

PREVIOUSLY

ALEX HAYDEN'S JOURNAL OF MELANCHOLY MUSINGS

THINGS THAT DEPRESS ME (not in order):

10) Not knowing my real identity (or is that "not wanting to know"...?)
9) Getting shot more than once (the first time kinda tickles)
8) Long distance relationships (I miss you, Outlaw)
7) Lack of company support (ahem...Taskmaster)
6) Stale candy corn (it's like eating teeth)
5) My theme park (it just seems so empty now)
4) "Police Academy 5" ('nuff said!)
3) Forgetting my guns at home (especially when on a mission)
2) Justin Timberlake (why's he gotta be so dreamy?)
1) Invisible targets (you'll see what I mean...)

Alright...so things didn't work out exactly as I had planned.

I had finally put together my very own company of mercenaries-for-hire: AGENCY X...named after yours truly, of course! But after a very...umm..."brief" recovery mission, I returned to my headquarters, only to watch my dreams of a cash-n-kill corporation crumble to the ground around me!

Within the first five minutes of Agency X's existence, the company was already restructuring! Both Taskmaster and Outlaw (love-o-my-life) decided to go off on their own...leaving me with a staff comprised only of my devoted secretary and a spunky kid...oh, and ME. So really, I'd say the odds are even more in my favor now! (Take that, Tasky!)

To get my mind off our sudden staffing setback, I decided to do something nice and relaxing: a high paying hit-job for some crazy cosmetics CEO named Christine Gallhager. And everything was going nice and smooth...until I realized I had left my guns back on my desk. That was right about the time I met Dante...and that wall...

© 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

Afternoon. Gal-Hag Corporate Offices.
Soon as my skull expands back to its normal, round shape, I'm gonna...
Yeah? Whatta you gonna *do?*
Gimme a minute. Comedy takes time.

AGENT X

"Hold that Ghost"

Part 1 of 2

WRITER:	BUDDY SCALERA
PENCILER:	MITCHELL BREITWEISER
INKER:	MARK MCKENNA
COLORIST:	UDON STUDIOS
LETTERER:	CORY PETIT
EDITORS:	LIS, MARTS & SUMERAK
BIG GUN IN CHIEF:	JOE QUESADA
PRESIDING BIG GUN:	BILL JEMAS

I heard about you, *Hayden*. And your super hero "healing power."
Hold on, I may actually be stuck here.
RMMFFF!
URK!
Great. So you know that my body automatically heals from just about any injury.
Did you also hear how I left your *mother* tied to the swing set after I--
You sunava...
--wait, I'm not finished.
I didn't even get to the punch...
...line...
WHAMM!

Mr. Hayden? Are you awake?
My name is Christine Gallhager, president of Gal-Hag Cosmetics. I see you've already met Dante, my security chief.
Yer fine, Hayden. Gettup.
The man is seeing stars, Dante.
From this angle, I think I actually see angels. Or heaven.
Whoo. Head rush.
If you're finished, Mr. Hayden, I suggest we get down to business...
Fine with me!
I have some business of the unfinished variety with ol' Dante here!
I was just about to show him why I don't usually carry a sword...
SHUCK
See what I mean?

Fresh boy. Keep your hands to yourself.
Y-You... cut off my h-hand!
And now, I'm using your "h-hand"--
--to punch you in your f-face!
WHAM
I'm pleased to see that you're as sadistic as your reputation indicated.
A reputation that inspired me to employ the mercenary services of Agency X.
I will give you *two million dollars* to kill the man in this picture.
But...there's nobody in that picture but *you.*
And I saw your-- Well, let's just say *I know* you're not a guy.
I'm *all* woman, Mr. Hayden.
Just as there *is* a man in that photo, whether or not you see him.
You want me to kill an Invisible Man?
You could say that...
Oh, I *see.*
Heh. Little invisibility joke for ya. Get it, "see"?
I'll take the gig! And I'll leave a coupon.
Dante's next maiming is half off.

Downtown. One hour later.
QUILA & DAMES
..."half off", guys! Get it?
CRASH
Geez! Tough crowd!
Seriously, though... If you don't tell me where your invisible boss is, I'm going to have to resort to even worse forms of torture...
JOSE LOPEZ
Uhhhhh...
You asked for it! Party games it is!
THWAK
Yippee! Gather round, kids! We've got a piñata!
Owww! But why do you beat on us? We told you we have not seen him!
I know. *Nobody* has seen him! He's *invisible!*
THWAK
AIIIEEEEE!

A good whacking later...
So, Meester Alice...?
The name's *Alex* Hayden. *Alex.* Got it, Maria?
Si...Alice.
How you kill a man you no can see? Si?
I'm still trying to figure it all out...
How to kill him?
No. How your piñata friend actually *was* filled with candy...
That was no candy, Alice. That was his teeth.
Teeth? Oh. I thought that was stale candy corn.
Stupid phone. Always rings when I'm a john.
Alex, it's Christine. Any luck yet?
No, I stopped to eat a little Mexican at our boy's restaurant, but no dice.
Uh, any more *clues?*
He eats *dinner* every night at a restaurant in Little Italy called "Sigusmundo's."
What better place to find the owner of a Mexican eatery? Why didn't *I* think of that?

Ten minutes later at Sigusmundo's.
★★★ "Fine Italian Cuisine..." — NEW YORK POST
Whoo...
CRASH
Déjà vu, Siggy.
Uhhh.
Please! I told you everything I know! Let me out of this oven!
When the little button pops, you're fully *cooked* right?
OVEN ON
CLICK
No! No turn on the oven!
Umm... Siggy? Do you own a frying pan that floats?
If not, I think I just found my--
WHONG
Owwwww!

Trying to sneak away, are you?
I'm not talking about you, Siggy! I mean our invisible friend!
Ahh! Ahhh! Is getting very *hot* in here!
EMERGENCY EXIT
CLICK
Come out, come out, wherever you are.
If you let me kill *you,* I *won't* cook your favorite chef.
Yahhh! Please! Someone open the door!!! Don't cook the chef!
Hellooo? Anyone invisible out here?
If you're invisible and you know it, clap your hands.
Hmm. If you want to fight, you go left. Maybe you hide in the shadows...
If you're *scared,* you go right. For the street.
WATER! WATER!
OK, there goes your favorite chef. Flame broiled, and it's your fault.
You gonna come out? Or will you make me cook the hostess, too?

If Torchy the Chef ran *that* way and didn't hit anything...
AHH! WATER! HELP!
...then you're not over *there.*
SCREEECH
WHUMP!
AIEEE!
Oh, my *God!* You ran over the Human Torch!
Poor Siggy. He survived being cooked alive--
--and he gets run over by a Toyota Camry.
Mr. Invisible Man? As you can see, I am a provider of fates worse than death.
How about you save the lives of a few nice people today, and let me kill you right now?
Hmm? Whatta you say?
Drop your gun--

--*then* we can talk.
Only if you let me wrap my fingers around your throat. Deal?
C'mere. Let's shake on it.
What the-- ?
10,000 volts of invisible stun-gun, charging for release. Now drop the weapon.
No way, Electro.
BUZZZZZ
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
YEEARRRGGHHH!

I warned you. I hate guns.
It-- It's probably just the bullets that you hate.
Speaking of bullets, you are *out!* The electric charge *forced* your fingers to discharge your weapon.
How do you feel about swords? My pal Dante doesn't think I've mastered'em quite yet... but they say practice makes perfect!
SHING!
Why are you trying to kill me?
Why?
A new computer table. Some paper clips. One of those little thingies to hold my business cards.
You're going to kill me over office supplies?!?
Even if you cheat on your taxes, running a mercenary business isn't cheap.
I have money... I can pay you *more...*
Mighty sportin' of ya, pal. But after that little jolt, I'm thinking, "hmm, no."
I'm actually looking forward to eating *your* teeth.

Hey, since I can't see you could you just dive on the end of my sword?
BUZZZZZ
L-l-l-ook, p-p-pal. You're *not* making a very g-good case against me carving you into sm-small pieces.
BUZZZZZZ
CRACKKKKLLLLEE
BBZZAAAATT!
AAAARRGGHH!
If I find your head, I'm gonna put a bullet in it.
≷cough≶ ≷cough≶
Without a gun.

You know, fella, if I didn't have a healing power, that jolt woulda killed me. And now I'm really, *really* gonna kill you.
You don't understand.
What's to understand?
I'm *innocent*. And I can *prove* it.
You'll be killing an innocent man.
That's never stopped me before. But I *am* curious.
I'm usually just killing very naughty people.
Why would someone hire me to kill an innocent man?
Hello?
Damn.

Later. Gal-Hag Corporate Offices.
Did you know this guy has an electroshock stick that a proctologist would envy?
He developed weapons for the military. He's *very* well armed and he's not going to just *let* you kill him.
Guess I'll have to think up a new strategy, then.
I was told you were better than this, Hayden.
And I was told the guy was invisible-- not heavily armed.
So were even!
So, *why* did Mr. Invisible Man with Shocky Stick proclaim his innocence?
I know my buisness cards say "no questions" but--
It's a need-to-know, and...
And I need to know.
Not that it's any of *your* business, but...
...my *father* is *not* an innocent man!

Wait...*what?!?* Your *father?* You're paying me to kill your *father?*
Can't you just kill him in his sleep like *normal* kids do?
Spare me your judgments.
I'm *paying* you to kill someone. But it seems you're not up for the job.
Nuh-uh. Kitten is *out* of the bag.
But I don't pull the trigger till I get the whole twisted tale.
Although I'll kill your housekeeper for *free.* This chair is *filthy.*
You should just leave.
Ms. Gallhager said it's time for you to *leave.*
BONK
Oof!
Hey, Aquaman--
--can you check my back teeth with that thing? I've had a hunk of corn stuck back there all day.
My pleasure!

That's *it*. I'm gonna tear your jaw outta your head.
Urrff!
Enough, both of you!
Hayden, are you *in* or *out*?
In. But the rate for patricide has gone up. Four million. Two mil now. Two when your old man is worm food.
Whatever. As long as nobody can trace my father's murder back to me, a few million is nothing to me. Dante-- the money?
When this is done, you're gonna meet the hook up close and personal.
More "up close and personal" than in my mouth?
By the way, Dante, do those hooks come in lefty and righty, like shoes?
I dunno. Why?
Well...
SLICE
437
...now you have a *reason* to find out.

Ten minutes later. Outside Gal-Hag Corporate Offices.
Ok, fella. How'm I gonna *find* you?
⸗Sniff⸗ ⸗Sniff⸗ That's an odd smell.
Almost smells like... that electroshocky thing... *That's* no coincidence.
Hey, Invisible Daddy! You hunting *me* now?
Tell ya what. Make your move. I'll even put down the case of money so I have both hands free to chop you into little meat cubes.
It's a *revolving* door, freak. Keep it *moving!*
You *could* have just walked away, Mr. Invisible Man. But you've decided to turn the tables on me. Nice strategy. Too bad it won't *work.*
CLUNK
What's with the weirdo in the door?
Maybe he's stuck.
Shhhh. I'm hunting invisible wabbit.
And the wabbit is hunting me right back.
Hey, let me *out!*

Say, pal. Wanna tell me what's up with the guy in the door?
Actually, it's *not* the guy in the door that's the problem. It's the *other* guy...!
Ohhhkayyy. The "other guy"? Is he "invisible"?
Actually, yes.
Look, buddy, I -- *Ooof!* What just hit me?!?
That'd be the "other guy". Don't move.
This won't hurt nearly as much as it appears...or doesn't appear. Whatever.
SLICE!
ARRGGHHH!
BUZZZZZ

BZZZAAAPP!
Aaaggghhh! I *hate* that thing!
Are you okay? I thought you were crazy, but then I *felt* that guy! There *really is* an Invisible Man?
OPEN
Yep. You see which way he went?
Kidding.
Invisible... there's really an Invisible Man.
Get outta my *way!*
Stop him before he goes into that store!
Hey, it's the "Galactus Chef Supply" store. Man, that Devourer of Worlds *loves* to eat.

Two minutes later. Inside Galactus Chef Supply.
Get everyone out of the store.
Except the slowest cashier. She dies.
Honey, I'm home! Ready for some Tender Lovin' Murder?
Is it worth it? Is the money to murder me *worth* it?
Four million bucks? Well, yeah, *duh*.
SLAM! Click
Right now, I'm smilin' a big, happy grin. Come closer and I'll show ya.
I've contributed to society. I tried to be a good father. Let me *prove* it to you.
Will you give me 24 hours to *prove* that I'm worth *not killing?*
Let me think about it.
Hmm.
No.
CHEF GALACTUS
SALE
3
4
10 items or else...

FLUMMPPP
FLOUR
BRAND
Hey! Cut it out! You're making it *very* difficult to get a clean kill.
Ordinarily, I'd pump a bullet into your brain, and I'm home for Oprah.
But since I can't *see* you, the old standards just aren't working.
BRAND
So I'm switching weapons to something with a little more *boom* behind it.
FLOUR
BRAND
BRAND
REFRIDGE
SALE
Wait! Is that a... a...hand grenade?!?
CLIKK
Not just *a* hand grenade--
CLUNK
CLUNK

BAAROOOM!
GALACTUS
CHEF SUPPLY
"It's *two* hand grenades."
TO BE CONCLUDED... WITH A BANG!

MARVEL
9
SCALERA
BREITWEISER
McKENNA
AGENT X
TM
SALE!
ALVIN LEE
UDON

TO MOST, THE LETTER X STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. THE UNDERWORLD IS NO EXCEPTION. FOR PEOPLE WITH EVIL INTENT, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE HIRED GUN WITH NO PAST AND A BURNING DESIRE TO TAKE HIS POSITION AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST AND HIGHEST PAID MERCENARY.

STAN LEE PRESENTS...

AGENT X

"HOLD THAT GHOST"

part 2 of 2

ALEX

CHRISTINE GALLHAGER

DANTE

THE INVISIBLE MAN

PREVIOUSLY

○

○ ALEX HAYDEN'S JOURNAL OF CONVENIENT MONTHLY UPDATES

Oy! Where do I even start on this one?

I was feeling down and out after my new mercenary-for-hire company, Agency X, didn't get off the ground quite as well as I'd hoped...so I decided to go out and cheer myself up in the only way I know how: killing for cash!

I got the word that Christine Gallhager, a spoiled-brat cosmetics executive, wanted to put a hit out on some kidnapper, so I took the gig--after chopping the hands off of her bodyguard, Dante, of course. I mean, a guy's gotta have his own fun now and then, right?

Then things got weird. It turned out that my target was this lady's dad! He's a millionaire, a weapons manufacturer, a restaurant owner... Oh, and did I mention that he's INVISIBLE? As in, you CAN'T SEE HIM?

Look... I made a drawing of him:

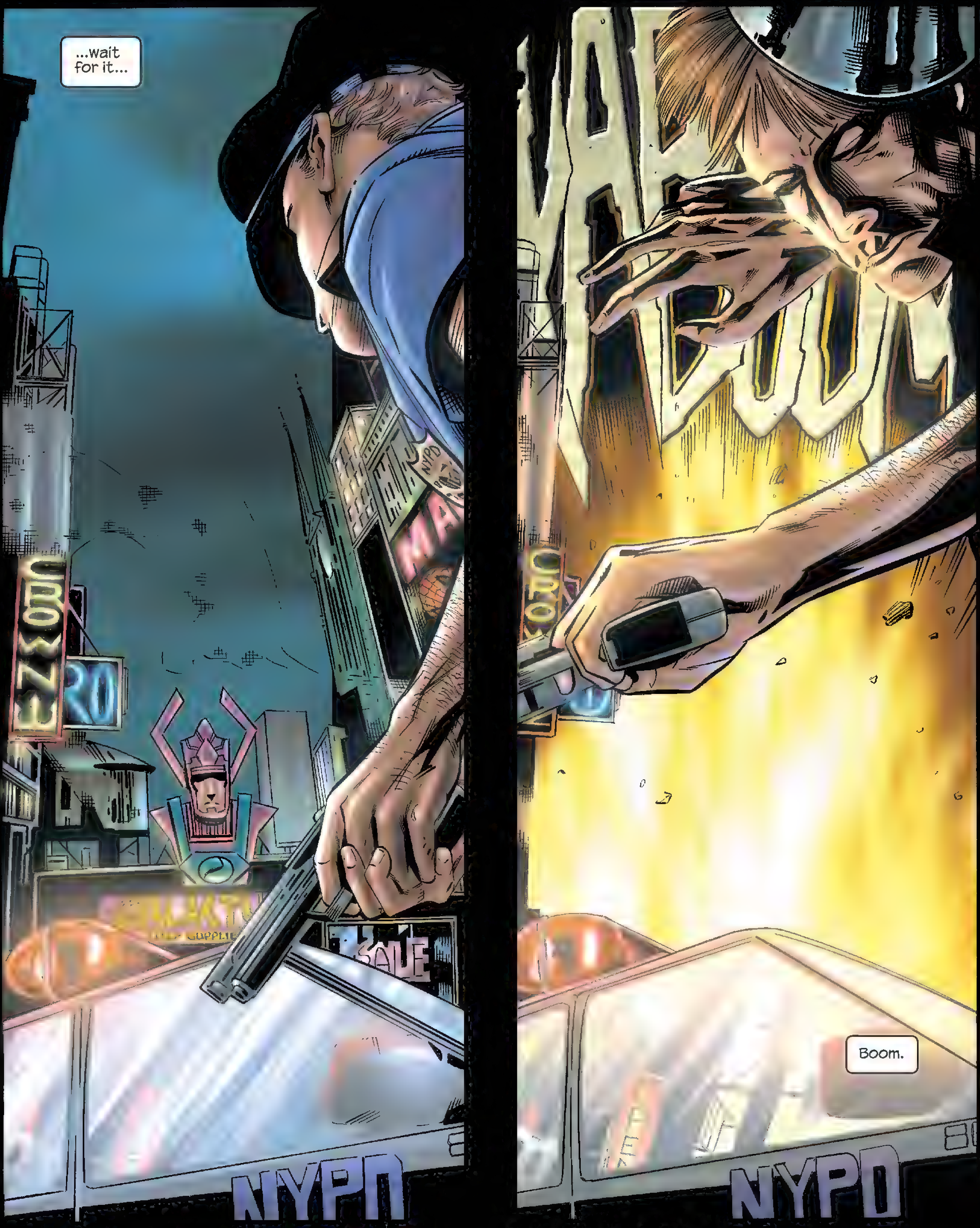
So anyway, I finally found this "invisible man" (which wasn't an easy task, mind you) and cornered him in a cooking supply store, where he proceeded to beg me for his life and a chance to prove his innocence. Now, I don't like the idea of letting a target live...but if he IS a kidnapper, I thought I might be able to actually do some good here AND still make my paycheck.

Guess I should have thought things through a bit more before I threw those hand grenades...

Oh, and in case you didn't get all of that...

© 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

Here's a brief recap.
This is *Alex Hayden*, a.k.a. *Agent X*. He kills for money and maims for laughs.
He's the good guy in this story.
Heya!
Multimillionaire *Christine Gallhager* hired Agent X. She's paying him four million bucks to kill the man pictured to the left for *kidnapping*.
I'm invisible. Neat, huh?
Not only is he invisible *and* a kidnapper... He's also *Christine's father*. Needless to say, Alex is intrigued.
Agent X carries several weapons.
Sword. Quiet and effective for tight areas.
PA-2311-3
Handgun. Noisy, but useful for distance.
DANGER
Grenade. Effective in tight quarters. Useful at moderate distance.
Good for making things go...



STAN LEE PRESENTS:

AGENT X

"Hold that Ghost"

Part 2 of 2

Writer: Buddy Scalera Penciler: Mitchell Breitweiser
Inker: Mark McKenna
Colorist: UDON Studios
Letterer: Cory Petit
Editors: Lis, Marts & Sumerak
Big Gun in Chief: Joe Quesada
Presiding Big Gun: Bill Jemas

Ohhh, that was *so* not smart.
Note to self: Do *not* set off hand grenades inside cooking store filled with combustible objects...
≑Koff. Koff≑ Uhhhhggggg...
Listen, invisible guy...
I've been hired to kill you--and I always get the job done--so you might as well just make this easy and tell me where you are.
My ass is *already* in the pot, so, I won't hesitate to set off another grenade.
You--you blew off my *hand!*
How do you know? You can't even *see* your hand! You're *invisible!*
Though I must say, that layer of food covering you makes you a bit easier to see...and a bit tastier, too!

You blew it off. Clean off. I can't believe it.
Hand removal seems to be a theme in my life these days.
Look, just lie back down so I can finish the job... as soon as I pry this pot off my--
No. Please. Not here, like this. At least let me die with some *dignity...*
Owww!!!
POKE POKE
Sounds like that sword hurt a lot...especially for a hand that supposedly got *blown off!*
Hey, whatta ya know? I guess it was just really numb...
...and invisible...
Alright... enough with the *alibis,* Semi-Visible Man. Time to come with me.
Where are we going?
You wanted to die with dignity? I know all about *dignity...*
EXIT

Meanwhile, at the offices of Christine Gallhager, multimillionaire CEO of Gal-Hag Cosmetics...
Whoops. Damn.
Dante, do you *mind? Some* of us are trying to eat.
You *must* do something about those ridiculous hooks. You're making a mess.
What am I supposed to *do,* Miss Gallhager? You were standing there when Hayden cut my *hands* off!
It'd be a lot easier if I had a fork and a knife instead of two hooks...
You're as useless as your stumps, Dante. A throwback to a simpler time, when nothing mattered but brute force.
Alex Hayden has you outclassed, which is why I hired *him* to kill my father.
You're lucky I even keep you around as a bodyguard...

Across town...
MARC
AIIEEEE!
Run! He has a rifle!
Ya know... It's a *pistol*, not a rifle. This doesn't even *look* like a rifle.
Women don't know guns at *all*.
Time for that "dignity" you wanted so badly.
Even though I'm gonna kill you, I *hate* knowing that you're only wearing a thin layer of food.
That even gives a hardened mercenary like *me* the heebie-jeebies. Grrrrrosss.
YETTI APPAREL
You call this dignity?
Heh... yeah. Heh.
But why take the time to bandage my wounds and dress me up like a little girl, if you're just going to kill me?
For one, humiliation is a huge part of my job satisfaction.
And (B), I will kill you on *my* terms.
Plus, there are a lot of questions that I want answers to.
The woman who hired me...
Yeah, her. She called you a kidnapper. Why?
My daughter.
Kidnapper. That's priceless.
Priceless is how you look now, Shirley. A *price* is what you have on your head.

Do these boots come in camouflage?
N-no-no-no, sir. That's the only pair we have.
Dang. Just when I find shoes I can wear to Sunday School, they don't have them in my color.
I'm so angry, I could kill someone... which just so happens to be what I was hired to do...
Please, don't kill me yet! If you just give me twenty-four hours--
For what? You can't find these shoes anywhere else.
If you give me twenty-four hours, I can prove that I'm an innocent man. That I did the *right things.*
I do the wrong things *all* the time. *On purpose. Next reason?*
I'm a father. I would die for my daughter.
Your daughter seems to agree. But in a slightly different way.
If I could prove it to *you,* maybe you could prove it to *her.*
You'd still collect your four million dollars, and nobody would have to die.
Twenty-four hours to prove that I shouldn't kill you?
That's all I ask.
You've got *one* hour. Make it good...
I'm coming back in a *week*-- and those boots had better be in stock in *camo* or you'll be losing a lot more than a sale!
Oh, thank God they're gone.

Ten minutes later...
Christine? Yes, I have your father here with me now. We're out on a little joyride.
Is he dead?
He's wearing a Chanel dress that's to *die* for. But no, he's not dead. *Yet.*
Why isn't he *dead?!?* I hired you to *kill* him, not take him *shopping!*
He asked for a chance to prove he's innocent, so I figured...
Don't *trust* him! He's *lying!*
He didn't *tell* me anything yet. How can he be lying?
I'm sick of your talking!
I'm *paying* you to be a mercenary! Just *kill* him, you *moron!*
CLICK!
Moron? She really has a way with people.
She gets that from her mother's side.
Ok, so you and me need to have a little heart-to-heart here.
I've never let a hit walk before, innocent or otherwise...
But, one, I really want to know why you're invisible.
Two, I want to know why *your own daughter* wants you dead.
And, *(C)*, I really enjoy annoying that girl...

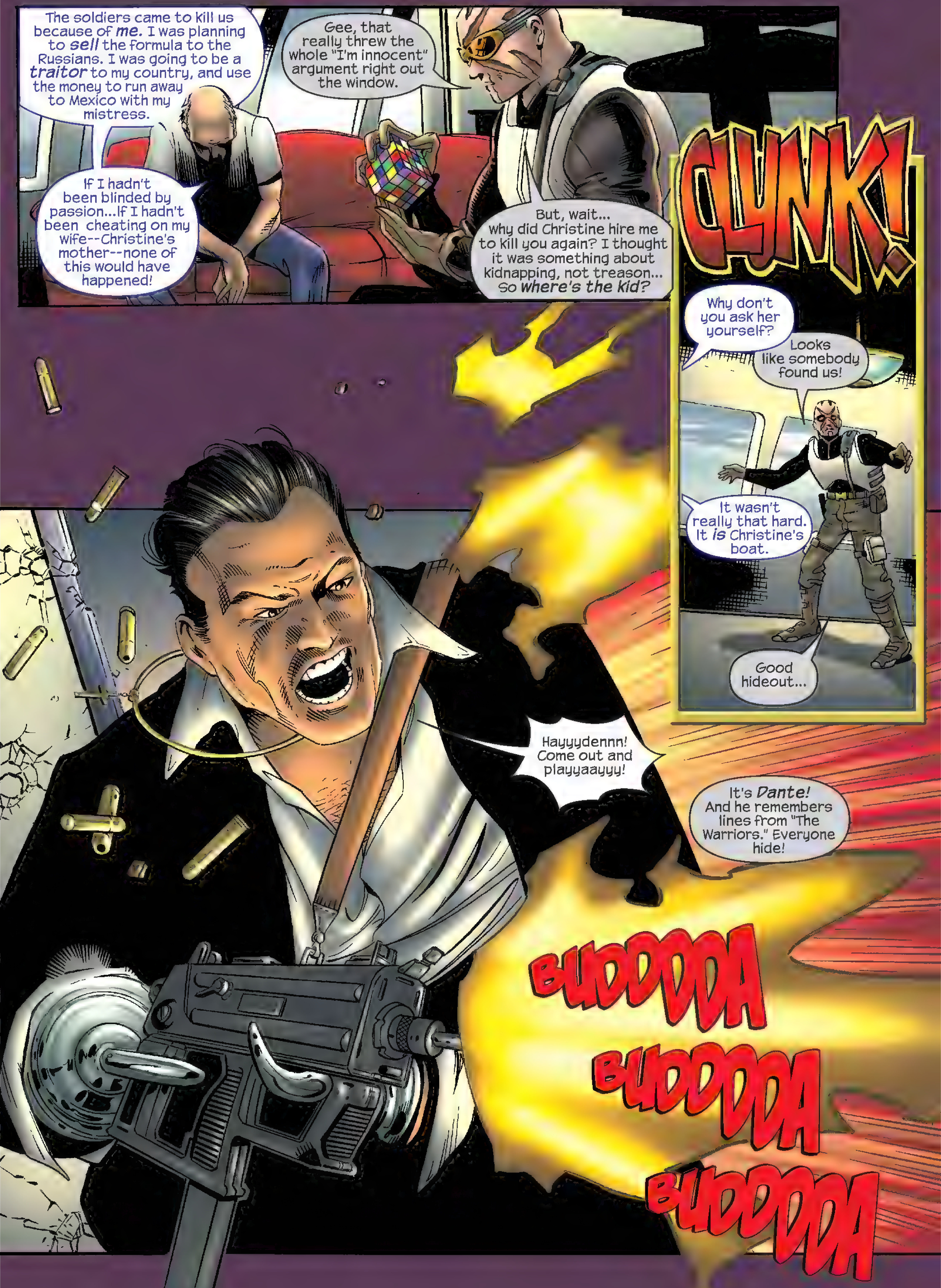
Meanwhile in the Gal-Hag corporate offices...
Arrrghhh! How difficult can it be to kill one man?!?
He calls me from a *cell phone* to tell me that he hasn't killed my father yet!
How *stupid* is this guy? I mean, why doesn't he just take out an ad in the New York Times?
Dante, you were right. We're just going to have to kill Daddy ourselves.
And maybe even this *Agent X* guy, too.
GAL-HAG
Perfect. I was looking for a reason to pay him back for cutting off my hands.
You need more of a reason than the fact that he cut off your hands?
"So...You want me to *drown* you?"

If not, then why are we here?
It's a nice quiet place to tell you my whole bloody story. I want someone to know the truth about this mess with my daughter.
And if you still decide you want to kill me... well...I always wanted a burial at sea.
It's actually pretty relaxing out here...
Hey! Hey! Don't you get naked and run away from me!
That dress was expensive, fella! You'd better not ruin it!
Good thing I made you wear that *bow* in your hair.
OOOOFFF!
Forget this "don't kill me, Mr. Agent Nice" junk. How could I have been such a dope? I'm blowing that bow off your pretty head.
And then, you're fish food.
Okay. Please. I give up.
Waitaminnit. If your mouth is over there. Which end am I talking to?
Um...did you know your bow fell off?
Yeah.
You coulda *told* me that I was talking to the wrong end of the horse.
Sorry.

Later, in a yacht owned by Gal-Hag Cosmetics...
Eyeliner bought all of this?
Actually, our Gal-Hag pimple cream paid for *this* boat. But yes, essentially we made our fortune selling cosmetics.
Cosmetics that make wrinkles invisible. Literally.
Do I have to put all of this makeup on my face...?
Fanatic 2
Obviously the *bow* thing didn't work out, so I need a way to keep track of you.
You *could* be smearing your own blood over your face. Your choice.
-Sigh- You'd think by *now* that I might have gotten *used* to applying makeup...just to look somewhat normal.
Normal men don't wear makeup.
Said the man wearing Kevlar armor.
Touché.
"You know... I wasn't *always* this way. Invisible, I mean.
"Thirty years ago, I was an important chemist. I worked for the *government*.
"And at one time...that was an important job."
"I'll take your word on that one."

"We had access to top-secret government chemicals. I created a special formula, and we were amazed at the results.
"Invisibility.
"One day it all ended. The good times, I mean. To this day, I'm *still* not sure how they--
Nobody move!
Hide the formulas!
Run for it!
"I hadn't *done* anything wrong. Not yet. But I ran like a man condemned.
"They had guns. They were going to take the formula and kill us.
BLAM!
Ugghh!
I have the... ooof!
Ughhffff!
"We'd perfected a weapon that the government could utilize.
My hand! What's happening to my *hand?!?*
"And they weren't about to let it fall into the wrong hands...

"By the time I got home...they had found my wife.
"My God, the flames... my house....but somehow they had missed...
Christine!!
Daddy... where's your *face?*
"I knew our only hope of escape was to make Christine invisible, too. We had to hide.
"We got away that day, but without access to the government chemicals, I couldn't formulate a cure for our invisibility.
"As you can imagine, Christine was obsessed with makeup products. She wanted to appear 'normal.'
"We changed our identities many times while she was growing up.
"With what was left of my formulas, Christine built the Gal-Hag company. And earned millions doing it.
INVISIBLE CRÈME
Makes Winkles VANISH!
-HAG
"Imagine how many women purchased a cosmetic that made wrinkles and pimples seem invisible. We made a fortune.
"But until recently, I had never told Christine one important secret...

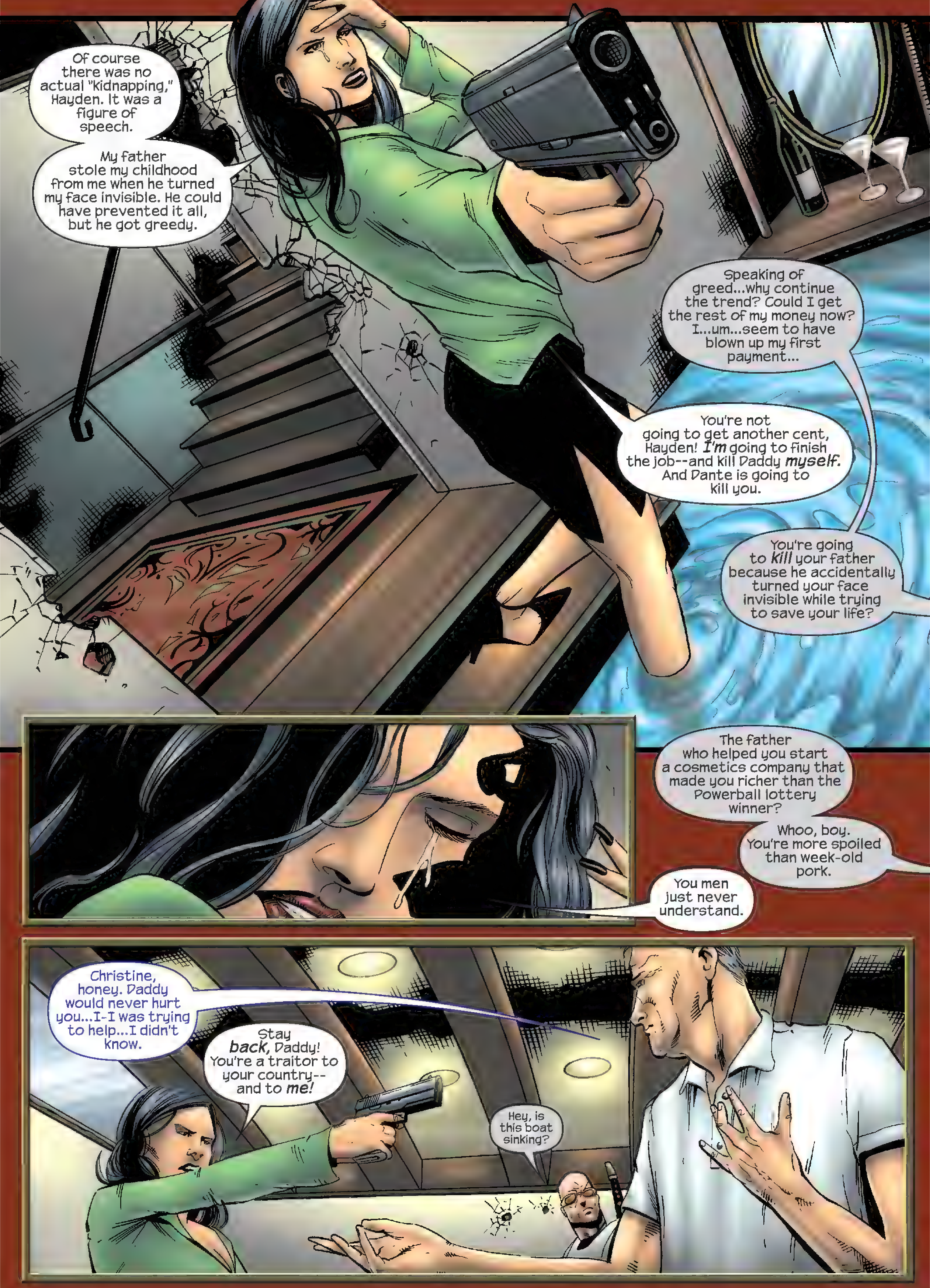

The soldiers came to kill us because of *me.* I was planning to *sell* the formula to the Russians. I was going to be a *traitor* to my country, and use the money to run away to Mexico with my mistress.
If I hadn't been blinded by passion...If I hadn't been cheating on my wife--Christine's mother--none of this would have happened!
Gee, that really threw the whole "I'm innocent" argument right out the window.
But, wait... why did Christine hire me to kill you again? I thought it was something about kidnapping, not treason... So *where's the kid?*
CLUNK!
Why don't you ask her yourself?
Looks like somebody found us!
It wasn't really that hard. It *is* Christine's boat.
Good hideout...
Hayyydennn! Come out and playyaayyy!
It's *Dante!* And he remembers lines from "The Warriors." Everyone hide!
BUDDDA
BUDDDA
BUDDDA

SLASH
TEARRR!
You hear that, Inviso? "Slash" and "tear." Two sounds you don't want to hear again if you want to stay alive.
Now *move!*
Ooof!
No, I'm through with running. I've run my whole life.
How about just *dodging?*
How about poking Captain Hook here with a stick?
Owww! That was my *foot* you just hook-punched through the floor!
SPPLAAATCCH!

CREEAAKK!
CRUNCH!
Hey, fat boy, looks like your foot just fell through the floor, too.
Either our tussle really messed up this crappy little Love Boat...or you need to ask Weight Watchers for a refund!
You're *dead,* Hayden. You *and* the invisible mook!
This is *payback* for chopping off my hands and leaving me with these *stupid hooks!*
Hey, don't forget the fat joke!
Enough! You're destroying my yacht!
CLICK
Don't move, Hayden.
CLICK
I won't. Except to pull out this itty-bitty pistol.
Oh, yeah? And what's that gonna do against my little submachine gun?
Stupid hooks. Gimme a minute here.
CLACK
CLICK
CLACK

Neat. Everyone brought his or her own gun. Just like a cast reunion of "Diff'rent Strokes."
I hired you for four million dollars to kill my father. And here you are protecting him. Why?
Well, I tend to get curious when people want me to kill family members. I'll *do* it, I just like to know *why*.
I've got this thing about families, since I don't really have one of my own. Or at least I don't *think* I do...
But...
I'm not finished. I was going to do the old man right here on the boat. I was just trying to get a good story out of him first. But then you show up waving a gun in my face.
You're a rude, condescending, rich brat. And that makes me not like you.
Be a *man* for once, Dante. Kill them both.
Hey, Dante. With my healing power, I can get off at least two shots, even after I'm fatally wounded. Think you can match me shot for shot?
True, Christine...
You're my bodyguard, Dante. You should be ready to take a bullet for me.
But back to *you*, Dante. It doesn't seem to me like your employer cares all that much about *your* personal safety. If she did, you'd still have two good hands.

By the way, Christine--your father told me the whole story. It's a real tearjerker. If I were you, I'd go cry in my millions.
But just as you were getting here, your father was getting to the part with the kidnapping. You remember...the reason you hired me to kill him to begin with?
Okay, old man, I got your back. You can return the kid to her now and this'll all be over with. Do you have the *kid* stashed here in the *boat?*
"Kidnapped," eh? Oh, that's so rich, Christine!
Funny you use the word *rich,* Daddy? Do you think *money* can buy back my childhood after you kidnapped it?
What?!? Did she just say you "kidnapped her childhood"?
You mean-- there *isn't* any *kid* here?
God, I hate metaphors....


Of course there was no actual "kidnapping," Hayden. It was a figure of speech.
My father stole my childhood from me when he turned my face invisible. He could have prevented it all, but he got greedy.
Speaking of greed...why continue the trend? Could I get the rest of my money now? I...um...seem to have blown up my first payment...
You're not going to get another cent, Hayden! *I'm* going to finish the job--and kill Daddy *myself*. And Dante is going to kill you.
You're going to *kill* your father because he accidentally turned your face invisible while trying to save your life?
The father who helped you start a cosmetics company that made you richer than the Powerball lottery winner?
Whoo, boy. You're more spoiled than week-old pork.
You men just never understand.
Christine, honey. Daddy would never hurt you...I-I was trying to help...I didn't know.
Stay *back,* Daddy! You're a traitor to your country--and to *me!*
Hey, is this boat sinking?

You "*kidnapped*" me with your *stupid* invisibility formula! And then you relied on money to make it all better. Well, you can't *buy* love, Daddy.
I *tried* to help, honey. I tried...
Miss Gallhager... Hayden is right. The boat is sinking...
Would you just shut up, you *moron?* No one's paying you to talk!
Dante, take my hand. The Titanic is sinking. We'll swim to "The Beach" with Leonardo. Kate's career has already drowned.
Huh?
Why are you helping me?
I figured it was about time to *lend you a hand.*
Man, I kill me...
But really, I'm just flat-out annoyed.
I was hired to kill the "Invisible Man" here because of some kind of kidnapping thing. But before I do him in, he begs me for a chance to tell his story.
I have a soft spot for Mel Gibson in "Ransom," so I figure I'll play his game and give the guy a chance to return the kid before I chop him to bits.
Now I learn the "kidnapping" is just a rich brat's way of describing her dysfunctional childhood! So, yeah... "annoyed" would be the right word.
She hired a mercenary, when all they really needed was family therapy. I'm paid to *blow off* people's heads, not *analyze* them.
They want blood? I'll give them a boat *full* of it.

How much do you know about your boss's finances?
I know the two million in cash she still owes you is stashed inside a life vest on this yacht.
She called you a ***moron,*** right?
Yeah.
You don't seem so dumb to me.
I wanted a pony, but you would never give me one!
Want to see if my last hand grenade will sink the S.S. Minnow here?
Sure.
Then grab a floatation device--the more expensive, the better--'cause we're gonna have a blast on this cruise!
CLINK
You made our relationship nothing but money!
You love money!
These hand grenades are great. So much easier to master than swords... Just pull the pin and...
HANG ONNNNNNN!!!!...
CHOOOOMMMM!

There's two million in this life vest. We split it 50/50.
Not a chance. We split it 60/40. You wouldn't have this money if it weren't for me.
Hey now... You'd be sinking with the boat if it weren't for me.
If it weren't for you, I'd still have a job.
Yeah...well, new hand grenades are expensive!
So are new *hands!*
Okay, okay. 60/40.
You got me...*hook,* line and *sinker.*
CONCERT
MAY 3
THE END

MARVEL

10

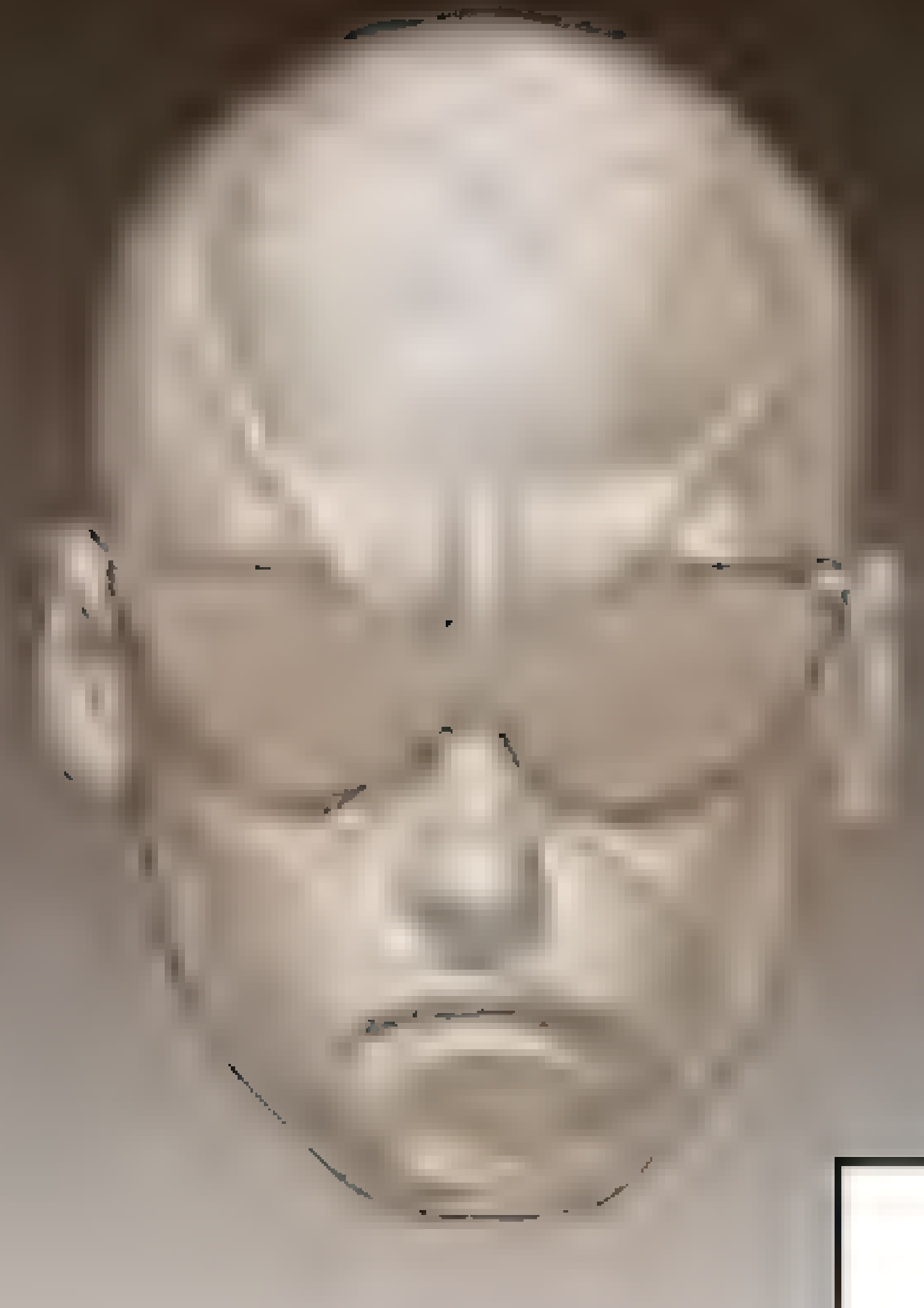
DORKIN

BOBILLO

SOSA

AGENT X

PART 1 OF 2!
READ THIS OR WE'LL KICK YOUR GUTS OUT!
Bobillo & Sosa



FAX COVER SHEET

FAX TO: BEVERLY LACOCO

FROM: KENNY LIEBMAN (THE HOODED EYE)

DATE: May 23, 2003

RE:

YOUR NOTE HERE

Bev –

Good news, sweetie!

I think I may have found someone to take care of "you-know-who" for us.

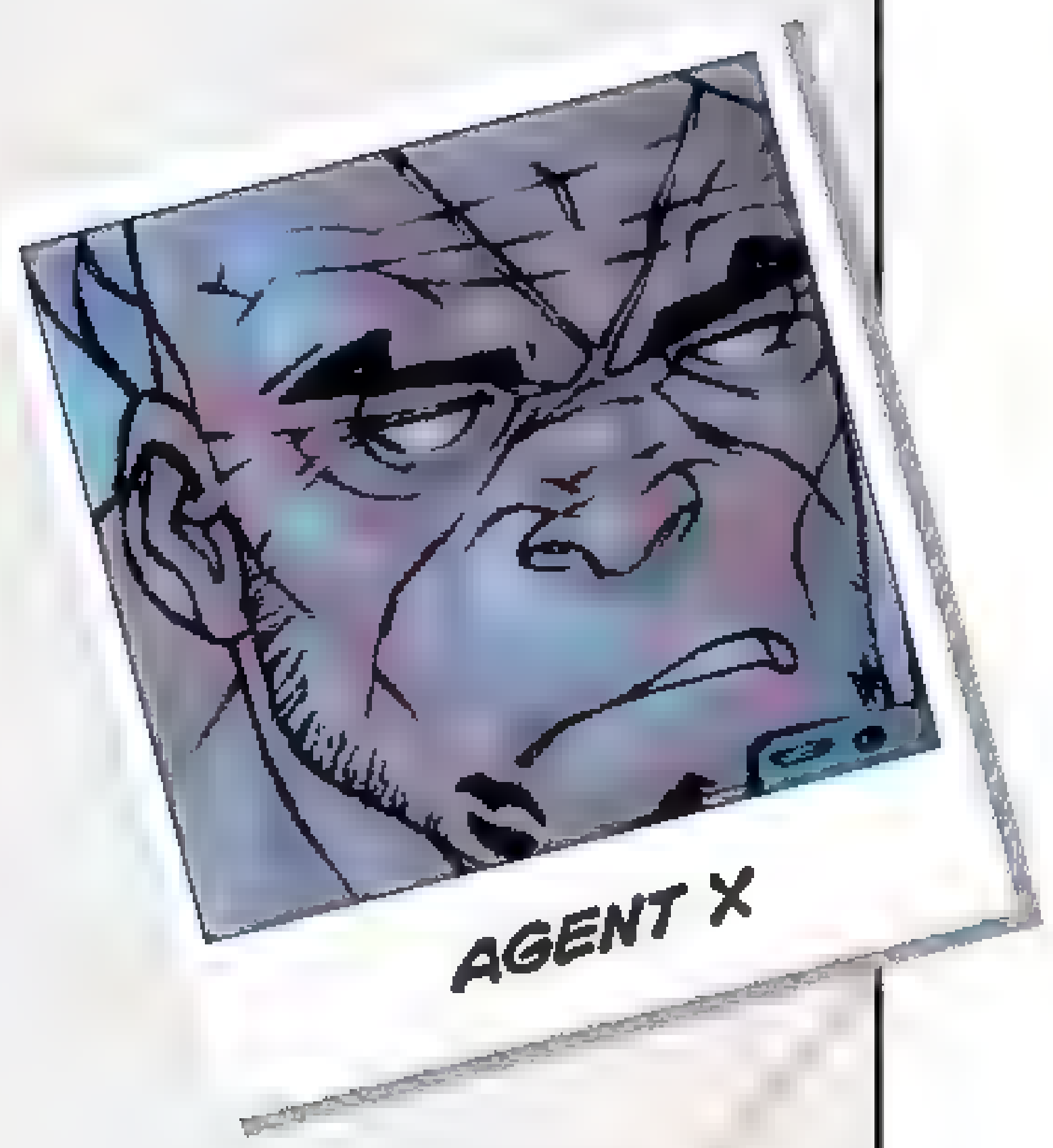
I just got off the phone with The Shiv, and while he told me The Taskmaster is no longer taking on fieldwork, he is in contact with an outfit called Agency X that provides similar services, no questions asked. It's a small independent with two operatives, Sandi Brandenberg and Alex Hayden (a.k.a. Agent X. How tacky is that?). Brandenberg has mainly worked on the sidelines but is said to be smart, dependable and trustworthy. Hayden's their main triggerman, apparently obnoxious as hell but also highly efficient and tenacious. And his ability to heal rapidly from severe injuries is a real plus given our particular target. Despite a puerile sense of humor and god-awful taste in music, he comes highly recommended. So, I think we should give them a try. I agree with you that we shouldn't use anyone local; given the upcoming election it might cause too many problems if things went wrong.

The Taskmaster isn't on the best of terms with X at the moment, but The Shiv thinks he'll play ball considering the money we're offering. I don't think we should give him too many details about "you-know-who", considering how hard it's been to get anyone to agree to come out to Delta City. If Agency X is as good as their press, they'll figure out a way to deal with our little problem (and then we'll deal with them, of course).

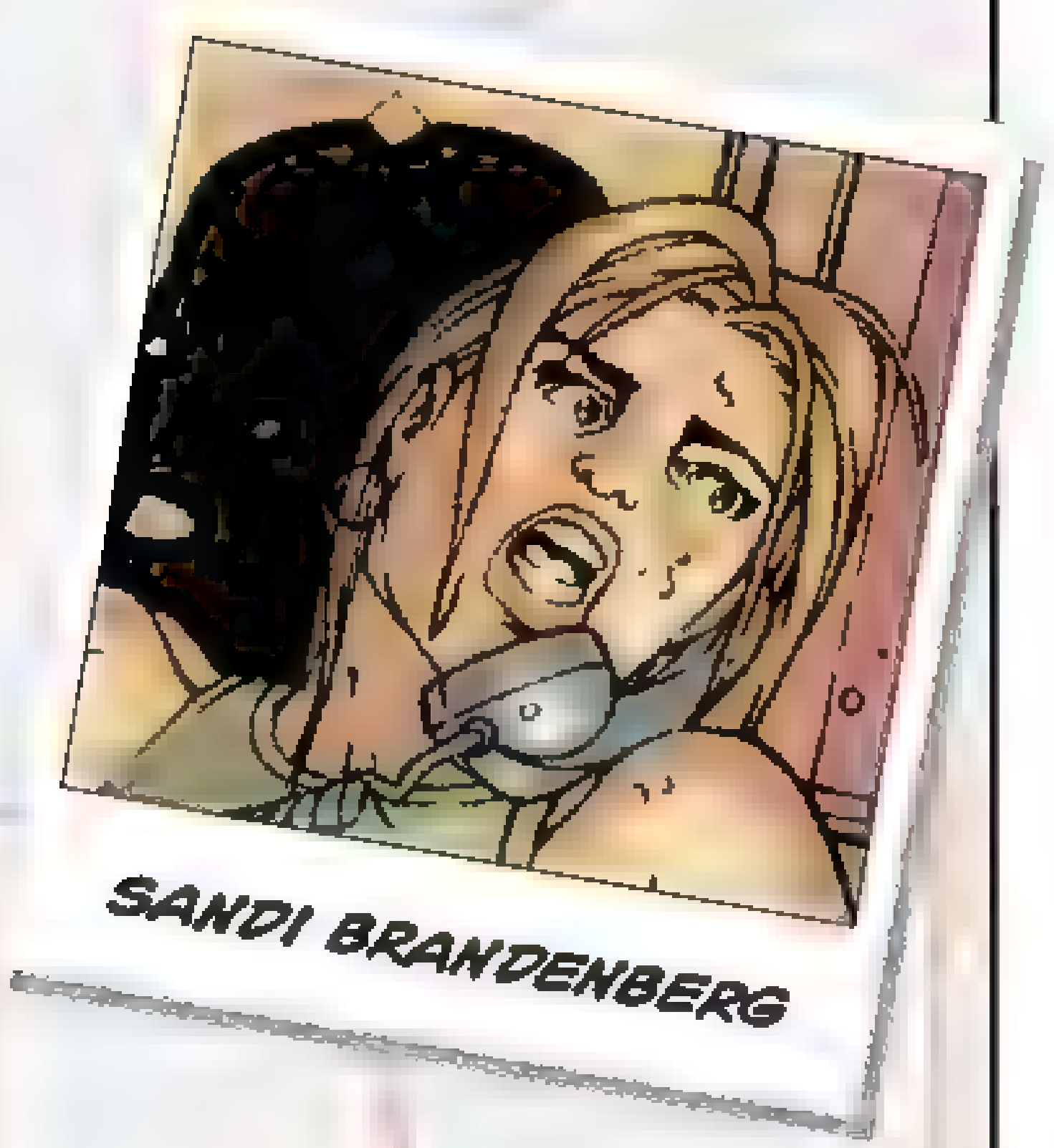
If all goes well we could get them out here within a day or two. I've already bought a bottle of champagne.

Love,
Kenny XOXO

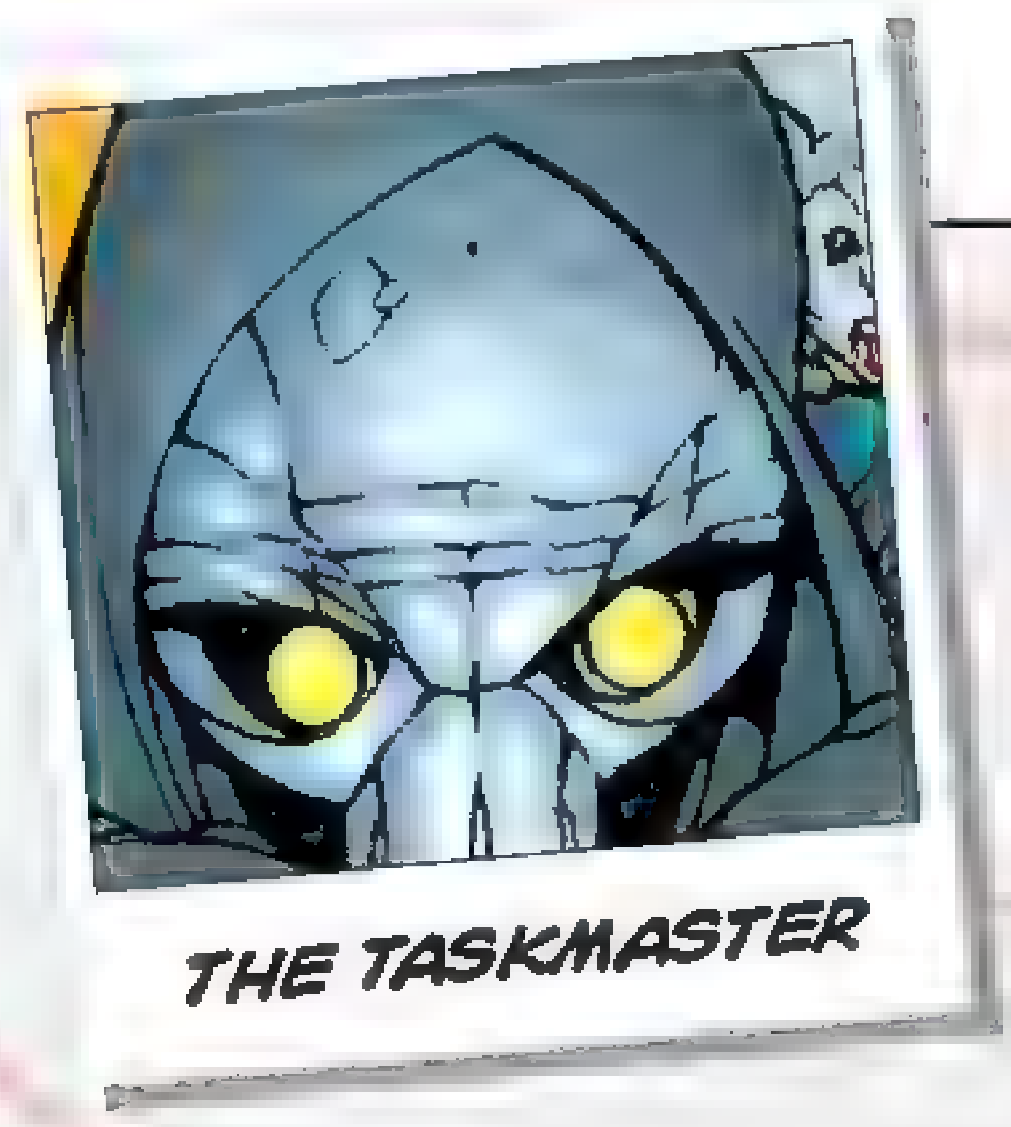
P.S. I also spoke to the Doctor today – he's fairly optimistic the operation can proceed sometime this fall. Fingers crossed, baby – this is going to be our year!
P.P.S. Don't forget, dinner tonight with the Mayor. Wear your white dress. You know which one.



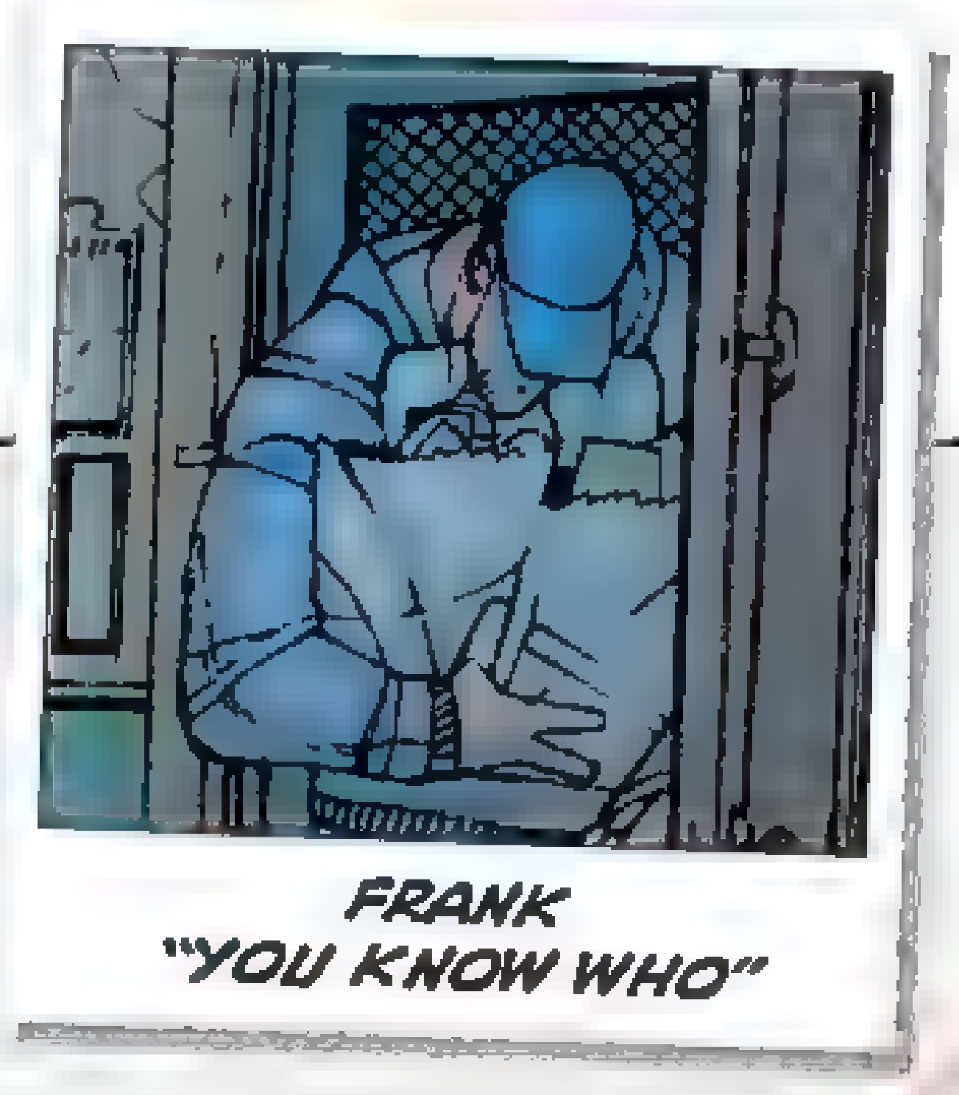
AGENT X



SANDI BRANDENBERG



THE TASKMASTER



FRANK
"YOU KNOW WHO"

© 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

MATHEMATICALLY, THE LETTER "X" STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN OR VARIABLE QUANTITY. BUT IN THE DANGEROUS WORLD OF THE MODERN-DAY GUN-FOR-HIRE, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE MAN WITH NO PAST. UNINTERESTED IN THE MYSTERY OF HIS OWN BEGINNINGS, AGENT X IS DETERMINED TO TAKE HIS POSITION AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST, AND HIGHEST PAID, MERCENARY...

AGENT X
Honeeeey, I'm home!
Sorry I'm late!
I had a rough day at the office!

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED... DIE, DIE AGAIN!

Writer-Evan Dorkin
Pencils-Juan Bobillo
Inks-Marcelo Sosa
Color-Chris Chuckry
Letters-Cory Petit
Editor-Andrew Lis
Editor in Chief-Joe Quesada
President-Bill Jemas

Say, you're not *honey*. You're not even a bit o'honey.
You're the *Taskmaster*, America's least-favorite overcompensating action parasite and all-around manipulative *dirtbag!*
Alex? *hic* --Jeez, what the hell happened to *you?*
I mean, not that I really *care*, but you look like *crap*. *Smell* like it, too.
All in the line of duty, Tony.
FLUFF
XXX
You can tell our client there really *was* a *Chupacabra death cult* performing sacrificial rituals down by the reservoir.
Man, they had it *all* going on! Blood rites, chanting, virgins, a big, scary monster --did I mention they had virgins?
Boy, you should have seen them virgins. They were so...virginal.
HSSS
I would have been back sooner but I got my favorite foot hacked off during the highly exhilarating and extremely violent denouement.
666
Took a while for my healing factor to grow it back. I like the fit and the color but the toes aren't as perky as my old ones--
Cut the melodrama, Hayden. You probably just crashed another car--
Oh, you don't believe me, huh? Well, as the Rosicrucians used to say--
--The proof is in the icky-pooey burlap sack!
SPLURRK!
MREEEOWR!
Isn't he de-lovely? I've named him Mr. Pookums, and I'm keeping him, no matter what the neighbors say!

So what are you doing here, anyway? I thought you turned your keys in three hissyfits ago.
- Coff - Coff - My cable's out. Sandi said I could watch the Ultimate Fighting pay-per-view over here while she was on assignment.
-- oooh, and there goes shimuni's neck!
Oh, I see-- waitaminnit! On assignment?! What'choo talkin' 'bout, grimace?
Did you hear that, Dan? Like a dry chicken bone!
I'm talkin' about a job, a hit. Now can I *hic* watch my violence in peace, please?
Why, you numbskull-headed--! Sandi isn't an assassin! She's like, assassin helper! What are you trying to do, get her killed --?
Hey, I didn't make her go, she wanted to. You weren't here, you didn't call in, and the pay-off was too good to lose --
Yeah, well, I couldn't call in.
Why not?
Monster ate my phone.
That's it! I've had it up to here with you treatin' me like I'm some kind of chumpbag substitute teacher!
I trained your e$$, freakmeat! You show me some respect or I'll beat it out of you!
Okay, one question first.
This fight we're about to have-- is it because you're still hung up on Sandi, because you hate my guts, or because you're a major dillweed ripe for plucking?

Ow. Figures it was all three--
THRAKK
THRAKK
Tsk tsk Taskmaster, copying moves off the boob tube?
For *shame*, Doc, for *shame*--
MREEEOW
--no more TV for you tonight!
WHUFF!
SPESSH
You mother--! I'm gonna slice you into *moron sashimi*--
Yeeeoow! My obliquus externus! Hurty hurt hurt! Ooh, just wait'll I get me a knife, you--
K-RACK
BREEP
BREEP
Uh... Alex... I think your goatsucker's ringing.
BREEP
BREEP

Hey, look! It's Operation, the wacky mad doctor game!
Hmmm, take out-- wrenched--
BREEP
BREEP
GSHLOOP
--cell phone!
See, stupid?! I wasn't lying!
BREEP
Agency X! We liquidate while you wait, walk-ins our specialty!
Glarrf!
Alex?!
Sandi? Hey, we were just talking about you! Guess what? Tony broke your TV--
Alex, not now! Listen, I ran into a problem with the job - I-I need help--
KLIKSKKKZZZZ
Hello? Alex?
Bad phone! Ahh, I knew I should've gone for the plan that covered goat sucker blood!
FSSSSSS
Hey, Taskmistress! Get up! We got us a damsel to un-distress!
Not me, man I can't even get up.
You broke my freakin' leg with the T.V.!
Oh. Well, sorry to beat and run, but judging from the caller I.D., I've got a drive ahead of me. Sure hope the Taskmastermobile has a full tank.
Hey, you can't take my-- !
SLAM
You're just lucky I was half in the bag celebratin', Alex! Otherwise I'd be savin' Sandi an' you'd be lying here with- with-
Oh, good lord, Kitty! Bgllurk! -choke- !
MUNCHETY -MUNCH!

Four speeding tickets and five unconscious highway patrolmen later...
CLEM'S HILLTOP OASIS
NOW FEATUR NG NEW SHE TS AND PORNO
Delta City 37 miles
Oh, *Alex*-- am I glad to see you!
No time for niceties! Where's the danger?! Who do I shoot?! Targets, woman, I need targets!
Uh...Sands? Aren't you, like, in danger?
What danger? I never said danger. I said I had a *problem.*
What?! Are you *sure?!* Rats. I was really looking forward to shooting someone--
Well, you still *can.*
Yonder lies our target.
Frank Bigelow, age unknown, occupation unknown. One living relative-- an ex-wife named *Beverly Lacoco.*
She's our *client.*
JACK DANIELS
Apparently her ex is some violent psycho ex-felon-type. She's paying seven figures for a permanent restraining order.
Cheesus Crust, sounds like a sweet set-up to me. I don't see the big problem.
Take a look for yourself.

Look at him! Have you ever seen anything so *pathetic?*
I mean, he's sleeping with a *teddy bear*, for God's sake!
I just couldn't do it. I *locked*, I got *loaded*, and I *still* couldn't do it.
I'm sorry, Alex. I really wanted to show you I could keep up with those other hottie-shots--
The hoo-*wha--?* Sandi, what are you *talking* about?
Please, I've seen the way you look at *Outlaw* when she shoots somebody.
Hey, what can I *say*, I'm only *human!* People shooting people turns me on. And if the shooter's gots hoo--
Ooooh, I *knew* it! God, I feel so *stupid!* Why *can't* I just *murder* someone in cold blood!?!
Would you calm down, crazy lady? *Here*, I'll do it.
Oh, Alex, thank you! I *swear* I'll whack the next one, whoever it is. A kid, a nun...
Wh-what's the matter? Did he get up to use the can?
No, it's-- it's that damned *teddy bear!* He keeps looking at me with those big shiny shoe-button eyes!
Tell you what. How about we do it *together?* That way we can both share the guilt afterwards.
Really? You *mean* it? Oh, Alex, I'd *love* to!

You okay? I don't want this to hurt when the recoil kicks in.
I'm just fine.
Uhh, Sands... you gotta look at the *target.*
I *am.*
Fire away.
CHUNT
CHUNT
uuuhh--
SPAK!
SPAK!
THRUP
Looks like you nailed him, stud.
Now how about me?
L-look, Sandi...is this something really and truly wonderful happening or is it just the booze talking?
I mean, I'm more than willing either way, it's just--
Y'know, Alex, for a man of action--
--you talk too damned much.

BREEP
BREEP
Alex-- Went to collect our ill-gotten booty let's play "who wants to do a millionaire" when I get back! XOX to my X --S
No, Mr. Pookums... lemme sleep... huh?
BREEP
BREEP
--Yawn --Agent SeX-- er, I mean--
Alex, listen to me! I'm in real danger now. I mean, really real serious as cancer capital-D Danger!
We didn't kill Bigelow, Alex. When I left he was still lying there, but he's not dead--
Now hold on, Sandi, you can't possibly be preggers yet... can you?
What--?! Hold on--
Ohhh, snap! No corpus delicti! This is not good...
Agent X? This is Beverly Lacoco.
My ex-husband was supposed to be in the ground right now, not returning empties at the local Sav-mart.
If he's not dead by midnight, your friend here will be. Capisce?
You listen, to me, lady! You so much as insult her outfit and I'll put enough lead in your @$$ to keep two coroners busy for three weeks! Y'got me?!

You're in no position to make *threats*, little boy. Now run along and do your job.
And don't forget--
" --us girls are counting on you."
Razza frazzinnn jassafras...
Don't you worry, Bevvy, I'll do me some killing. Only I might not stop with your ex.
I don't know how he survived three to the head, but he ain't duckin' the next fifty.
So long, Mr. Bigelow, we hardly--
--knew you.

Mr. Troublesome's *Troublewrench?* The Polka Doctor's hypno-hate wheel? What the hell is all this junk!?
Polka Doctor
Mr. Troublesome's Troublewrench
Eh --?
K-CHAKK
Huh--?
Frank Bigelow! For the sake of my sex life - you must die!
No, wait--!
BRRRRTTT
THAP
FAP
FAP
FUP
THAP
Ooh! Ahh! Ack! Yipe! Ouch!
Hate to tell you, but I'm bulletproof.
Y-yeah-- coff-- I kinda noticed when, y'know, the bullets sort of-- coff -- bounced off you and turned me into a leaky diaper. By the way...mind telling me why the $@#&! you're bulletproof!?
Why?

Because, I'm--
FIGHT MAN!
Excuse me? I, uh, don't think I heard you right. Y'see, the severed arteries here are affecting the blood supply to my brain.
I'm Fight-Man! I'm a superhero. Well, ex-superhero. Didn't whoever hired you tell you that?
No, I had no idea you were a big geek in a Lone Ranger mask and a Kevlar vest.
Not that any of that crap's gonna save you this time!
Adios, "Fight-Man"! See you in the funny papers!
TCRINNK
Soooo, I guess you are a superhero! How about that, huh?
Need even more proof?
...gaak...

See? I kicked all their evil @$$e$ up and down Delta City! Even the ones that didn't *have* @$$e$
Then I took their stuff to sell it on *E-Bay!*
Radio Head
Plaid Bug
Atomic Lou
Metal Head
This entire collection you see before you is a *living testament* to the power and the glory that was Fight-Man!
Except for the hummels. Those were my parents'.
HERE 2B HIT
FM
So, hotshot, how come you're not a superhero any more? Lose your license?
Well...I, uh, kind of went to prison.
Wicked! What for, steroid abuse?
HERE TO HELP
Nah, nothing like that. Basically some people got all *bent out of shape* after fourteen of my teen sidekicks got killed.
I mean, *hell*, things happen when you fight crime, am I right?

They charged me with wrongful death, endangering a minor, destruction of public property, flying while intoxicated...
It was all *politics*, though. I wasn't flying drunk--I was hovering drunk! There's a *difference!*
It's a parole violation if I go near any kids or use my powers. *That's* why I'm an ex-superhero.
Yeah, well, you're not the *only* one with problems, pal.
Your ex-wife's going to kill *my* partner and potential love interest at midnight, unless I kill *you* first.
Aw, Bev...not *again.*
Pretty *messed up*, huh? You can see the spot I'm in--
Well...I guess you'd better *kill* me, then.
You're not *serious*, are you?
What have I got to live for? My ex-wife wants me dead, my parents died while I was in jail, no one will hire me, my super-villain memorabilia isn't selling...
If I didn't have a code against killing I'd have committed suicide *months* ago. At least *this* way I'd go out doing something sort of *heroic.*
I gotta *warn* you, though. I'm pretty indestructible. Bigger men than *you* have tried to kill me. I mean, *way* bigger, *sixty feet* bigger.
Don't worry, Frank. I'm a professional. As soon as I stop bleeding, you're *toast.* I guaran-damn-*tee* it!

1:42 P.M.
40
BRRRMM
BRRRMM
BRRRMM
NO PARK
SCREEEEEE
Everybody run!!
Crime wave!!
See? I *told* you.
--coff - coff-- That was just a warm up. Just you wait, Hercules--
Everybody run!!
10
We'll have you dead in no time!

3:09 P.M.
Nope.
TNT
4:57 P.M.
Acid
Acid
Acid
DRIP
DRIP
DRIP
6:25 P.M.
Well, *that* didn't work.
No duh. Let's get outta here before the electricity cops show up.
7:04 P.M.
~~Swords~~
~~Guns~~
~~Explosion~~
~~Gas~~
~~Truck~~
Sawing off head
My guess is you don't make much off this assassination thing, do you?
Oh, just shut up and die, willya?
SHHHUKTA SHHUK

7:18 P.M.
EEEEEEEAAAARGGH! OWWWOOWOWOW!!
MY HAIR! MY HAAAAR!
HERE
Get away from me you flaming idiot!! You're gonna--
HERE 2 HIT
B-THOOM
Tch. That stupid Fight-Man.
Man, I sure do wish someone would up an' kill that boy already.
I think my spleen's on the roof. No joke. I saw it. Bam. Spleen on the roof.
SNIF
SNIFF
Saaay, you know what this reminds me of?

FAT SAL'S MONGOLIAN
--all I know is one day, I woke up with super-powers, and ever *since* then nothing's gone right for me.
I mean, my life ***sucked*** before that, but now it sucks more ***powerfully,*** y'know?
I can ***imagine.*** Being around you is more dangerous than riding ***shotgun*** with ***Dirty Harry.*** I'd walk from this mess if it wasn't for Sandi.
She means a lot to you, huh?
Well...***yeah.*** Funny, you spend so much time around someone, and never realize how much they mean to you until you sleep with them.
You get so caught ***up*** with the day-to-day, y'know? Eating, sleeping, blowing people's ***brains*** out--you lose sight of what's ***important*** in life.
FIGHTMAN
SAL'S
Well, you know what they ***say. "Life's a bitch."***
Yeah. And so's my ***ex.***
HA HA HA HA HAA HA HA HAAA
FIGHTMAN
FIGHTMAN
Well, Frank, we'd best get going if we want to bury you by midnight.
Garcon! Le cheque du crap, por favor!
SNAP SNAP

9:20 P.M.
Ready?
-Urrp - yeah.
Well...take care, man. It was good knowing you.
Yeah, likewise --
SHOVE
KRA-KA-KRAKK!
Oyyy
K-RESH
Vey

You okay?
Who, *me?* Never been better.
Do me a favor, though, huh? Help me find my arm?
Shiv's Dart $25
Gismotron's remote $750
E-Colis Cosmic Gas Can $950
Atomic Lou's Energy Rod $1500
~~Soldier X~~ ~~Weapon~~ X Agent X's Right Arm- Priceless.
~~Acid Bath~~, ~~Gas~~, ~~Drowning~~, ~~Sawing Head off~~, ~~Fire~~, ~~Hanging~~, ~~Nude Pics of Rosie O'Donnel~~, ~~Boredom~~, ~~Poison~~, ~~More Poison~~, Nuke
-BUURRRRRP-!
Was that a death belch?
Nah. I just feel *lousy.* Can you *die* from lousiness?
If you *could,* every lawyer, politician and comic shop owner would be cloggin' the graveyards.
Dammit! Nothing *personal,* Frank, but we got less than an hour to whack you before they do something to Sandi!
C'mon, man, think! How do they kill big dumb monsters like you in the movies?
-Crunch - Bey *don't.* Guyv rike me awways come back inna sequel. Y'know, - kkrunch - *Govvilla, Fankenfein,* Feddie *Kreuu -ahoo--ahukk - !! -gaaak -!!*

HUHK! HAHUHK!
Frank? What's the matter? You're turnin' redder than the devil's spanked @$$!
I don't believe this! I got the big meatloaf ready to cook and some kind of stupid Jiminy Cricket feeling inside me is telling me not to turn on the gas!
WUUUH-HUUHHK!
Why am I even worked up over this? I have to think of Sandi!
HK! HK! GASP
Aw, nuts. I know I'm gonna regret this in the morning.
BLOOOEEARGHH!!!
THUMPF
Actually, I'm regretting it right the hell now.
-COFF- whu-- why'd you do that? I could've died maybe!
Yeah, well, it just didn't seem right. You're a dumb jerk and a loser but I've gotten to kind of like you while trying to bump you off.
Gee, Alex. Thanks. I think.
So what do we do now? Y'know, about Sandi?
I dunno. I'll figure something violent out.
But first I gotta wash this pork rind, peanut and poison pre-chew off my cabeza before it sets into a death mask.

Hey, uh, *Frank?!* You happen to know any *robots?*
What? Robots?
Hell, I know about *fifty* robots, an' all but one of them are pure *evil.* Why do you ask?
Oh, no reason--
--Just curious!-- urrk --
Next! Agent X And Fight-Man VS. Delta City! Be there or we'll kick your guts out!

MARVEL
11
DORKIN
BOBILLO
SOSA
AGENT X
™
PART 2 OF 2!
BE A MAN -- BUY YOUR GIRL A COMIC!

Plug-In Maniac/version 4.0
<Delta City assassin's local #451>
results of memory search:
Alex Hayden
Alex Hayden, AKA Agent X: renowned mercenary/assassin for hire, partner Agency X <possesses healing/regenerating factor, sophomoric sense of humor. Note to self: Dismember and burn corpse>
Sandi Brandenberg
Sandi Brandenberg: Not so renowned mercenary/assassin for hire, partner Agency X. <turn-ons: long walks, kill ratios, Agent X>
Frank Bigelow, aka Fight-Man: Disgraced former Delta City super-hero/parolee.<Nigh-invulnerable/nigh-imbecilic>
Urrrk - hey, Gort -- easy on the kung-fu death grip -- my doctor says I'm pressure sensitive --
K-KRAK
The Hooded Eye
Crime kingpin of Delta City
<Possibly insane>
Beverly LaCoco: Fight-Man's ex-wife, current arch enemy <Definitely insane>
Agent X due for termination in 4.2 seconds via explosive separation of head region, barring any unforeseen event, such as...
WARNING!!!
Warning!!! Sensors picking up intense kinetic activity/heat trace app. 4.1 meters east and approaching rapidly...<Suggested course of action: Pray to God it isn't Fight-Man!!!!>

© 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

AGENT X
TOO LARRATE!!!!
Aaargh!
Hot damn! I *thought* I heard evil simmering in the kitchen!

Don't worry, kid! You're in safe hands now that *Fight-Man's* back on the job!
Urrrgh!
Owwww! You *idiot,* Frank! I'm on *your* side!

FIGHT THE POWER!

WRITER: EVAN DORKIN
PENCILS: JUAN BOBILLO
INKS: MARCELO SOSA
COLOR: CHRIS CHUCKRY
LETTERS: CORY PETIT
EDITOR: ANDREW LIS
EIC: JOE QUESADA
PRESIDENT: BILL JEMAS
COVER BY BRIAN STELFREEZE

Well, if it ain't my old sparring partners -- *Atomic Lou, The Plug-In Maniac,* and the sentient mucus sack men call *The Massive Globula!* Long time, no hit, creeps!
Back in uniform, eh, Fight-Man? *Good!* It'll make killing you even more satisfying!
...tha's okay, Frank, really, I'm fine.
You can apologize after I ventilate boogerboy here--
Hold'im, Alex! I got a *fist* ready to go!
GRAB!
Whoops. Sorry, man. forgot he could do that.
P-CRAKK!
Ooofta!
@$&!! Forgot he could do *that,* too--
Oooof!
S-P
LAP!
...an' when St. Peter greets me, he'll say, "And how did *you* die, little boy?", an' I'll say, "I was killed by *snot!*"
You better let *me* handle this, kid!
SKKZZZAK
THOOM
...an' then 'll laugh an' laugh an' eat *all* the ice cream I want...
Bullets and bad jokes won't do *jack* against these douche bags!
BWOOM

Neither will fat fists and a pea brain!
Die Fight-Man Die!
Now you got me mad--
FZZZAT
--Fightin' mad!
KRIK!
You fool! You've shattered my energy control rod! I'll go critical-- !
FZZZ...
Like, duh, Lou.
That's the friggin' idea!
SKA-BLOOSH!
H-hey, mister, I know you...you're that bad robot. Bad, bad robot.
I'm gonna tell Isaac Asimov on you...
Holster those fists, Fight-Man! Unless you want dead sidekick number fifteen on your conscience!
Conscience? Pfft! Check your memory card, stupid --
I'm Fight-Man. I don't do hostage situations.
P-KLANG
Aw, crap. No -fzzk- Everquest for me tonight.

You see that?! Bam! One shot! Just like old times!
Screw parole! Trashin' them bums was the best damned decision I made since crazy-gluin' my mask on!
So, thank God for Fight-Man, huh? They could've killed you dead.
What?! you're the one who-- yeeowch!
K-K-
'F' you say so, Einstein.
No need to thank me, kid. Least I could do after the pork rind thing.
KKRUNCH
Okay, Herschel, where's Bev holding the girl?
Yeeowch! Herschel? The killer robot's name is Herschel?
I'm not a robot, you moron! 'm a -fzzkg- cyborg!
Well now you're garbage, so shut up and talk!
-fzzk -City Hall. Good luck getting near it. Bev and Kenny'll have every operator in town after your asses!
Kenny? Who's that, another potty mouthed cyborg?
You don't know Kenny Liebman, the Hooded Eye? He was Fight-Man's first sidekick, only now he's busy kickin' it with his -- oww!
KRUNK
%@$!?!
FLIP!
Remember, Alex-- Robots lie like women.
Leviticus 5:11
I already got two of Herschel's heads in my collection, y'know.
Anyway, we gotta get you suited up for the big fight.
Uhh, Frank? Where are we going? All your stuff's in the house.
Beer run. I'll be quick.

Eye evades prosecution!
Me
I don't know, Alex. It makes you look like a villain.
Sure you don't want to wear Fight-Boy's costume? Tyrone was pretty tall for his age when Babe Ruthless slit his throat.
Sorry, man, tights ain't my style. 'Sides, there's still *blood* on them.
What's that for?
It's my plan to infiltrate the villain's secret base! See, I put this on, and then I take you in as my "prisoner", and then we go inside and we win!
I saw it on the A-Team. It'll only take an hour.
Whoa, whoa! You're talkin' *subterfuge,* right? Sissy ninja sneakin' around in pajamas crap? *Pffft!* Why don't we redecorate their hideout and slap on some Judy Garland while we're at it?
Okay, but let's rescue Sandi first. *Then* we can pick out curtains. How do you feel about *organza--?*
No, no, no! Listen! We blitz 'em! Hit 'em *fast* and hit 'em *hard!*
POW POW POW!
Look, normally the Dresden approach would flood my erectile tissue something fierce, but if I ever hope to see Sandi in a Japanese schoolgirl's outfit I--
Hey! Unhand me, you *brute!*
Relax, kid!

Help! Heeelp! Hannibal! Face! Quincy! Kojak!
C-RASH!
Trust me, I got everything under control--
"-- those bums won't even see us coming until it's too late!"
OASIS
Oh, sweet Mary an' Joseph --!
Jasper, quick, get me the phone! I gotta call them news people on channel five!
This just in! Fight-Man has been seen flying towards Delta City! He is in costume and appears to have a new teen sidekick!
EMERGENCY
Citizens are advised to remain c-calm and not to panic!
Not a Jest
Aieee! Madre de Dios! Es Fight-Man!
We're doomed! All doomed!
Susie, drop the baby! It'll only slow us down!
Delta City
REPENT! FIGHT MAN IS NEAR!
CITY HALL
Oh, great! Just @$#% great!
For years we managed to keep that lumbering ox out of our business! Now he's headed here at mach one-- with a homicidal maniac, to boot!

Alex is *not* a homicidal maniac. He's just enthusiastic about his work. You'll see.
I don't *think* so, Miss Brandenburg. Not with *you* as our little trump card.
Don't bet on it, your honor. Frank *sucks* at saving hostages. What is he, three-and-twelve?
MAYOR
Three and *thirteen.* They was *twins* the *Shiv* knifed that last time.
I had to do it. He called me a pansy.
Oh, *great! Now* what do we do? This is all your fault, Beverly, you and your *stupid vendetta*--
Uhhh, yah. I fink so--
Mr. Density, if his honor doesn't shut his big, fat mouth I want you to remove him from office via the $%&!@ *window!* Y'got that?
Now *listen up, all of you!* Our people are already hitting the streets! Soon the entire underworld will be gunning for Fight-Man and Agent X!
I want you to get out there and kill us some heroes, boys! *Let's show 'em we don't allow their kind here in Delta City!*
YEEAAAAAAHHH!
No, sweetie, don't wait up for me--
U.S.A! U.S.A! U.S.A! U.S.A!
I'm worried, Kenny. You remember the *last* time with Frank.
The only thing that stopped him was a thirty-story skyscraper dropped on his stupid head.*
*See Fight-Man#1 June,1993-Agent A
Look, baby, I've been saving this for your birthday, but under the circumstances--
Kenny, you don't *mean*-?! Oh, *DoctOrangutan,* is it *true?*
After all these years of praying and plundering the city's budget--?

Jah, mein Fraulein, der procedure iss ready. However, der first trial vas inconclusive, as der test monkey flew avay--
Whoop-de-doo! How many volunteers do we need?
Based on your specifications, five should be adequate.
You heard the lady, doc.
Round up five of our biggest and not so brightest.
Oh, Kenny, you darling! You know what this means, don't you?! I'm the luckiest girl alive--
"-- and those two bastards are dead men flying!"
B-BOOM
THOOM
Never see us coming, huh? Doofus. And you wonder why the Avengers never call you?
Uh... is that a rubber chicken rocket?
PTING
B-KAW!
ZAP
Look at that, X! Fifty acres of scum and villainy, just waiting to be plowed! The Plaid Bug, The All-New All-Hate Squad, Crimeasaurus Rex--
Yes. We must kill many with stupid names.
Whoa, time out! No killing, partner!
What?! How can you say such a thing with all this attempted murder going on around us!
C'mon, Frank, all God's chillun loves killin'! It's the national pastime!
I told you, I got a super-hero code against killing! And I uphold it very violently!
HERE

#?!*!
Well... how about if I *maim*? Is *maiming* okay?
Sure, go for it! Be *creative!* I mean, hell--
--it's not like we can't have fun with this!
Yeah, yeah.
Stupid code against killing. Ruin my entire night.

23RD STREET
Hey, Frank! Let me just shoot one guy in the face! *Please?*
No!
AGENT X BLOWS!
FIGHT-MAN SUCKS
18TH STREET
C'mon, Frank, two in the eyes with hollow points! He won't feel a thing, I swear!
No!
12TH STREET
How about if I just kill a little fella? Y'know, like an evil midget, or a diabolical fat kid?
I said no, dammit! Go cripple someone if it'll make you happy!
I've been crippling since I *got* here! *It's lame!*

9TH STREET
What about one of the monsters? I mean, c'mon, who'd *report* it? "Hello, *police?* My monter's been shot dead.
Would you *please* just *shut up and fight?!*
8TH ST
7TH ST
6TH ST
Okay, I have to admit. This *is* kind of fun.
I still want to shoot a guy in the face, though. Or a monster.
⊱sigh⊰

LAST STOP, CITY HALL.
A.P.E Advanced Physical Engineering Your evolution experts since 2001
A.P.E
Uhh, boss, shouldn't we be outside fighting? Our side's losing pretty badly out there--
I assure you, *Roman Candle*, your presence here is of utmost importance to the cause.
Within moments, all of your combined powers and abilities will contribute to the swift and utter defeat of our enemies!
04
Cool. But with all due respect, sir, then why's Ms. LaCoco here? I mean, *she* ain't got no powers--
Yeah, well, *obviously* you've never seen me work my tongue over--
Bev, for *pity's sake*, not in front of the *villains!*
Actually, gentlemen, Fraulein Beverly is sort of der control figger for der experiment--
Oh, skip the *monkeycrap*, doc, and just throw the $!#@ *switch!*
Jawohl, mein fuehrer! Lonk liff Fraulein Beverly--
"-- und death to Fight-Mensch und Agent Eccccchs!"
Yes! Finally! I got the guy that's been shooting chicken rockets at us all night!
=uhff= Oh, yeah, that guy. Slappy, or something. I hate that guy, hit him again--

Slap-Happy's the *least* of your problems, Fight-Man!
'Cause *I'm* here to give you a piece of my mind-- *at sixty miles per hour!*
BOOM!
Eeegah!
Still leading with the chin, huh, *Metalhead?* Some people never learn.
SPKLAANG
Aw, hell. Not *again.*
Please oh please let me make the harbor this time--
Alex, *look out!* That's *Blacklung, the Malady Man! He's got hands of cancer!*
Eh...?
--coff- caff- hurrrk--
Not *anymore,* he doesn't.
Waaaaahhh!
What's with the *look,* Frank? Chopping off cancer hands *clearly* falls under creative maiming--
-YO-YO-YO YO-DE-LAAAY-HEEE-HOOO!
Ye gods-- *that sound!* That horrible, ear-splitting *sound!* It can only be my arch-enemy, Kelly Osbourne!
Worse! It's--

--ILL BILLY!
The mutant yodeling human b-beatbox!
BUM-T-PSHH-
BUM-BUM-T-PSHH-
AHUH-AHUH-AHUH-AHUH!
His devastating s-sonic attack --too strong! Can't-- fight --it!
--YEEEEEEE
-YO-YO-HO-DEEEEE-
LAAAAAAYYYY-!
Quick! Rip my ears off!
What? But--
Don't argue with me! Rip 'em!
--YEEEEEEE-YO-YO-HO-DEEEE
LAAAAAAYYYY!

--YEEEEEEE-YO-YO-HO-DEEEE-
LAAAAAYYYY!
YEEAARGH!!!
Okay, n-now shove 'em in the holes!
Oh god! They're touching my brain!
I can remember the Ice Capades from when I was four!
--YEEEEEEE-YO-YO-HO-DEEEE-
LAAAAAAYYYY!
You're gonna pay fer that, phat boy!
Booyah! Word to your mammy!
THWACK
--ghglthpp -!!
Gold star, kid, good maiming!
BRRRT BRRRT
Wha--? Ooof!
Now what--?

Sandi! You're okay!
And damn, girl, you're lookin' hotter than a Nike sweatshop!
Oh, hey, Frank, this is Sandi, the girl I tried to kill you with.
Charmed. You didn't happen to see my *wife* and some creep in a *hood,* did you?
Not recently. I would've *shot* them if I did.
You should've *seen* it, Alex! Just as they were about to kill me there was this horrible sound and everyone started spazzing out. Luckily I had my firing range earplugs with me.
I grabbed a guy's gun and shot my way out. I even killed the Mayor! Pretty *cool,* huh?
Shhh, *ixnay* on the *illkay!*
A.P.E.
Advanced Physical Engineering
Hey, you hear something funny?
Actually, I hear *everything* funny, now--
ZZMMMMM
Um, it might be this big tank thing that's about to--
SKA-KOOOM
Alex! This is no time for *foreplay!*
Aw, You're no fun to be blown up with!

Hiya, Frankie! Guess what? I got an early birthday present from Kenny.
Wanna know what it was? I'll give ya a little hint--
Super. Freakin'. Powers.
And I owe it all to you two. Kenny, you've made me the happiest girl in the world.
And Doctor, well, what can I say? You've made me the most powerful girl in the world.
Gulp.
Which means I don't need either of you anymore.
SZKKKRAK
Oh, Fraaank...
SZZZLLLLL...
P-Please, Bev, if this is about the alimony, we can work it out--
Say, is that the rank stink of burning monkey or did Fight-Man just take a mad wicked fear dump?

What's with *him?* He's totally *whipped.*
C'mon, Frank! Snap out of it! *Deck her!* Knock her *block* off! Show her who's the boss! It ain't Tony Danza, it ain't Springsteen-- it's *you,* you *magnificent bastard!*
Now be a *man,* be a *Fight-Man-- and beat the living crap outta this skank!*
. . .
I- I can't.
I got a code against hitting women.
What?! Oh, Fight-Man, you *suck!*
Tell you one thing. I'll never eat roasted nuts again.
Urrrgglkrrgg--!
Ha! I knew you'd never hit me, Frank. But now *I* can hit *you* -- right where it hurts the most!
ZARK!
Owwwoooooo--!
BRPRT
Frank, where are you going? You big sissy, if Captain America was here he'd slap your face!
Damn. How could I forget *flying* powers? Oh, well.
Guess I'll hafta work my frustrations out on *you two.*
SZHHHRAH
You? Frustrated? Don't tell me *you're* not getting any!

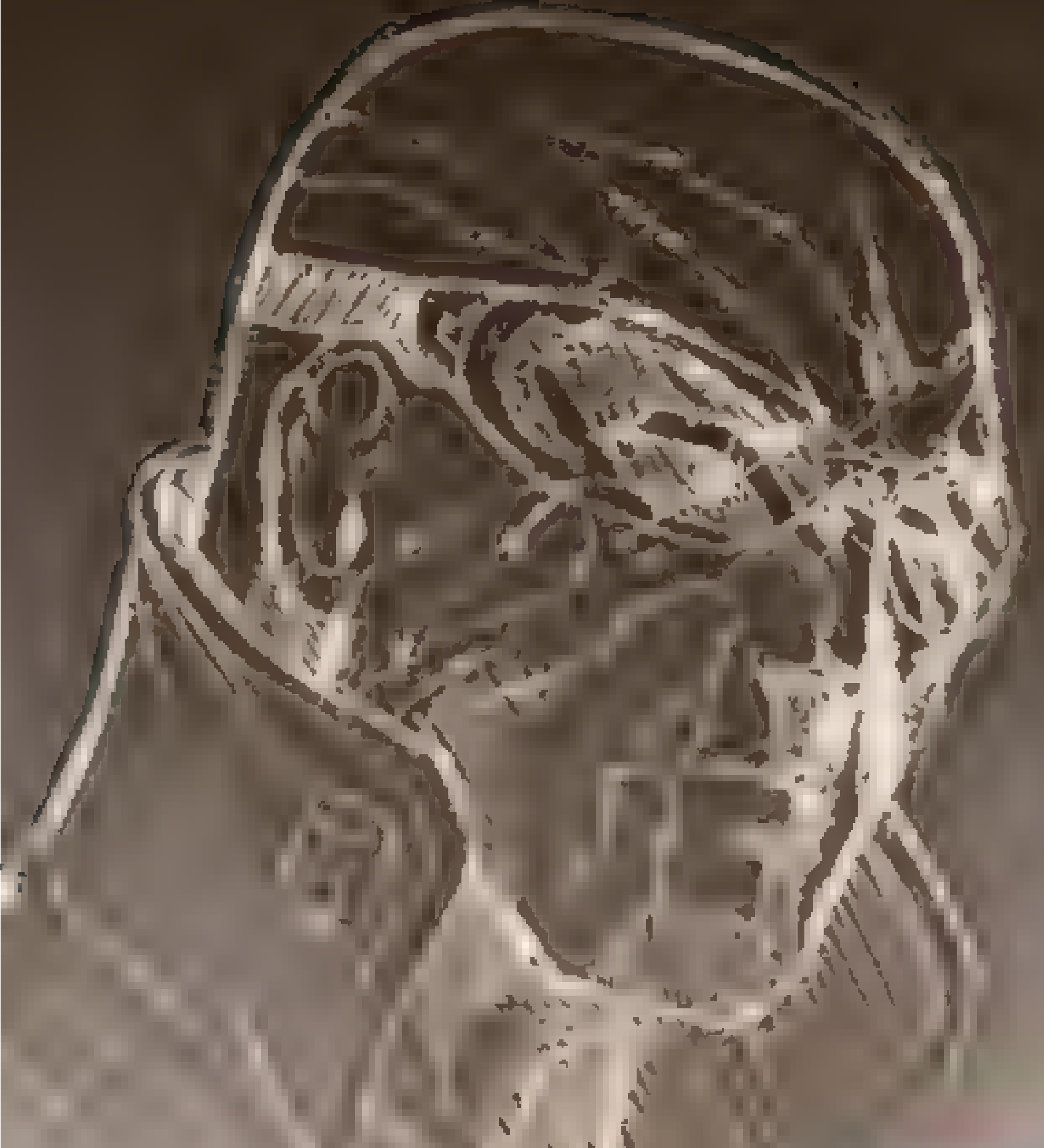
BRRRT
BRRRT
BRRRT
Yeah, you've got "party girl" written all over you like a men's room stall!
Why, you %#$@--!
Hormonal, eh? Could it be arts and crafts week at panty camp?
KTANG
THWAK
KRUNK
Have you considered a Midol patch--?
That's it! You wanna joke about *blood flow*, buster?!
CHKUNT
Then laugh this off!
HZZAAN
Aaaaarggh!!
Alex!
Awww, Does baby's tum-tum hurt? Ah ha ha ha!
Hwuugh- Sandi-coff- for the love of Benji...find something to kill this E! fashion emergency...
AAAAAAAAGH!!
Sorry, not happenin'. Only a *miracle* could save your ass now--
What the--?

AAAAAAGH!!
Oh, you've got to be kidding--!
Metalhead! You're fi--
KA-CHOOOM
Wow. Jim Thompson on a two-week bender wouldn't have written *that* ending.
Well, it's certainly *fitting*. Bev always did like big, noisy climaxes.
Look, up in the sky. It's a jerk. It's a pain. It's Fight-Man.
Go on home, Frank. Fight's over. The good guys won, and oh, by the way, you *still* suck.
Wrong on all three counts, kid.
What's *that* supposed to mean?
You didn't really think I was gonna let you two get away with trying to *kill* me, did you?
I *like* you, Alex. But you're a *professional assassin*, a bad guy. And I figure the more *bad guys* I bring to justice, the better shot I got with the parole board.

You miserable #*($%. We took down a *city* together, talked about *girls*, lived through Mongolian barbecue-- and you want to throw that all away for some stupid *code?*
Look, don't make this harder than it has to be. We both know you can't fight Fight-Man.
Oh, yeah? We'll see about *that,* tough guy--
Sandi, quick! Plan 84-B!
Aaagh! Gross!
SPLUSHK
We *don't have* a plan 84-B!
I know! Make one up!
How's this?
What the-- ? Oh lord, I'm *publicly indecent! Everyone can see my little fight-man!*
Huh. *Little* is *right.*
Cheaters! That's not fighting! Soon as I'm decent you'll get yours!
So... got a plan 84-C?
Actually, I *do.*
Forget it. Chicken rockets won't stop *that* jerk.
Silly boy. Who said I'm shooting at *him?*
FOOOSHB-KAW!!
Oh, no...

BRRRRRRUM--
...not the building trick! Who told you about the building trick?!
You lousy cheaters! You think you beat me, huh? You think you beat Fight-Man?! Well, you didn't beat Fight-Man! This stupid $#%@ building beat Fight-Man!
But not for long! I'll be back! You punks haven't heard the last of--
BWA-THOOOM
Wow. I actually took him out. And sober, to boot.
Yep. This is pretty much where we came in.
Some first date, huh?
Well, I'll say this for you, Alex--
-- you certainly know how to show a girl a good time.
Nuff said!

MARVEL
12
WAY
HOTZ
UDON
AGENT X



TO MOST, THE LETTER X STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. THE UNDERWORLD IS NO EXCEPTION. FOR PEOPLE WITH EVIL INTENT, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE HIRED GUN WITH NO PAST AND A BURNING DESIRE TO TAKE HIS POSITION AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST AND HIGHEST PAID MERCENARY.

STAN LEE PRESENTS...

AGENT X

"OUT WITH A BANG"

DANIEL WAY
WRITER

KYLE HOTZ ARTIST

UDON'S
ANGELO TSANG
COLORIST

VIRTUAL
CALLIGRAPHY'S
CORY PETIT
LETTERER

BRIAN
STELFREEZE
COVER ARTIST

ANDY SCHMIDT
ASSISTANT EDITOR

ANDREW LIS &
MARC SUMERAK
EDITORS

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

PREVIOUSLY

ALEX HAYDEN'S INCOHERENT RAMBLING DU JOUR

So, I'm thinking of throwing in the towel on this whole AGENCY X thing.

I mean, sure, it was a good idea when it started--don't get me wrong! A group of the world's highest caliber mercenaries, willing to take any job for the right price? Pure genius if you ask me! But have you tried to run a squad of killers-for-hire when half your staff quits in the first week? Let's just say it isn't great for morale or for business.

Now, with Outlaw out of the picture for good and Taskmaster only hanging around when it's convenient for him, I've gotta think that the Agency just isn't gonna fly. There are only two of us left on staff: me and Sandi--and although I love her to death, she just isn't ready to hit the field on her own yet (as I recently witnessed).

So that's it, right? Close the doors, sell the super-cool amusement park headquarters and move on with the merc-life solo-style! That's what all of the voices in my head are telling me. But some glutton-for-punishment part of me just isn't ready to let go of my dreams so easily...no matter how fever-induced those dreams may be!

You'd think that a guy with the super-human ability to rapidly heal from any wound would be able to patch up a bruised ego a bit better, eh?

Ah, well...

© 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

I'll be the first to admit it...sometimes, I don't make very good decisions.
For example...
RINNNG!
BEEP
Agency X...?
Hey, Alex! It's Sandi. We **get** anything yet?
Things to Do:
2ND
NOTICE
Uhh...

I see. Look, I'm not comin' in today--I've got some things to do. Don't forget to water the plants, okay?
Uhh... sure...
Hey--these things you've gotta do today...would one of them be "looking for another job" by any chance?
No... why do you ask?
GRRNNN
BLOOP BLOOP
THE GO
Uhh...so you can have some money to pay your bills...?
Look--don't worry about it, okay? And if all else fails, we've still got a few hundred dollars in the **super-secret cash fund,** right?
CLICK
Uhhh...yeah. Look, I gotta go, bye!
Wait! I forgot to tell you I didn't pay the--!
BEEP
And tonight's **winning lottery numbers are...**
PICK
$WIN
$BUCKS
WINS
LOTTO
PLAY $$$
SNIFF -N- WIN
Aw, **maaan...**
Could this possibly get any **worse?**

BWOOOMM!
Stan Lee PRESENTS:
OUT WITH A BANG!

WHUMP
Unghhh....
Who--?
My name is Murder. That's all you need to know.
Man, you have *no idea* how long I've waited to *say* that!
And how cool is this *business card,* huh?
Mr. Murder Custom Catering
Oh, no.
I've been killed by a nerd.
Hrk!

At first I thought this was an *ambulance...*
Then I smelled the *two-cycle oil.*
RRRRRRR
RRRRRRR
Wow... wasn't *that* gross! Clean-up in aisle four, right?
I'm sure I've...used that one...before...
Probably. You're a tough act to follow, man--I gotta *hand* it to you.
That was a joke.
Ha...ha. Thanks for... *pointing it out...*
Oh, man...we are totally *great* together! Too bad we couldn't team up...but hey, maybe next time, right?
And I hope you don't have any hard feelings about this whole thing--I mean, I'm sure you understand. With this much *money* at stake, you gotta take every advantage you *can,* right?
What're you...talkin' about?
You mean... you don't *know?*

Oh, I get it...you're trying to *trick* me--keep me talking while you regenerate a limb and kill me in some horrendous fashion, right?
Nice try, but I know all about you and your little "my body regenerates itself" schtick.
I've done my homework--I know everything there is to know about you.
I know I can't *kill* you, but I figure I can take you out of the picture for a few days so I can...well, *you know.*
Hey--this reminds me of a joke: What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs floating in the river?
"Bob". *Everybody...* knows that one.
Oh, *yeah*, Mister *smarty-pants?* You wanna step on my *cool one-liners?*
Well, I bet *"everybody"* doesn't know where that *cute little girlfriend* of yours *Sandi* lives, now *do* they?
I do, though.
But did I blow her up *with* you? *No!* I did the *classy* thing and waited until you were *alone* before I detonated that *crappy amusement park* that you call an *office!*
See? That's what's called "professional courtesy"!
Call it whatever you want, nerd--you just signed your own *toe-tag.*
Nobody threatens Sandi.

Morning.
What a perfect day for some father-and-son bonding!
Whoah-- I got one, Dad!
Reel it in, Billy!
BARDER
It's a big one, Dad!
It sure is! Faster, Billy-- don't let 'im get away!
Yeahr, Birry! Girrit awrya got, shun!
YAAAHHH!

Here's a joke for you: What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs trying to hitch a ride?
Screwed.
Aw, c'mon! Grow a freakin' thumb already!
Hey, feller... need a ride?
Yeah...I don't know if I can get into the truck by myself. Could you, uh, gimme a *hand*, so to speak?
Sure, I'll put ya in the *back.*
County Fair's comin' up--I could sure use the practice...
1991 DWARF TOSSING CHAMPION

One justified killing later...
EMMA BOOKS
CHICKY'S PAW SHO
So... what can I do for ya, Alex?
Chicky is a shady piece of work who runs a one-stop crime shop in the worst part of town. Whatever you want to buy, Chicky's probably got it.
He's also *very well-informed.*
Some junior hitman blew up my office and dumped me in the East River. I want to know why.
A *new guy,* huh? My guess is he's tryin' to thin out the competition. Probably came in to cash in on the Warren-Stiller thing.
What Warren-Stiller thing?
You don't *know?* Oh, man... you should get in on this. It's freakin' *huge.*
What do you mean, *"huge"?*
I mean, like, *a million an' a half freakin' dollars* huge.

These two big shots--Jeffrey Warren and Emil Stiller--they've been wagin' this war against each other, right?
?
So Warren, he throws open the door to all comers, puts up a respectable stack of cash to whoever can bring Stiller down. Stiller gets wind of this an' lays out a sweeter deal.
An' now...now it's real sweet.
Is it a mob thing? Because I don't do mob work.
Not even.
Warren and Stiller are television executives.
Wild, huh?
You're right...I should get in on this.
Damn straight--and now's the time to do it. See, this job started out at fifty-thousand, right? Since then, they've been outbidding each other. Everyone's been waiting to see how high it gets, but with all this outside talent comin' in...somebody's gonna collect.
Somebody like that little puke that blew up my super-cool amusement park.
Exactly. You gonna go for it?
Ten-four, good buddy. Hollywood, here I come.
And I'm gonna teach that little punk a lesson while I'm at it.

Hey... weren't you *taller* the last time you were in here?
Last time I was in here, I had *feet.*
You need some feet? Check *this* out...
I get drunken vets in here all the time pawnin' these things--might be able to find a *matched pair* for ya...
Uhh... don't worry about it, Chicky.
Wow, this thing weighs a *ton...*
Yeah, that's one of the *old* ones. The new ones are a lot better, a lot lighter. They're *hollow,* see?
You don't say...
Let me see that thing.
Hey--you wouldn't happen to have a *hack-saw,* would you?

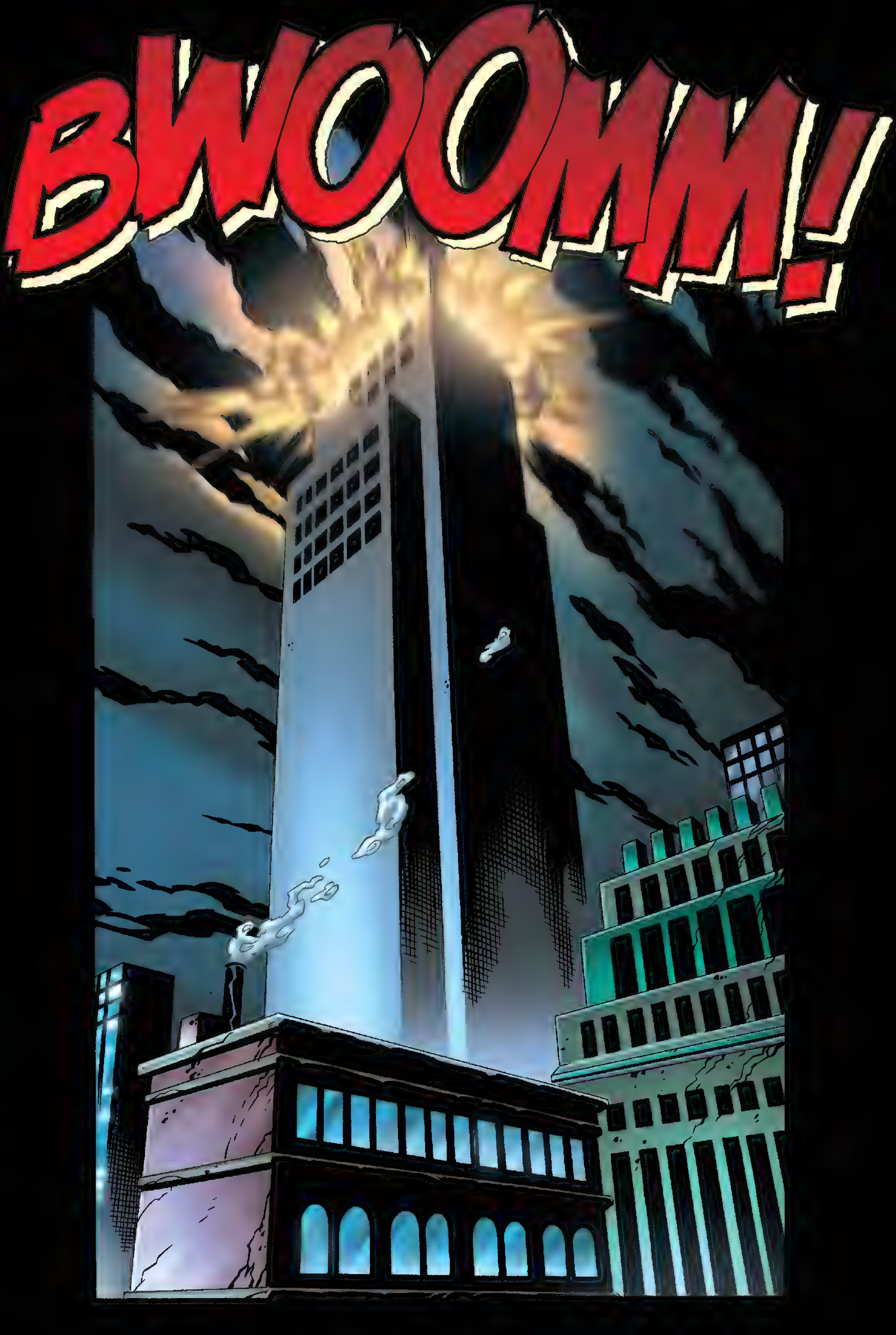
Sure...you need anything else--like some of the *good stuff?* I got a good price on *plastic explosive* this week...
50° OFF
Nah...I've got some stashed. Thanks for asking, though.
You said these two guys were *outbidding* each other...who's got the highest bid *right now?*
Stiller must be a lot better at *embezzling* than the other guy, 'cause *he's* the one putting up a *mil-five.* I think *Warren* is still only offering a million.
"Only a million". Yeah.
So, word on the street is that *Stiller's* the guy to work for, huh?
Yup.
You sure you don't need anything? I got a line on an *anti-aircraft missile* you might like...
Sounds like fun, Chicky, but it doesn't really fit the bill. Maybe *next* time.
50
There is something I *do* need, though...
What... *that?*

Just like good comedy, murder-for-hire is all about *timing.*
He's unarmed, sir.
Thank you, Butch.
So...I understand you're looking for work. What kind of work did you have in mind?
I guess you could say...*the dirty kind.*
I understand. Are you any *good* at this kind of work?
Oh, yeah. I'm the *best.*
I see. Now... why should I take you *seriously?*
I mean, for all *I* know, you're just some *clown off the street.*
Good point.

KNOCK KNOCK
KABOOM!

Who--?
My name is Murder.
That's all you need to know.
BLAM!

Man, that was *so cool!*
I should be, like, a *movie star* or something!
Huh?
A *clown* with a *prosthetic* leg?
00:02
That's not *funny...*
Nobody...
...threatens...
...Sandi.


BWOOMM!

Several days and much healing later...
EMIL STILLER PRESIDENT
Do you know what's in that suitcase?
Uhh...the *million-and-a-half dollars* you promised me for whacking Jeffery Warren?
Amusing... but *wrong.*
That suitcase actually contains some very expensive suits and some leisure-wear.
My expensive suits and leisure-wear.
You're... *stiffing* me?
In a word, yes.
I'm going to be traveling to a remote Mediterranean island, where I will remain until the dust settles from the fallout caused by the unfortunate death of my former *competitor.*
You, on the other hand, will be traveling to New Jersey with these two gentlemen.
This *sucks!*
Oh, *please*--I work in *television.* Did you honestly think I *wouldn't* screw you over?
You would have been better off working for the *mob.*

DING!
PUNCH! GOUGE!
GORE! SPLATTER!
PAIN!
DING!
It's unlocked.

KSSHH!
AAAAAAA
Nice panties, by the way!

I started a business with the only friends I have in the world. A very *dangerous* business.
I can get *shot, stabbed, blown up*... I can even be *completely dissected* and I'll survive. I'm like some kind of... made-up *cartoon character.*
But that's not what my *friends* are. They're *real.*
And they deserve better.
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
This is Sandi... leave a message -Beeep-
CLICK!
I'll be the first to admit it... sometimes, I don't make very good decisions.

But then again, sometimes I *do*.
CLOSED FOR BUSINESS
Nicki
Dorian
Bill
Mon
Jemma
Lefteris
NOT THE END
AGENT X RETURNS IN AUGUST, AND HE'S BRINGING SOME FRIENDS:
GAIL SIMONE, UDON AND... DEADPOOL?!?
BE HERE FOR THE COMEBACK OF THE CENTURY!
KyL '03

13

SIMONE
LEE
UDON

AGENT X

DEADPOOL WALKIN'
PART 1

ALEX HAYDEN'S WEBLOG OF AWESOME THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS

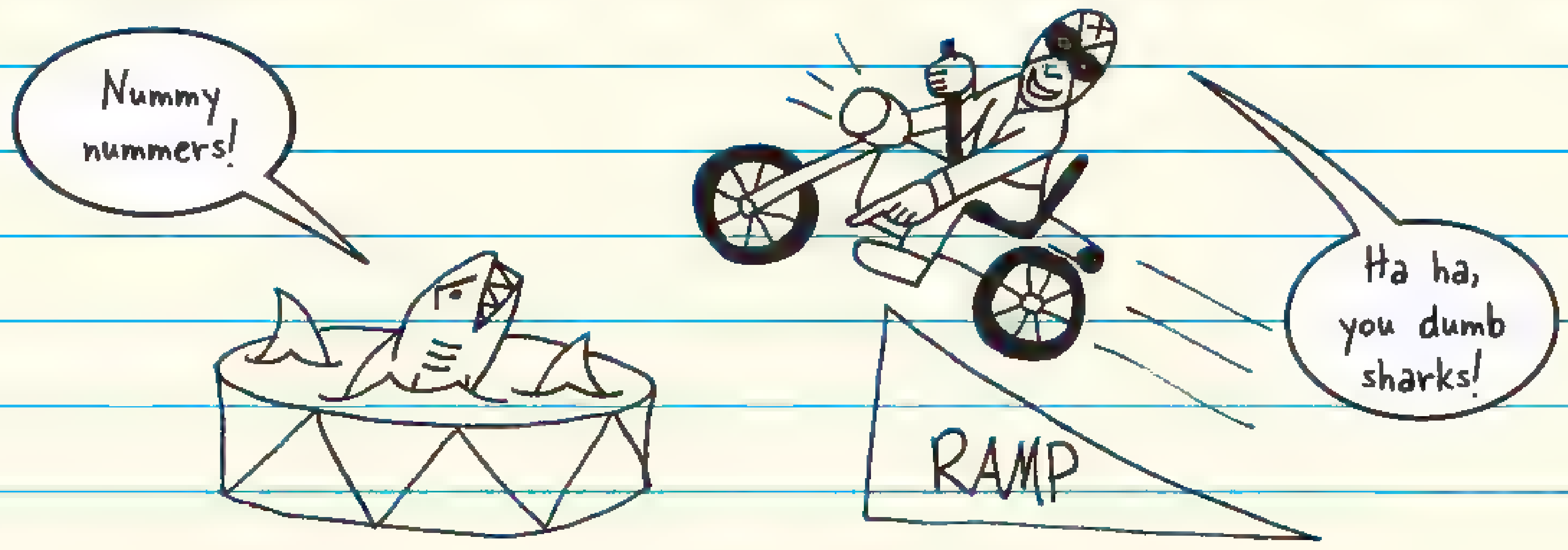
Decided to join 21st Century and do a blog, to share recipes and life stories with others in hopes of communicating better with world around me in wonderful plan to expose true self to people of all nations and look for pictures of naked women playing Hungry Hungry Hippos. Am not yet allowed to use computer. REFUSE TO ABANDON PLAN!

THINGS I RECOMMEND: 1802, head shots, self-inflicted noogies, R. Philbin

****

WOW! Had great dream! Woke up and best pal Richie was telling me not to do crazy stunt to save Arnold's. Then Leather and Pinky Tuscadero starting slow dancing and I was shameful. Potsie started to sing, so I shot him. Pushed Joanie off cliff. Was again shameful. Must get dream interpretation book, possibly just hate Potsie.

AWESOME!


Nummy nummers!
Ha ha, you dumb sharks!
RAMP

RECOMMENDED THINGS: Naked women playing Hungry Hungry Hippos, Ex-Potsie

****

Life has been weird. First, showed up, with no memory, on Sandi's doorstep. People say, "You are Deadpool," who was previous nutjob merc, killed by German nutjob merc Black Swan. I say, "No, I'm not." Debating skills rusty.

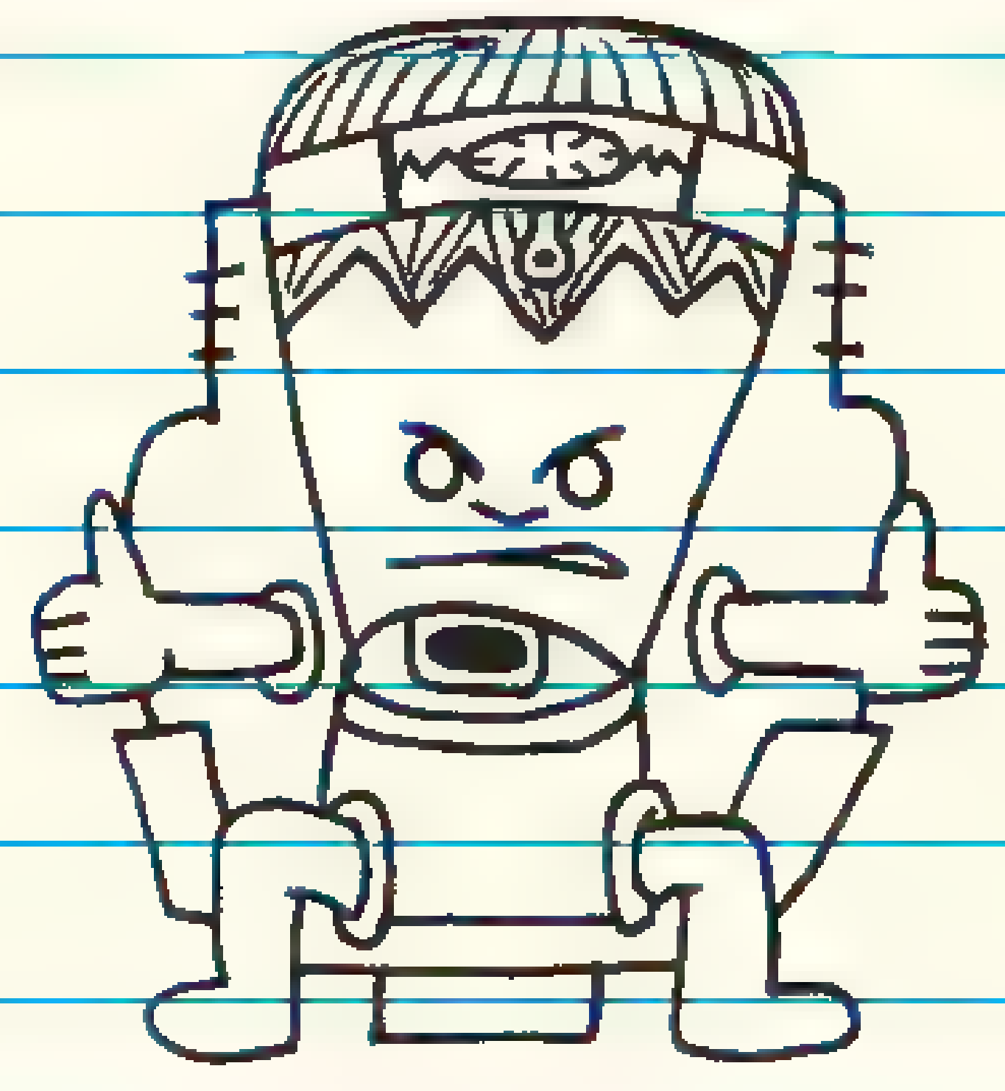
Had huge feud with Japanese nutjob crime cartel, led by nutjob Higashi. Just when I got THAT situation covered (or so I thinked), had sudden, torrid moment with best friend. NOT POTSIE. Sandi, fool! I'd shoot you if you existed!

I know Outlaw, previous love monkey, has gone back home to Texas, probably for good, but still feel weird and guilty, until I think of Sandi in that one outfit with the red shirt and the boots, and she smells real nice and know what? As dumb as this sounds, I'm afraid to lose her, which I will when she looks around and remembers who she is and what I am. Miss Outlaw, too. Feel greedy.

Also, someone blew up half my amusement park, and I realize I can't keep putting Sandi in danger. So I'm closing our merc offices, AGENCY X, for good. It's only the end of everything we tried to build. I haven't told her yet. Feeling a different kind of shameful. Pretty sure amnesiac scabbed-up losers aren't supposed to be happy, anyway.

Sandi's friend, nutjob merc Taskmaster, has always wanted me out of the picture. Maybe he's right. Maybe I AM bad luck.

Took Personality Test.



You are MODOK.

Your head is enormous and your butt is teensy
You are charismatic and generous
You like Potsie
You shoot people
You are a major dork

Three hundred nautical miles from the eastern seaboard, the Portuguese bulk cargo ship, the *Golfinho;* a low-end freighter carrying high-end imported engine parts--
--and sometimes, for a fee, unlisted *passengers.*
GOLFINHO
They should have stuck with the engine parts.
Ei! Americano!
Por que você é tão rude?

© 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

My friend say, why are you so unfriendly?
I do not think he like you, America.
Esse Americano é tão rude! Esse é nosso barco.
Now he say, first you do not speak to us, and then you refuse to drink with us. It is insult. Insulting.
Have a drink, America. One drink with us as friends.
Will you talk to us *now*, new friend?
Perhaps your mouth is too small?
I will fixing that.

Get his wallet.
Later.
Let go of him.
I have no anger for you.
SLASH
?!?

The small unfortunate things on the ship's floor in front of you are the toes of your left foot and the fingers of your right hand.
Please don't make me cripple you further.
I should have killed them all. They may have dreary notions of revenge in their reptile brains.
But I seem to have grown a conscience.
How *inconvenient.*

Elsewhere.
I've been having some difficulties lately. Nothing serious.
Just screwing up in every facet of my life, is all.
I've been alienating friends, putting them in danger...
Haven't been able to work up the nerve to tell Sandi I'm closing Agency X...
...my park is half blowed-up...
...and worst of *all*--
SCRITCHA SCRITCHA SCRITCHA
--I got *jock itch* real bad from these stupid *pants*.
DEADPOOL WALKIN'
PART ONE OUR LIVES IN FRACTURE
I think I may have invented a higher form of sanity.
GAIL SIMONE WRITER
ALVIN LEE & UDON ARTISTS
VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S CORY PETIT LETTERER
ANDY SCHMIDT ASST. EDITOR
MARC SUMERAK EDITOR
JOE QUESADA CHIEF
BILL JEMAS PRESIDENT
SPECIAL THANKS TO BUDDY, EVAN AND DANIEL

What are *you* crying about?
Listen, you shouldn't be so hard on yourself. You guys came here to kill me and you ***almost*** succeeded.
Well, not really, but it was ***still*** a very good ***effort!***
I always try to be a positive force in the universe.
Hint to newbie mercs: When you take jobs from mobsters, they invariably send around some goombahs to make sure you don't do any bragging later.
Please...I don't--I don't want to die.
Listen, little buddy--you think you got problems?
I'm the idiot who slept with his best friend, and is probably gonna lose the ***two*** most amazing women in the world over it, ***plus*** I've been sleeping on the frickin' ***Tilt-A-Whirl*** for three nights and now I smell like four-year-old ***puke***, and ***not in a good way.***
So don't come to me with your "Oh, I'm so sad, I'm going to die, whine whine bitch complain poor little ***me***" act.
Way I see the world right now, I'm probably doing you a ***favor.***
Only his porn vendor would miss him.
Come on, man, look me in the eyes.
Ah, hell.
Just get outta here. Tell your boss I'm charging my standard hit rate for each guy he sent here.
I seem to have grown a conscience. How ***inconvenient.***

Do me a favor, Alex, and put some aloe on that sucking chest wound of yours, would you?
Sandi's got us both a gig.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
Oh, look. It's my former trainer and current Spice Girls fanboy, the Taskmaster.
How long have you been here?
And thanks for the *help,* by the way.
Long enough to hear what you did to Sandi.
And you're okay with that?
I'm fine. I don't own her. We're not like that.
Yeah, but...
...it's obvious that you got something for her *bad* and I really think--
UPPH!
I *said* I'm *fine.*
FUN GU
You are *centimeters* away from putting a permanent boot-mark in my man-essence.
I don't think either of us truly wants that.
Sandi says the gig's low green, but we need to do it for other reasons.
Troll?
Thank you, no.
I like Trolls. They look like freak sideshow babies with Don King hair.
I *think* these are trolls anyway. They might be hobbits. I don't keep up.

Soon...
No. N. O.
This is not happening.
I will not be a chauffeur...
...especially not for this guy.
It's disturbing to my man-essence!
The hot babe is Sandi, the only real friend I've ever had. We haven't talked much since our recent "night together"--hope this isn't some sorta whacked-out revenge...
No disrespect intended, Mr. Hayden.
First, this is a job, Alex.
Second, you and Tony aren't just drivers--you're bodyguards. And this is a way to put the Four Winds feud behind us forever.
If I'd told Sandi I was closing the Agency, like I'd meant to, then I would have been spared this.
It's to your benefit as well, Mr. Hayden. Tonight, the families of the Four Winds gather together in a meeting that is ostensibly social, but in which appearance is everything.
You and your associates showing your willingness to work with us says you're no longer an enemy.
Yeah? And what do you get out of it, Higashi?
A few months ago, we were all fighting for our lives against this guy's mob. Now we have an uneasy truce.
What is it about weird bald freaks with guns that they all seem to fall in love with Sandi?
When one has rivals, Mr. Hayden, it is always of value to show that you're in a position of strength.
Man, I love when you start with the Tony Robbins B.S.
I feel like actualizing my potential on his face--
Guess I'll drive then. Nice sunny day for it, anyway.
I'd prefer if Mr. Hayden drives us, please.
I like my crime bosses a little less sweet, thank you very much.

You sure you're okay with this?
365
Shut up.
ZZT
Okay, I get why Taskmaster and I are here...
But why Sandi? Why tonight?
I'm not jealous. I'm not.
Okay, a bit.
When one has rivals, Mr. Hayden.
I'm really starting to loathe this job.
I'm more of an exploit-the-workers type.
Alex, are you going to be professional about this, or not?
I'm driving. See? I'm driving.
I'm calm and collected.
If his hand moves two inches north, I'm biting a chunk out of this steering wheel.
Let's take our minds off of all this territory-marking. Who likes singalongs?
There...was a merc who had a gun and Blammo was its name-o!
Aim!-A-M-M-O! Shoot!-A-M-M-O! Death!-A-M-M-O! And Blammo was its name-o!
Hope they have s'mores at this shindig.

So, listen...you Four Winds guys, you have subsidiaries everywhere, right? 'Cause I have this million dollar idea:
Smell novels for dogs.
See, each page of a smell novel would tell part of the story which would amuse and stimulate the canine reader.
Alex, turn around and watch the *road.*
65 MPH
Hey, Higashi...you didn't arrange any additional escorts, right?
No, but I'm beginning to wish I had.
"Page One: There was a wiener dog in a forest. Page Two: She was in heat. Page Three: She peed on a tree."
Well, hey, I mean, I'm no *writer,* but you get the idea.
It wouldn't work.
No boy dogs would make it past Page Two.
Magazines, too. You could do an issue of *People* that's just celebrity rear ends.
It's like that *already.*
Hey, are you *sure* one of you two wouldn't like to sit up front?

Do you see that?
Shut up.
He's touching her *leg.*
Shut *up.*
The soft *fleshy* part.
Will you *shut up?*
Of her *leg.*
NEKO
Hey, an attractive Japanese girl is waving to me.
If she brought Buffalo wings and a big-screen TV, it'd be like my ultimate fantasy.
Hello, hello! hee!
She's waving something at me.
I like this town. They have drive-through mating. Help me think of an excuse not to call her afterwards!
I believe she means to do us harm, Mr. Hayden.
Listen, just because I got the serious man-essence surplus mojo make-a ladies go *boom* doesn't mean--
She's moving around in front.
She's attached something to the hood!
It's probably some chocolates, or a package of bawdy photographs of her in various circus outfits...
What the hell *is* that thing?
Oh, my God. It's...
It's...

...It's a Hello Puppy and it's stuffed adorable death for all!
Take the wheel.
Hurry.
Got it! I think it's a dud!
POIT!
WHOOM!
ALEX!
Ouch.
That's it. If I live through this, I'm inventing a form of explosive that's gentler to sensitive skin.

Hello, mister! giggle!
Uh...
I am pleased to meet you, ugly man! hee hee!
If I get killed by some freakin' anime babe, I swear I'm boycotting all Sailor Moon related products in the afterlife. Except for *pogs*.
Hang *on!*
You *think?*
Hello, Ugly Mister! Hello! Will you be my hippity hoppity bunnyfriend? hee hee!
Death rides a cute pale horse!
If I had just *one* more hand, I would *so* shoot her in the Strawberry Shortcake.
Plus, I bet I get *screwed* on the suit rental deposit.

I recognize those two...they're from the Northern Wind faction. This is an assassination attempt.
Tony, can't you *do* anything?
Me watching Jeff Gordon drive doesn't make this boat NASCAR, Sandi.
Think you can make it over into the front seat?
Oooh, poor Ugly Mister is crying inside!
Gah! My *Teen Beat* face!
Jeez, she's giving him a perfect shot of her behind.
Shut up, Hayden!
Heh. You're such a *dork,* Tony.
Ow. Damn *light* sensitivity.
Your bloody death makes me sunshine happy! ✳hee!✳
Hey, now, there's something you don't get pointed at you every day!
I didn't even know they *made* pink Uzis.

You *must* get Sandi to safety. I'll pay any...
Shut *up!* I'm trying to *think* here.
I'm no *good* like this.
That's it. I'm gonna die stuck to a limo, just like all my favorite bugs.
UNGH.
Tony? What are you doing...?
SLAM
RRRRRRCH!
Gonna
Kill
You
Tony,
You
Unbelievable
A--!
ZZT!
Get in the back and stay there, Sandi.
No more running. I don't much like it.

You think you can handle the one with the sword?
Ayup.
I hope you've been watching lots of Captain America videos lately.
Don't worry--
--turns out I *have.*
Survivor buys the headstones?
Deal.
Goodbye, stupid ugly Mister men! ⸗giggle!⸗ *Fatality!*
⸗giggle!⸗
You know, if we get killed in the street by two delinquent Pokemon trainers, people might completely forget that we were badasses.
Your blood is ours, cheerful *okay!* ⸗tee hee!⸗

Kenichi Building, twenty minutes later.
SCREEEEEEE
SCREEEEEEE
SCREEEEEEE
SCREE
Hey, are we *late?* You guys saved us some pizza rolls and Ding Dongs, right?
Kita, my friend. I believe I have some property of yours--
--these two motorcycles...
...and the two assassins you sent to kill me, tied up in this car's trunk.
My *arm* is multiple fracture! ⊰hee hee!⊱
I am breathing with *extreme* difficulty! Punctured lung is not happy funtime agony! ⊰giggle!⊱

Appearing to work for me ends any remaining enmity the Four Winds might have had for you three. And you have my gratitude.
Please enjoy the party. I believe a long talk with Kita is in order.
A possibly fatal talk?
Quite possibly.
This guy, he's got everything. And he's ***nuts*** about Sandi.
Forgive me, Sandi. I'll return as fast as I'm able.
He'd treat her right, like she deserves.
Not like a dumb merc with no past would.
Listen, Sandi, I--
--I just want you to know that if you and he want to... if you decide that you want to be with him, you know? I mean...
Alex.
I mean, look at the two of us... *I'd* go out with him!
I just want you to be happy. Honest.
...
Alex, what color dress am I wearing?
...Red?
And what's your favorite color?
Red, but I don't see what that has...
Oh!
You might have regrets for what we did, Alex.
But I don't.
The man-essence wins again!

Post-party, pre-slumber, at Sandi's apartment...
You *do* realize you both acted like complete and unprofessional idiots tonight?
grumble grumble mutter
I frankly think my idiocy was ***extremely*** professional.
I'm so tired I could sleep with a ***horse,*** or however that expression goes.
Look, we can't continue working as any kind of team if we're suddenly all back in junior high.
Sandi, about that...
Come on in, and let's talk this out.
Hold it. Someone's messed with the door.
Hello, Miss Brandenberg.
Forgive me for the intrusion, please.
The Black Swan!

You blink, I fire, Swan.
I ain't kidding.
Wait, what am I missing? Who *is* this creep?
This is the guy we all thought was dead. The guy who killed Wade Wilson--Deadpool.
Don't try anything, Swan. I'll kill you twice, man.
Well. My reputation precedes me.
I have, however, brought a witness who may well vouch for my character.
Might I present the man I supposedly killed?
...Mr. Wilson?
What the *hell?*
But-- we thought Alex was--
You're *alive!*
He's *alive!*
NO--!

Alex, what have you *done?!?*
NEXT:
WHIPPINGS AND APOLOGIES

MARVEL
14
SIMONE
LEE
UDON
AGENT X
DEADPOOL WALKIN' PART 2
ALVIN LEE
ARN! UDON

ALEX HAYDEN'S CHOOSE-YOUR-OWN-SCREW-UP JOURNAL OF FUN AND SCORING WITH HOT CHICKS PLUS I LOVE IT WHEN I AIM GOOD

You are ALEX HAYDEN, America's most-beloved assassin and gun-for-hire. Chicks dig you, men fear you, you can eat a TUB of pudding and not gain an OUNCE. You don't know who you are or where you came from, and you're not really clear on state capitols, either.

But life is GOOD. Sure, maybe you're not Wolverine, maybe you're not Spider-Man, maybe Hollywood producers don't answer your calls, maybe your action figure is just a modified Bullseye, maybe you have a variety of offensive and mysterious odors, but still, you don't see Captain America date girls like cowgirl-merc OUTLAW and business partner SANDI, right? You ask me, maybe the guy could use a little VIBRANIUM somewhere other than his SHIELD, am I right? Can I get an "amen"? DYN-O-MITE! High Five! Down Low! Your barn door is open! Ha ha ha, jokes are funny!

Anyway, you, your loyal friend and recent dance partner SANDI and the hideously-dressed mercenary TASKMASTER are returning from this big Japanese gangster hoedown. You were nearly killed by a Sailor Moon look-alike, but now, you have this chief thug, HIGASHI, who owes you a favor, big time. Heh. I just got my own joke about the shield. HA! I wish I'd thought of that!

SUDDENLY! Back at Sandi's apartment, when all you can think about is some hot lovin' and string cheese (note: remind self to wash, avoid infection), Taskmaster notices the door has been messed with. You open the door, and there's some weirdo doofus standing there, not saying a word.

Do You:

A) Welcome this weary traveler into your home, providing him with a variety of healthy snacks and unlimited use of your Sidekicks Gone Wild DVD collection, or...
B) Shoot him right in the forehead.

WRONG!
It was "B!"
You stink at this.

Turns out the doofus you shot is Wade Wilson, a.k.a. DEADPOOL, the legendary merc that everyone figured YOU were, in reality. This made a lot of sense when you were drunk. You inexplicably hate the guy, and you're none too fond of the guy who brought him here either: the mind-manipulating assassin THE BLACK SWAN. How these guys survived getting blowed up, and what they're doing here is a complete mystery.

Do You:

A) Administer medical attention to the guy with the massive head wound on the floor, or...
B) More washing.

WRONG!

© 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

The Rio Grande Valley, Texas, just north of the Mexican border.
HARLINGEN UNITED METHODIST
JOIN US IN FELLOWSHIP, NOT IN JUDGMENT
DOUGLAS R. TEMPLE MEMORIAL SERVICES 12:30
Stop it, young lady. You will *stop* it right *now.*
He hit me first!
Let *go'a* me, you *freak!*

You go on home, Billy Rapner, 'less you wanna explain to your older brothers how you got beat by a *girl.*
Crazy Inez!
You stay away from me, freak!
You're a *mutie.* Crazy mutie buck-toothed *freak!*
People're always calling me names.
Inez, you can't keep doing this. It's unladylike.
I hate that. I hate *them.*
I know.
I won, though.
That's my girl.
I love you, Dad.
Goodbye.
You are leaving Texas
I love you, Texas.
Goodbye.

Elsewhere.
No, no, no--the *big* roll. *That* one.
This is completely revolting.
Ooh, I found something.
Buncha fuss over nothing.
Is this something?
Ugh...your *cat.*
He's *licking* the... *ugh.*
Bet there's probably something *great* we're all missing on TV *right now.* Naked people on cable, that fat ugly smelly guy on Food Network...
If you have extra pieces, it's better to throw them out than try to jam them in, I think.
Stupid *cat!*
Hand me the staple gun.
PURRRRR PURRRRRRRR
But nOooOOOooo. Sandi and Tasky have *other* priorities, I guess.
You've got to hold...hold that bit in. It's oozy.
PURRRRR PURRRRRRRR
Stupid *cat!*
I think this is as good as it's going to get, Tony.
KA-CHOK KA-CHOK KA-CHOK
Naked people and fat smelly ugly canapés aren't *good* enough for them. And what's worse, I know they're both mad at *me,* which is *ridiculous.*

So I **shot** this "**Deadpool**" guy in the head a little.
People can be so **judgmental**.
bllrgl.
PURRRRR!

DEADPOOL WALKIN'

PART TWO FOUL BRAIN STEW

GAIL SIMONE WRITER
ALVIN LEE & UDON ARTISTS
VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S **CORY PETIT** LETTERER
ANDY SCHMIDT ASST. EDITOR **MARC SUMERAK** EDITOR **JOE QUESADA** CHIEF **BILL JEMAS** PRESIDENT

This is Taskmaster, Sandi's friend and my former trainer. The other guy calls himself the Black Swan.
You better be right about this, Swan.
It's easier for his system to regenerate if it doesn't have to create the parts from scratch.
His body knows what to do. These biscuits are appalling, by the way.
Tasky's all right--bit of a stabbing fetish. The other guy gives me the creeps. Supposed to have some badazz mental attack capabilities.
Those aren't biscuits, they're fruit and cake.
girrrphn.
And if I get so much as a mild headache, I'm emptying my clips into the nearest German snob I see.
And this is Sandi--I really was proud of myself for being her friend and not sleeping with her...
...until I slept with her, I mean.
spagurgle.
Alex, help me carry him to the bathtub. He's still bleeding!
I...
I can't.
And the guy I shot--Wade Wilson, A.K.A. Deadpool--everyone thought I was him in disguise, somehow.
I don't know him, don't recognize him...I just know I hate him for some reason.
It's all I can do to keep from tearing his head off and kicking it off the roof.
quetzl pla?
I swear it feels like this guy killed my brother.
And since I don't think I *have* a brother, that's just weird.
Alex, I have someone I really care about dying on my carpet and the man who killed him the *first* time insulting my Newtons.
I kinda need you to reach deep and pitch in, all right?

I dunno...just *looking* at him makes me want to nail his face to a *bus.*
Oof. Alex, *please.*
Yeah, the old face/bus nail gambit, that'd be smooth.
All right, let's let him rest. Maybe...
Gonna wash my hands first. Got a little brain juice on my glove.
Awww.
He looks kinda peaceful laying there like that.
WHAP
WAP
PAF
POW
SMAK
Alex, you coming?
♫ Coming! ♫
Ackkkk-- brakkk.

Mr. Swan, maybe you'd be good enough to tell us what the hell is going on?
Guy's got brain voodoo, Sandi. Be careful.
Forgive me, Ms. Brandenburg. I've been very rude.
You have questions, and I have answers.
Might I trouble you for a sharp knife, Taskmaster?
I think you'll enjoy this.
Imagine myself and my partner Nijo in my ancestral home.
Imagine Wade Wilson, assassin, comes to ply his trade on me. At this point, "Alex Hayden" doesn't exist.
You were not yet a going concern, sir. Yours was something of a virgin birth.
Get to the point, man.
Nijo and I had a brief misunderstanding.
And Wilson, rather unsportingly, brought an explosive device to our meeting.
At that point, I believe my death meant more to him than his life.

BA-BA!
Wan' BA-BA!
He's recovering... he's literally growing his memory back.
That doesn't make any sense...
I can take a guy growing an arm back, I guess.
But growing back memories'd be like growing an arm back with the *tattoos* still on it.
That would be the case--if Wade's healing ability were purely a physical process. I've discovered that it's not.
There's a mental component. It can be duplicated.
I see you're skeptical. I thought you might be.
SLISSH
By the time our conversation is done, my finger will have grown back.
Can you grasp the implications of this?
You'll be able to scratch your own ass again?
HEY!
HEEEEEEEEEY!
LOOK! LOOK!
Mr. Wilson? What's...

Oh, Mr. Wilson!
I'm gonna blow corn kernels from here to Latveria.
WINKIE!
Found a **WINKIE!**
Boingy boingy boingy boingy!
Stop that, Mr. Wilson! It's *nasty!*
Oh, you *gotta* let me shoot him. *Please*, I'm *beggin'*.
When is he going to stop?
Pretty much never.
All right, so you and Wade are sharing a Vulcan mind-meld when the bomb goes off, and... what, you got some of his healing power?
The brain is merely a computer, Taskmaster, and it's my gift to be able to manipulate those files--delete them, duplicate them...
...move them from one mind to another.
In order to save my life, I'm afraid my powers went far beyond my control--beyond what I'd known I was capable of.
You still haven't explained what this has to do with *me*.
You? I should think it would be obvious.
You're the dead man. Your life began five minutes after Nijo's brain activity ceased.

Soon...
There are no guarantees in life.
I don't know why we have to go to all of this trouble.
Just let me shoot him and dump the body somewhere, then it's frosty milkshakes for everyone!
He's not going to have an accident in my van, is he?
Winkie! Love the winkie!
I'm afraid your neighbors might object to what we'll be doing tonight, Mr. Hayden. Screams are quite likely.
Your amusement park will fit nicely.
Surely you can't drive and watch me at the same time...
I'm planning on putting the gun down the minute you're back in Germany, in fact.
Mr. Swan, you were saying that in the blast, the three of you were telepathically *connected* somehow?
Hey, he's got his pants off again.
He sure seems *proud* of himself.
That's correct, Ms. Brandenburg.
Personality traits and special abilities were shared and misplaced.
Okay, and you all ended up with some of Mr. Wilson's healing powers...so you all survived. I get that part--
Bad moron! *Bad! Stop* that! That's *dirty!*
Boingy, boingy, boingy!

You're a modern day Frankenstein's monster, Mr. Hayden.
Made from a freshly-dead corpse and bits of stolen personalities.
But you took too much. More than your fair share.
Aside from Wilson's recuperative abilities, and his unfairly acclaimed "wit"...
...you took the skill with guns it took me a *lifetime* to acquire.
You took my taste, my discernment. You took my *ambition.*
You even took my intolerance for rudeness.
And when Wilson threw me face-first into a white-hot fireplace grill...
...I even gave you my *outrage.*

I want those qualities *back*, Mr. Hayden. That's why we've come all this way. To set matters right.
What?
Oh, did you say something? I totally wasn't listening.
Did you guys keep the staple gun? One way or another, this guy's pants are staying *on*.
We're here.
You exit last, Swan. Slowly.
ALPINE PARK
So, you're proposing some sorta seance to swap back our own personalities?
You and Wilson have my gifts, Mr. Hayden. In return, I received a taste for Radiohead and an encyclopedic knowledge of pornographic knock-knock jokes.
So yes, I'd like to switch back, if possible.
You *pretty*. Good *smelling*.
TICKETS

Alex...are you *sure* you want to do this?
No, but I'm pretty *damn* sure I don't want *that* guy squatting in my brain any longer.
You know, the Alex who comes out of this might not be the Alex you like.
Better make sure that this Alex comes back, then.
I'll try, Sandi.
They look very happy together.
Shut up.
They don't know what kind of man you are, Swan. But I do.
I'm gonna be watching you through a sniper scope. You even twitch towards a double-cross and you'll have to call your vital organs long-distance.
No chance of that, unfortunately. The last trait of Nijo's that I had forced upon me was his ridiculous sense of honor.
I couldn't break my word if I tried.
Let's finish this.

Sandi's Apartment.
Hey, guys--I'm *back!*
Alex? Sandi?
Don't shoot--it's just me, Inez!
MROWR!
Huh.
KLIK
You guys ain't in here, are ya?
4:38
BROJAN
BROJAN CONDOMS
HANDS OFF!
PROPERTY OF ALEX HAYDEN
Oh, Alex...

Wanna ride *rides.*
I don't know if that's a step forward or not, frankly.
I should warn you... this won't be gentle.
What do you mean?
NGGGH.
Damn--it's like a nail gun to the *face.*
Come on, Swan. Motivate me.
We.. can't stop.
Owwwwwwww! Hurts!
No one's... *asking.*
I'm in position, Tony. But I'm a lousy shot, so I hope this works out.

It's like having razor-wielding maggots tunneling through my brain.
Never had *anything* hurt so bad.
We shoulda waited. This is like torturing a kid.
A big, dumb, ugly, *stupid* kid, but *still.*
I'll...*keep* my word, *"Hayden."* I'm giving you both *back*... what memories I *can.*
And I'm going to give you back something...*else.* Come closer...and I'll *tell* you.
Your sense of *honor.*
I find it a *nuisance.* I don't *need* it any longer.
Tony, something's wrong. The Swan...he...
He's *smiling.*
I *knew* it. Say goodbye, Fritzie!

Uhh!
Oh yes.
I feel much more myself now.
No. I feel better.
Your powers and mine...
It's heaven.
I can take what I want from you, and make it my own, now.
The gunman and the girl next, don't you think?

This must be what God feels like on a good day.
BLAM
Stop it! STOP!
BLAM
BLAM
Well.
You ruined my *suit*, you small-minded tramp.
n...n-no...!
Stay out of her *mind*, you bastard!

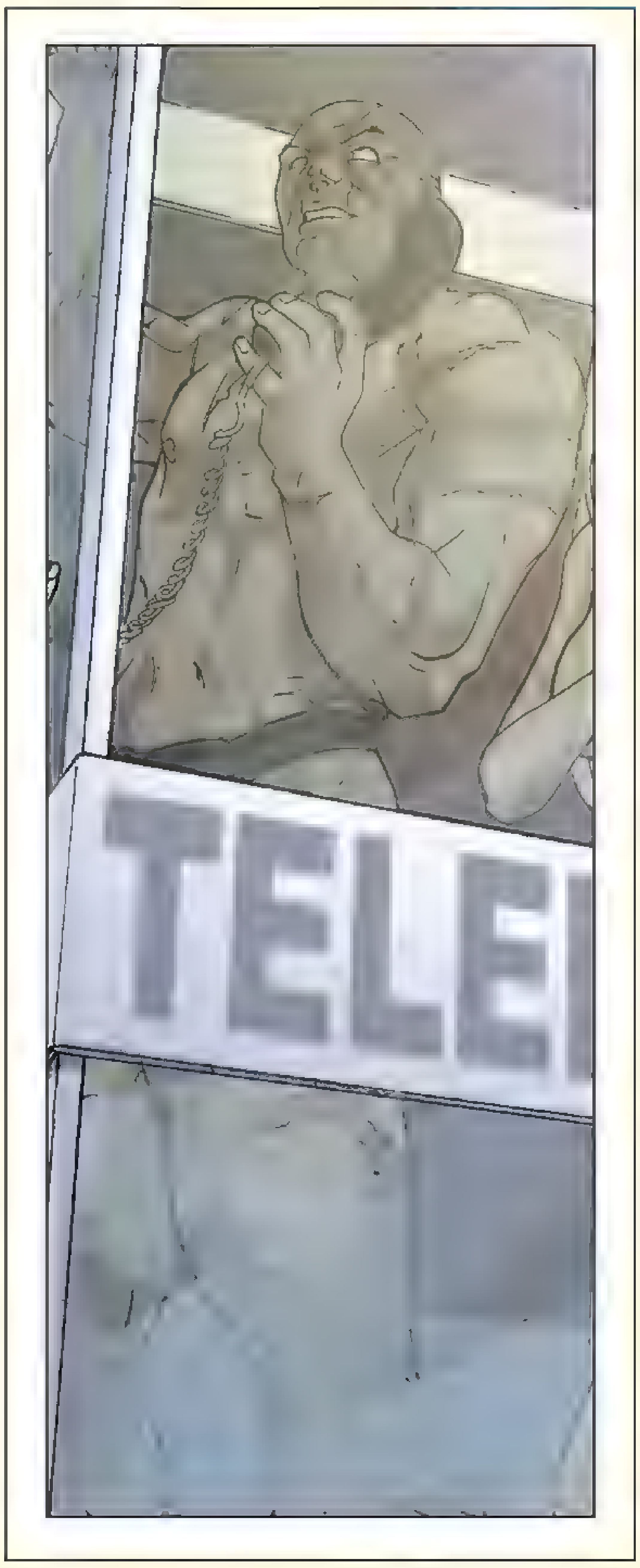
Now it's *my* turn to take something of *yours.*
I choose...
CLOWNETTES
...your *life.*
You caused all this misery. No one's gonna miss you, I *promise.*
Alex...?
ALEX!
Tony! Alex isn't *breathing.*
He's not *breathing!*

Move away, Ms. Brandenburg.
AAAAAH!
I can't explain how much it delights me, Hayden.
To kill all of you, after the humiliation I've endured.
Goodbye, Mr. Hayden.
Hey, Swan...
...?

SHLUCK!
You forgot someone!
HAHAHAHAHAHA!
NEXT:
DEADPOOL WALKIN': FINALE

MARVEL
15
SIMONE
LEE
UDON
AGENT X
DEADPOOL WALKIN' PART 3
ALVIN LEE
UDON

AMERICAN GUN AND WOUND'S MOUTHWATERING MERC OF THE MONTH



Name: Alex "Agent X (rated, we bet!)" Hayden

Take a looooong look, ladies! This hair-trigger hottie has the build, bullets, and blobs of scar tissue to give gobs of gals goose-bumps gladly, and inside sources say he hits what he aims at! Even if he sometimes fires before we're ready, wink wink!

Yes, he's every God-fearin', gun-totin' woman's dream date, and get THIS--he's nearly 100% DISEASE-FREE!

We had a chance to talk with this hunk of merc-y manflesh recently. See why he set our photographer Jorge's lens all a'quiver...

AG&W: Now, Alex, can you tell us a few of your turn-ons?

ALEX: Sure. I like long walks on the beach, corndogs, shooting people, and gigantism.

AG&W: And what do you look for in a woman?

ALEX: Gigantism.

AG&W: You like a big girl, huh?

ALEX: She should be freakishly large and malformed.

AG&W: Yes.

ALEX: She should be able to put one hand all the way around my skull. I should be able to take a sponge bath in her ski-boot.

AG&W: Let's move on for a moment. Now, you're relatively new to the merc scene, but you've made quite a splash. Can you tell us your secret origin?

ALEX: Yes. It turns out that I'm a corpse, injected with bits of the personalities of three gifted freaks: the gentleman's merc THE BLACK SWAN, his partner NIJO, and the "merc with a mouth," DEADPOOL. Jeez, now I can't stop thinking of an eight-foot-tall woman in a French maid's outfit.

AG&W: And what are your plans for the future?

ALEX: "Oui, oui, monsieur! Gladly shall I bring you ze beer with my fantastically huge hands! See how I carry ze entire twelve pack case in one monstrous mitt? I shall give you ze foot rub that will CRUSH YOUR INSTEP TO POWDER! Eet iz zo erotic! You will scream with delight and powdered footbone! C'est la vie, Fifi!"

AG&W: You realize this magazine doesn't exist, right?

ALEX: What? It doesn't?

AG&W: No. You foolishly agreed to the Black Swan's plan to reintegrate your personalities, and he double-crossed you. Now HIS powers and DEADPOOL's powers have combined to give him unimaginable new abilities, which he's using to kill you and your friends...

AG&W: And what do you look for in a woman?

ALEX: Gigantism.

ALEX: Well, DANG. So, I'm lying in the dirt, dying, imagining all of this?

AG&W: 'Fraid so.

ALEX: Can I at least keep the freakishly large woman?

AG&W: No.

© 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

Well, *someone* slept late this morning, I guess! Dreaming sweet dreams, I hope?
The headquarters for Agency X are done, Alex, exactly as you requested, and early, to boot.
Want me to give you the guided tour?
AGENCY X
Scone? Scone, sir?
I have a great job.
Hey. "*To boot.*" What a funny phrase. I'd like "to boot" Taskmaster in the man-essence. Heh. "Boot."
You're... only...s'poseta... take...*one!*
Eunuch!
Estupido!
Were you looking at my behind, Alex?
Mfff, mf'mm!
Pardon me?
No, Ma'am!
I don't mind, you know.
You can look.
I have a *great* job.
Your staff has been here since 6:00 AM, hoping to get a glimpse of you...
There's the guy! Howdy, Boss!
Way to wear a *shirt*, Mr. Hayden, Sir!
Doom's *codpiece* is *full* of *respect!*
You fulfill us!
Hope they don't throw me *another* spontaneous party. I'm getting fat on cake and beer.

The Avengers and the Fantastic Four both *urgently* need your help on a Skrull infestation.
I took the liberty of gassing up all the vehicles, and the governor has issued a pre-emptive pardon for any traffic violations you might incur.
The porn and individual serving-sized cereal boxes are packed and ready to go, of course.
The boxes make into a *bowl*.
Excellent. I'll take the X-Boat.
I've always thought I should have a boat. It *fits* my *theme*.
SPLASH
ALEX!
ALLEEEXXX!
Uh, oh. I'm dying.
Alex, look out!
Heh. "To *boot!*"

Alex! Wake up!
ALEX!
pffwwaah!
Blah! I was just about to get to the *cereal* and *porn*.
That's... that's not sink water.
You *broke* the sinks!
That would explain the tiny bits of urinal cake, I guess.
All I want in life is some cereal and a multi-million dollar cave carport. But no, I get *reality* instead. Stupid *consciousness!*
A little chewy, but my breath has never been more pine-fresh. It's latrine clean! *Ptui!*
Alex, we've got to get outta here--that Swan guy...
I don't think he's human anymore.
Do you see my guns?
Come *on*, Alex...let's *go*. Let's get Taskmaster and Mr. Wilson and skedaddle, ASAP!
They're not in the urinal, are they?
Tell me my guns won't have that urinal-fresh smell.
You've got my goon-huntin' outfit, right?
Yeah, I brought it, but...
Well, Alex, you got knocked on the head pretty bad...
Do you understand that we have to get out of here?
Hey, Sandi, remember how we saved your crime boss boyfriend's life a couple days ago?
Higashi is *not* my boyfriend...
That's good to know.
He told me he owed me a favor. And I knew a double-cross was coming.
So guess what?

"I called the favor in."
It's been a weird last few hours in a weird short life.
I just found out that I'm just a jumble of personality traits shoved into the brain and body of a corpse. And the guy who made all this happen, the crazy gentleman merc the Black Swan, has come back to collect the powers and abilities that I now have, that *used* to be his.
Not to mention all the healing ability that he, Deadpool and I currently are splitting three ways.
So it looks like a fight is coming... between three combatants who can't be killed. Not to *mention* that almost my entire personality has been stolen from the other two jerks, both of whom I despise.
I'm gonna need therapy *forever.*
SU
FOOD

DEADPOOL WALKIN'

PART THREE A MEANS TO AN END

GAIL SIMONE EULOGIZER
ALVIN LEE & UDON EMBALMING ARTISTS
VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S **CORY PETIT** FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS
ANDY SCHMIDT GRAVEDIGGER **MARC SUMERAK** UNDERTAKER **JOE QUESADA** AND **BILL JEMAS** PALLBEARERS

But... you *can't*. *Mr. Wilson* is in the crossfire!
Hmm. Yeah, he is.
Pity.
Have your men fire at will, Higashi.
Understood.
KA-KLAK
CRATCHT
KLAK
KLIK
KA-CHAKT
Hey, am I as crazy as Martin Lawrence in a sweat suit on a hot day or did I just hear the sound of a couple hundred magazines being inserted?

FIRE!
YI-YI-YI-YI!
Fire in the hole!
Fire *at* my hole!
RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT-A-TAT-A-TAT
TAT-A-TAT
TAT-
-RAT-A-TAT
A-TAT
RAT-A-TAT
TAT
RAT-A
I CAN'T SEE HIM--DID THEY GET HIM?
-TAT
GO BACK, FIND TASKMASTER AND GET OUT OF THE WAR ZONE, SANDI!
RAT
PLEASE.
-TAT
RAT-A

Enough!
HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
Hey, Fancy Feast...
You took a lot from us, Swan. Our powers, our memories...
But you *forgot* something.
RGERS

Our cajones!
HAPPY
I was *going* to say our courage, but whatever.
Guy's *obsessed* with his schnitzel & 'taters.
You made me miss the death of the *boy band craze*, you *pointless jerk.*
BLAM! BLAM!
I can taste your thoughts. I can make you miss delightfully...
NGGG.
SLICH
BLAM!
You *shot* me, you stupid *spin-off!*
Knew you'd be here, Alex.
My, my, my.

Tony... *Tony*, are you all right?
...Unn.
Tony?
Sandi?
'm okay. Wait...listen... we may not get another chance.
You know my gift. If I see someone do something, I can do it.
All this week I've been watching soap operas and comedy romances trying to find some clue how to do this. I don't think it worked.
But listen--
--I've been shot, stabbed, punctured, burned, kicked, beaten, electrocuted, clubbed, drowned, and shoved off a building.
But I never really *hurt* 'til I saw you with Hayden. That almost put me under.
Tony... you...
You think I could *ever* be with a guy using a crap line like that?
That mask of yours *does* come off sometimes, right?

This must be what Wagner meant.
The glory. The ILLUMINATION.
You've shown some admirable fortitude, considering how your hired help all seem to have developed aneurisms.
I want the rest of your abilities. You won't be needing them. And your guns, please.
Hey, cowboy...
You'd better know...
BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM

THRIPP
THUUPPP
SHO
...don't *nobody* shoot my...ex-boyfriend...
...'cept for...
...'cept for *me*...
INEZ!
Hey... *hey!*
You just killed the nice deranged chick from the juice bar that I was gonna score with someday maybe!
Swan, you...

...son of a *bitch.*
Listen to that. I'm too pissed to crack wise.
Too bad for *this* wipe.
Come on.
You know, I actively dislike that pasty fellow.
Come *on.*
So... what have we learned?
That his new freaked hybrid powers have a range limit. That that mental shield of his can stop bullets, but he has to be focused at the time.
Good job, Screech. And what's *most* important?
That he can be *surprised.*
Thank you for that, Inez.

Funny thing about this van, guys.
PELIGRO
I went for the off-road sports accessory package.
Wanna load up and go bird-hunting?
Is that C-4 in the box?
Yup.
Can you rig an impact detonator?
I've seen it done.
...to every passage a crescendo...
But first...
...I believe it's time for five small deaths.
Oh.
No true greatness achieved without cost, it would seem.

Inez--?
I'm okay.
Just got a high-velocity migraine...
So what's th' plan?
An' don't think I *forgot* that you and Sandi been primin' the *pump.*
...
Never mind about that. I've got a plan, but if I tell you guys, Swan'll pick it up on your brain ham radios.
What I need are three razor-sharp *distractions.*
Come now, Mr. Hayden. Show yourself.
Let's make this simple. What kind of life can you possibly expect to make for yourself?
Most everything that makes you interesting belongs to me.
WELCOME TO ALPINE PARK!
Even your fondness for this ridiculous theme park stems from my own childhood.
I was *raised* in the Bavarian Alps, Hayden.
NE PARK
You have the body of a *corpse* and a patchwork quilt for a *mind.*
I'll be doing you a *service.*
"The body of a...?"
Is that for *real?*
Sure is, Annie Oakley. Guess that makes *you* a necro-*whatsis.*
Your boy gonna be able to make the shot?
He just might be the best shot in this or any *other* world.
He'll make the shot.

Hey, *Swan.*
Let's spill some *juice.*
Should have killed you... in *Zaire.*
Shut up and *bleed out,* would ya?
You actually aren't lookin' too good there, Huckleberry.
AGKKKKK
Your abilities...
So *elegant.* Like a ballet in my mind.
You'd best let go of my friend, sweetie.
I know you, don't I?
From Wade's memories. You're Crazy Inez.
Heh. *Now* you've done it.
Don't--
--CALL me that!

I don't *like* it.
So... So it would *seem.*
I don't seem to actually *need* my spine anymore, however.
Nnnnn...
Outta our *heads.*
Now, where are the other two?
Where are the *lunatics?*
I swear this plan is just like that *jousting* movie with all the *rock* music...
...except even *stupider.*
Say good *night,* Swan-boy.

You think...
...you think *this* will contain me?
Alex, you're going to give them time to get *away* from him, right?
Yep.
Dig, if you will, this bullet.
See how it trembles inside.
What...your minds.
What is it about... something about...
Three... *distractions...?*
It wants to fly to its intended target.
This is what it sounds like...
...when Swans die.
THOOM!

Hey, Swan. You keep bitchin' about how I ended up with so much of your past, and abilities, an' all.
Well, guess what--your death memories?
You can have them *back.*
...
Nice, ain't it?
I can feel your brain burning itself out, Swan. And what's left of your family legacy is dribbling out your ear into the dirt.
Hope you enjoyed your brief stint as a god.
But just in case...
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

Alex... you okay?
Okay?
I'm content-amundo.
And unbelievably, I actually *mean* it.
This stupid dungbag didn't get it. Doesn't matter what went in the mix. *Everyone's* got the genes of a screw-up from *somewhere*.
So I'm a corpse kept alive by a stolen healing factor. So is Joan Rivers. I can deal.
Everyone else okay?
Let me check.
Do I still think in those little yellow boxes?
I'm good.
Oooh, I missed you, little yellow boxes! What *fun* we shall have together!
Inez...Alex and I thought you were gone for *good*, or we never would have...
It's okay, Sandi...
...looks like we *all* got a lot of talkin' to do.
So, this *merc* agency idea of yours--
--would we all get full dental?
Oh, yeah.
You know, I'm thinking, dead or alive, Swan is too dangerous not to keep an eye on. *Who knows* what might crawl out of his coffin if the healing factor kicks back in?
Anyone know a good taxidermist?

Sorry about beating the hell out of you when you were an imbecile. We got a slot for you if you want in.
Nah. I figure I have a lot of being a bad role model to catch up on.
Heard *that*, man. Take care.
You, too. Be seein' you.
Although, come to think of it...he *did* stab me pretty good...
...minding my own winkie in the bathtub, and he started *beating* on my poor sore *skull...*
Stupid life-stealing homage butthead!
Whiny puss-baby cancer-face loser!
POKE!
Toe-sucking Spider-Man-outfit-stealing *dork!*
EYE GOUGE!
Matrix-lookin' mama's boy *froglicker!*
GROIN INJURY!
It's like when you tie two cats on a line by their tails...
Two real *Dumb* cats.
Oh, I don't know...
I think the world's a more interesting place with them in it.
Circus geek!
Game show host!
Trekker!
Dude, that was low.
Come on. I think there's enough left in petty cash to buy our new partners some waffles.
You guys know anyone who would like to buy a demolished theme park and maybe an elephant?
Think you're *funny? Corky Romano* funny, maybe!
Well, you're Tom *Arnold* funny!
Potsie! Stupid, stinking Potsie!

AGENCY X

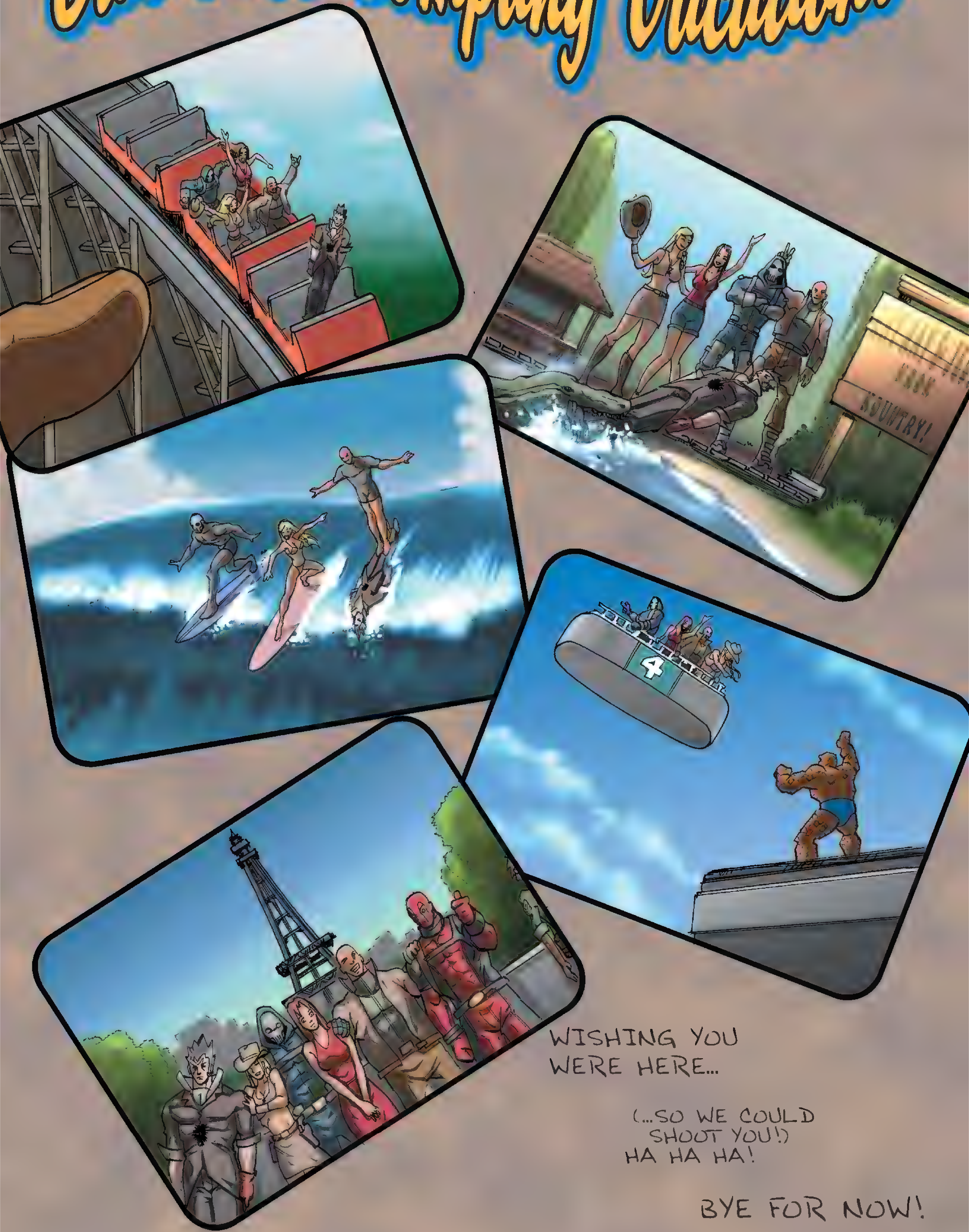
ON VACATION!

Team Agent X wishes to thank Mike Marts, Mike Raicht, Andrew Lis, Joe Quesada, and Bill Jemas for hiring us when they should have known better. Another big thank you goes to our letterer, Cory Petit, for riding the AGENT X train longer than any of the rest of us! We especially want to thank Marc Sumerak for having the bizarre and self-destructive idea of bringing us back. But MOST of all, we want to thank the readers for the incredible and unending support. May your doorknobs always be shiny and your winkie always be boingy. See you again, someday!

--TEAM AGENT X

PS, Be sure to buy CABLE & DEADPOOL this March for the continuing monthly adventures of the man without sense, Wade Wilson!

Our First Company Vacation!

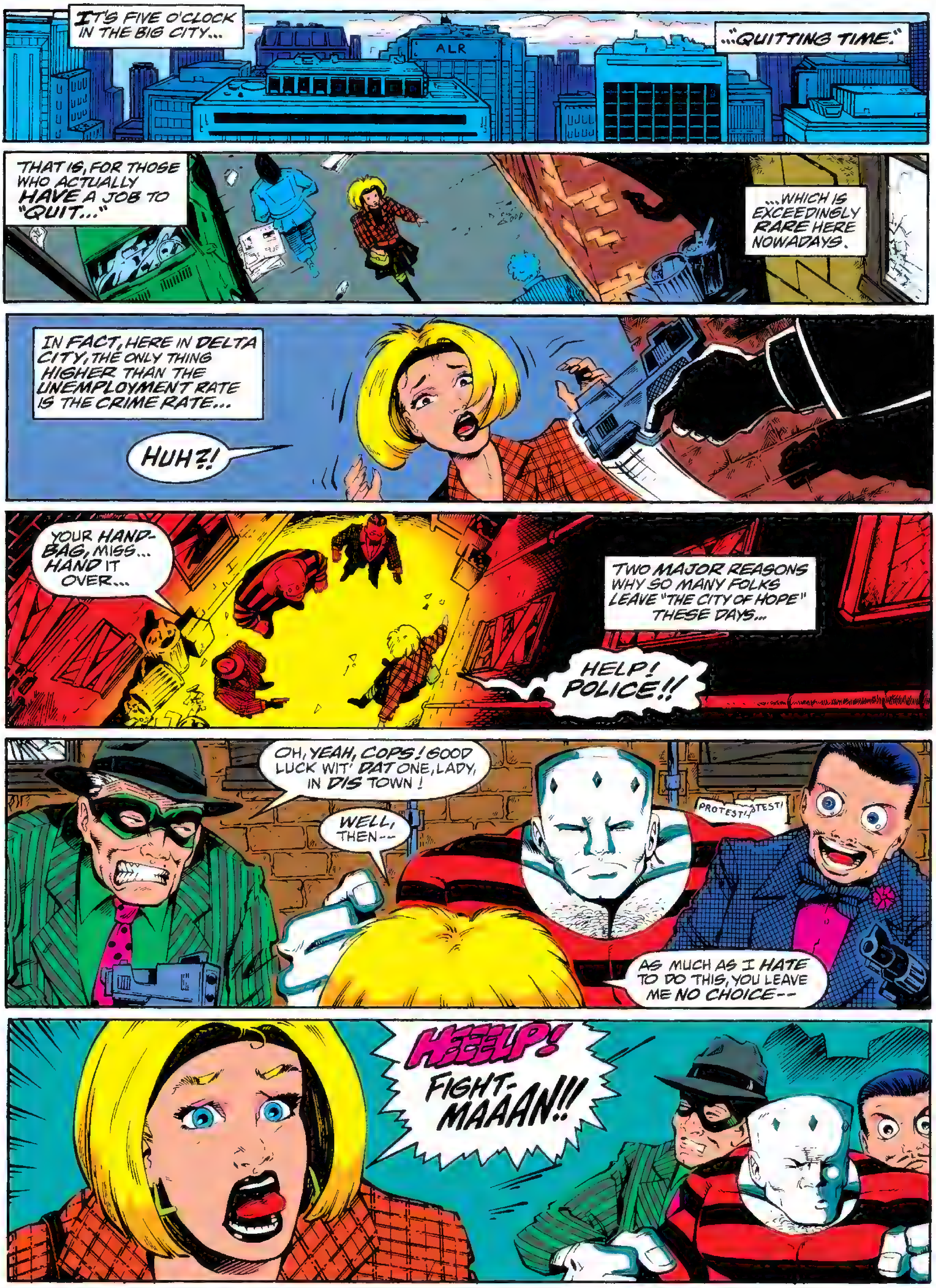

FROM
KOUNTRY!
4

WISHING YOU
WERE HERE...

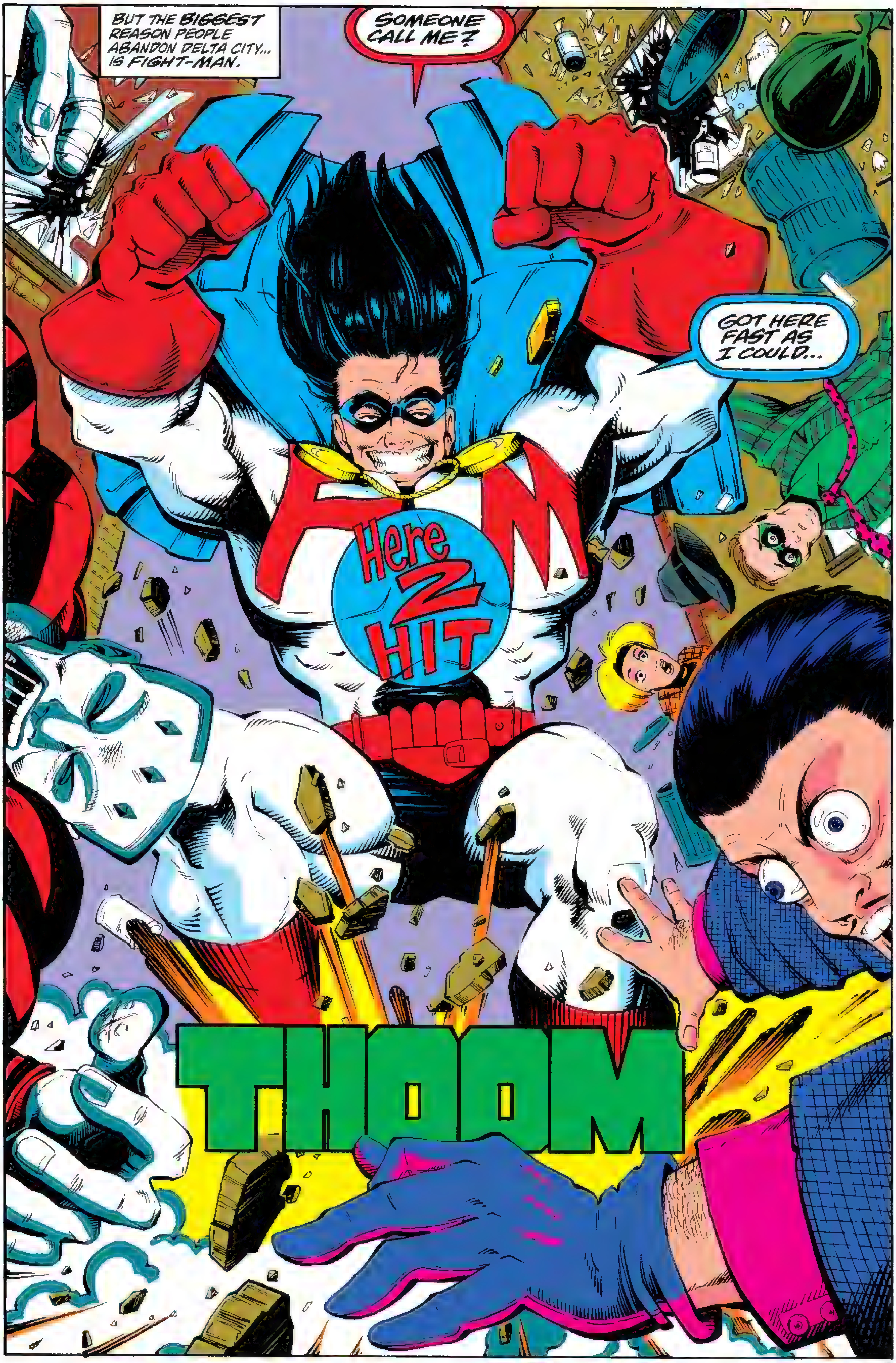
(...SO WE COULD
SHOOT YOU!)
HA HA HA!

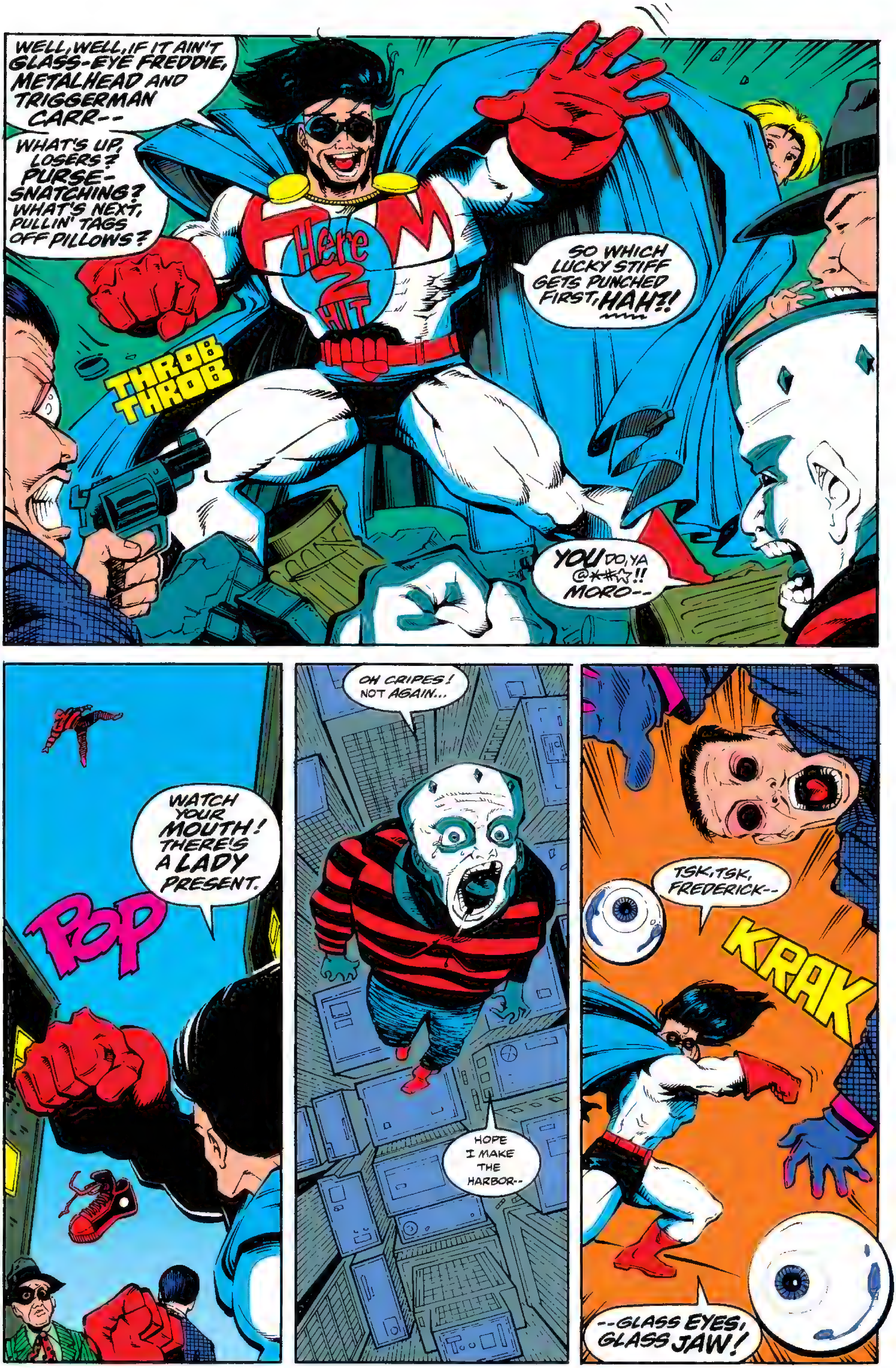
BYE FOR NOW!

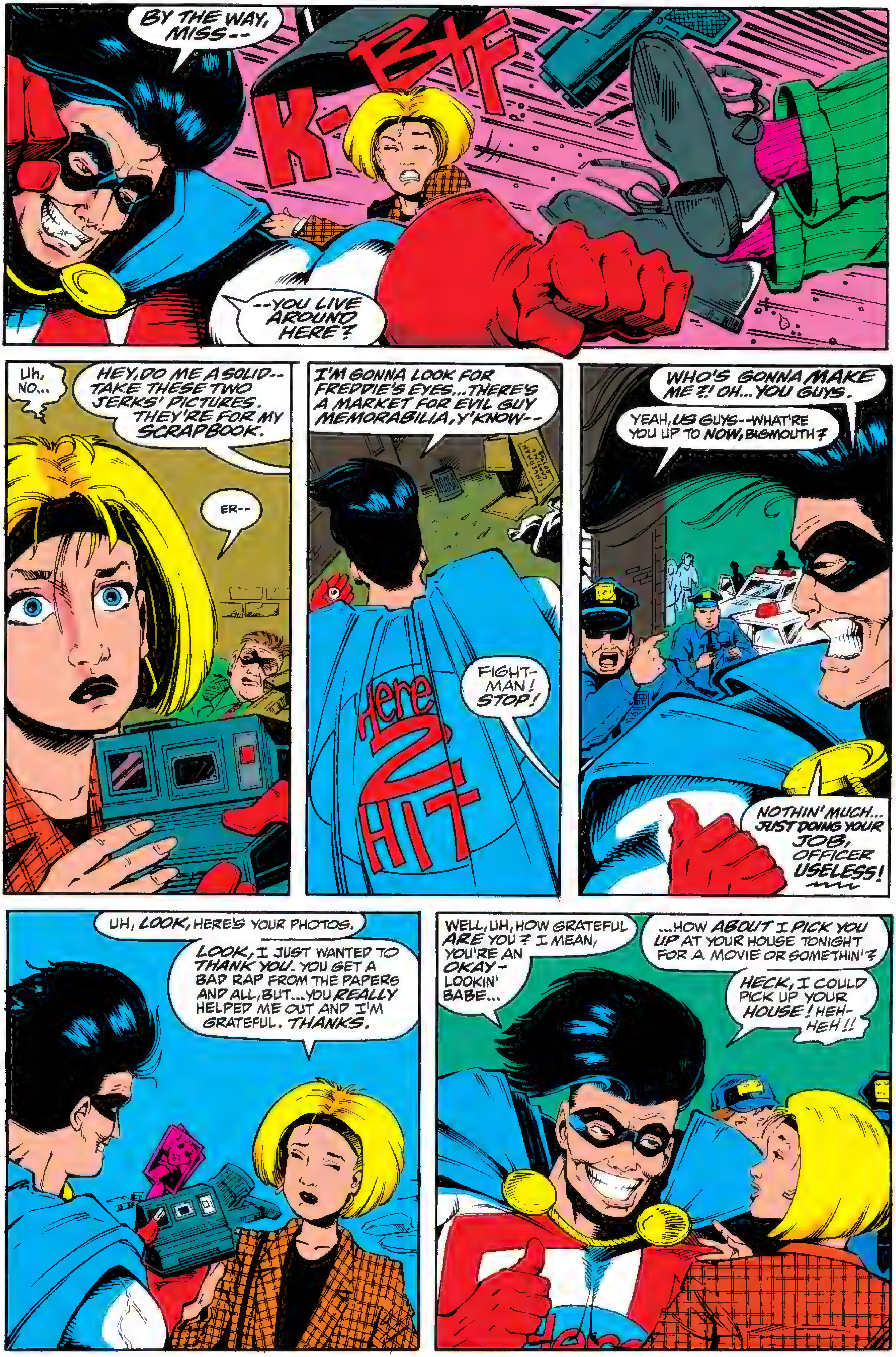
MARVEL COMICS
$2.00 US
$2.50 CAN
1
JUN
CC 01380
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
EVERYONE HATES
FIGHT MAN!™
1 SHOT SPECIAL!
Here 2 HIT™
STINK
STINK
'CAUSE ONE SHOT IS ALL HE NEEDS!
evan92

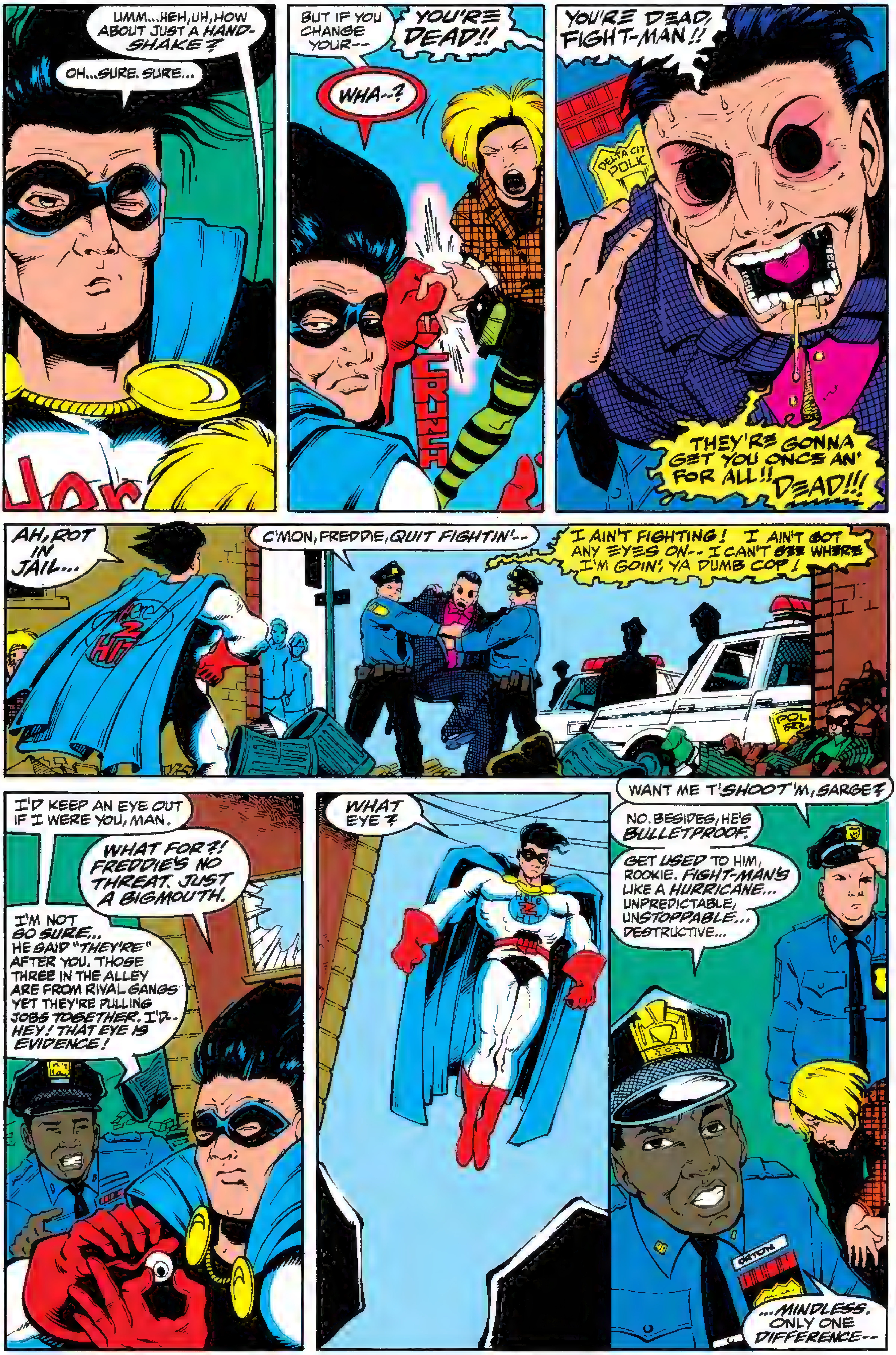

IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE BIG CITY...
ALR
..."QUITTING TIME."
THAT IS, FOR THOSE WHO ACTUALLY HAVE A JOB TO "QUIT..."
...WHICH IS EXCEEDINGLY RARE HERE NOWADAYS.
IN FACT, HERE IN DELTA CITY, THE ONLY THING HIGHER THAN THE UNEMPLOYMENT RATE IS THE CRIME RATE...
HUH?!
YOUR HAND-BAG, MISS... HAND IT OVER...
TWO MAJOR REASONS WHY SO MANY FOLKS LEAVE "THE CITY OF HOPE" THESE DAYS...
HELP! POLICE!!
OH, YEAH, COPS! GOOD LUCK WIT' DAT ONE, LADY, IN DIS TOWN!
WELL, THEN--
PROTEST! PROTEST!
AS MUCH AS I HATE TO DO THIS, YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE--
HEEELP! FIGHT-MAAAN!!

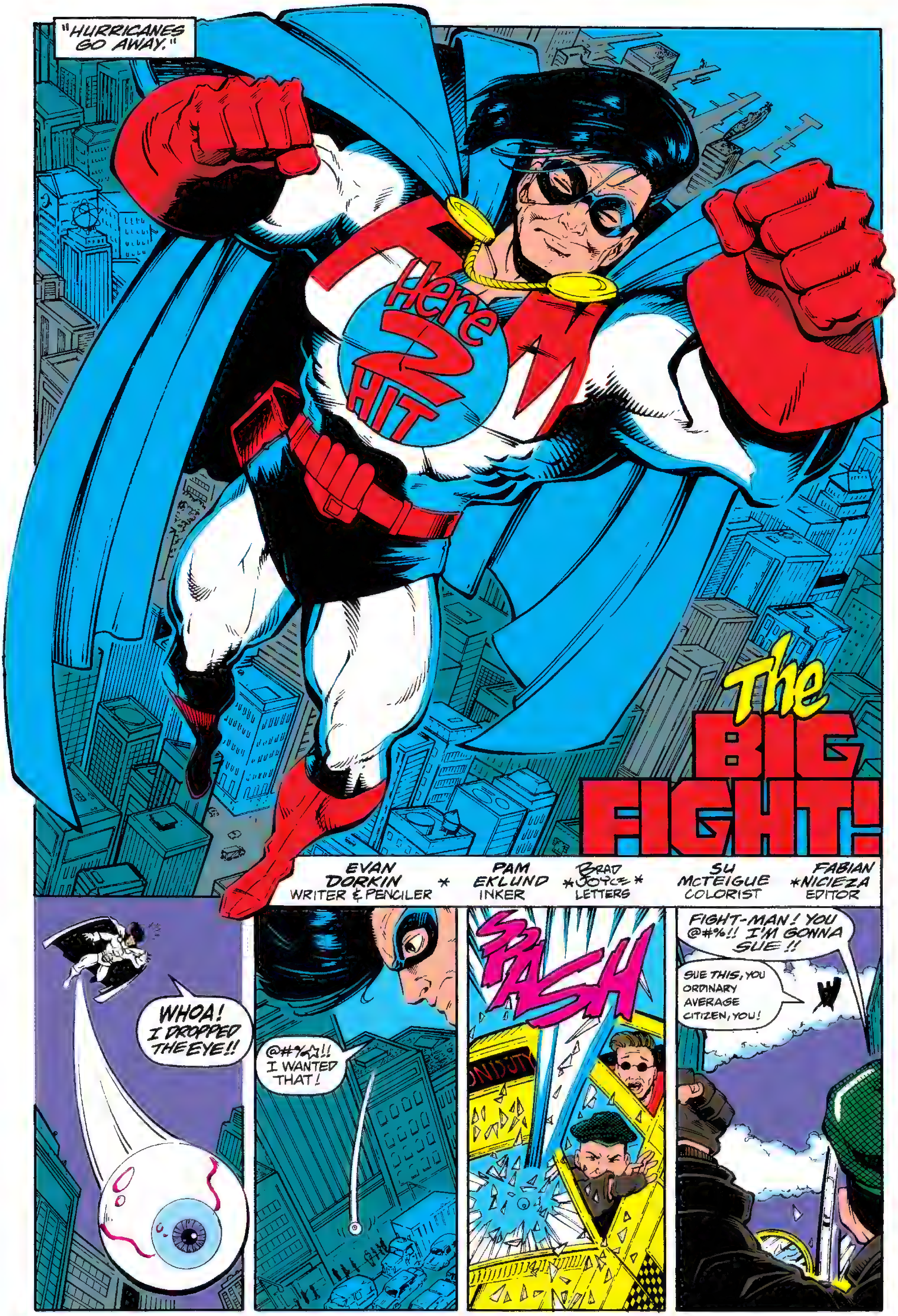
© 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

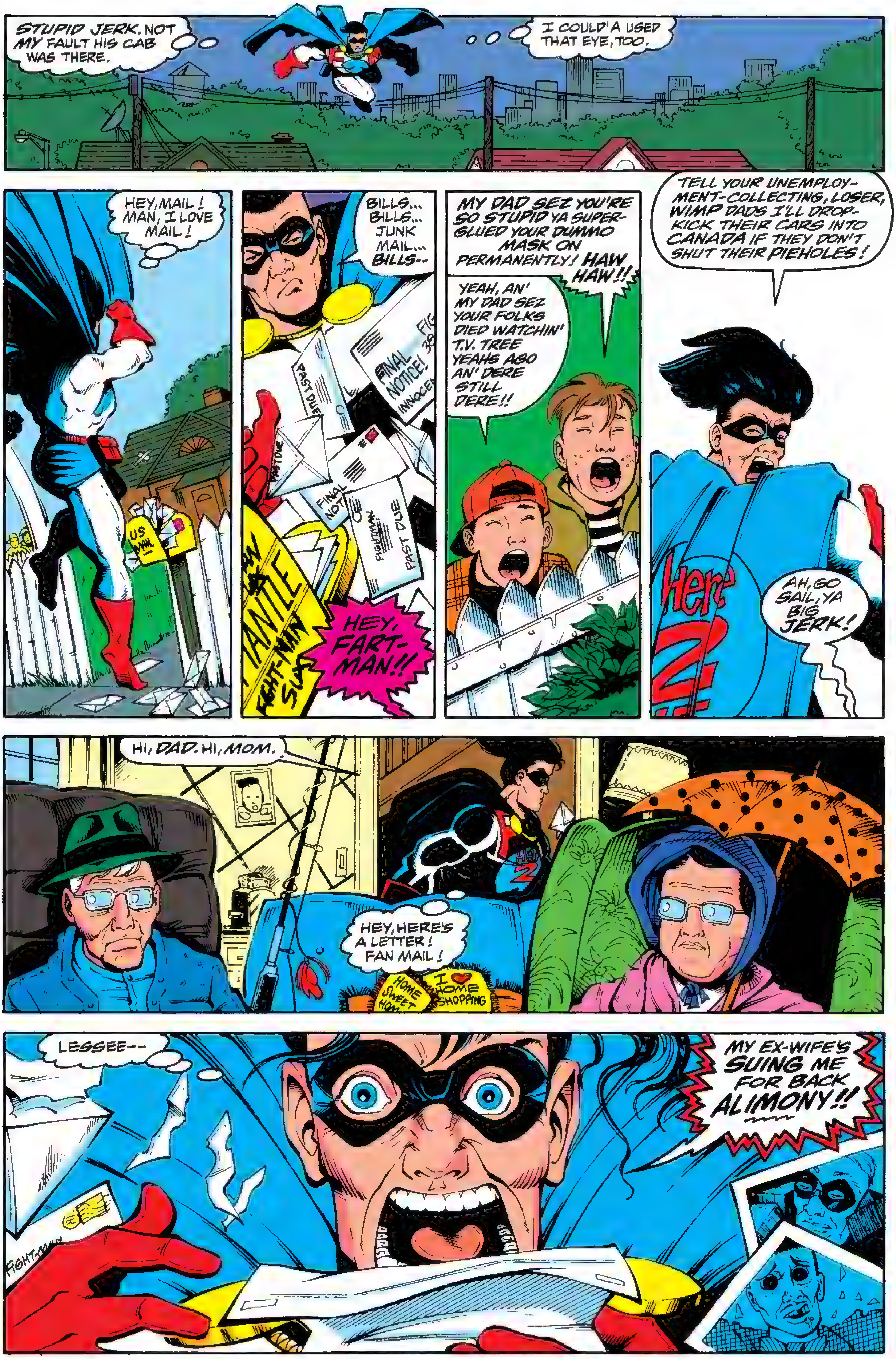

BUT THE BIGGEST REASON PEOPLE ABANDON DELTA CITY... IS FIGHT-MAN.
SOMEONE CALL ME?
GOT HERE FAST AS I COULD...
FM
Here 2 HIT
MILK
THOOM

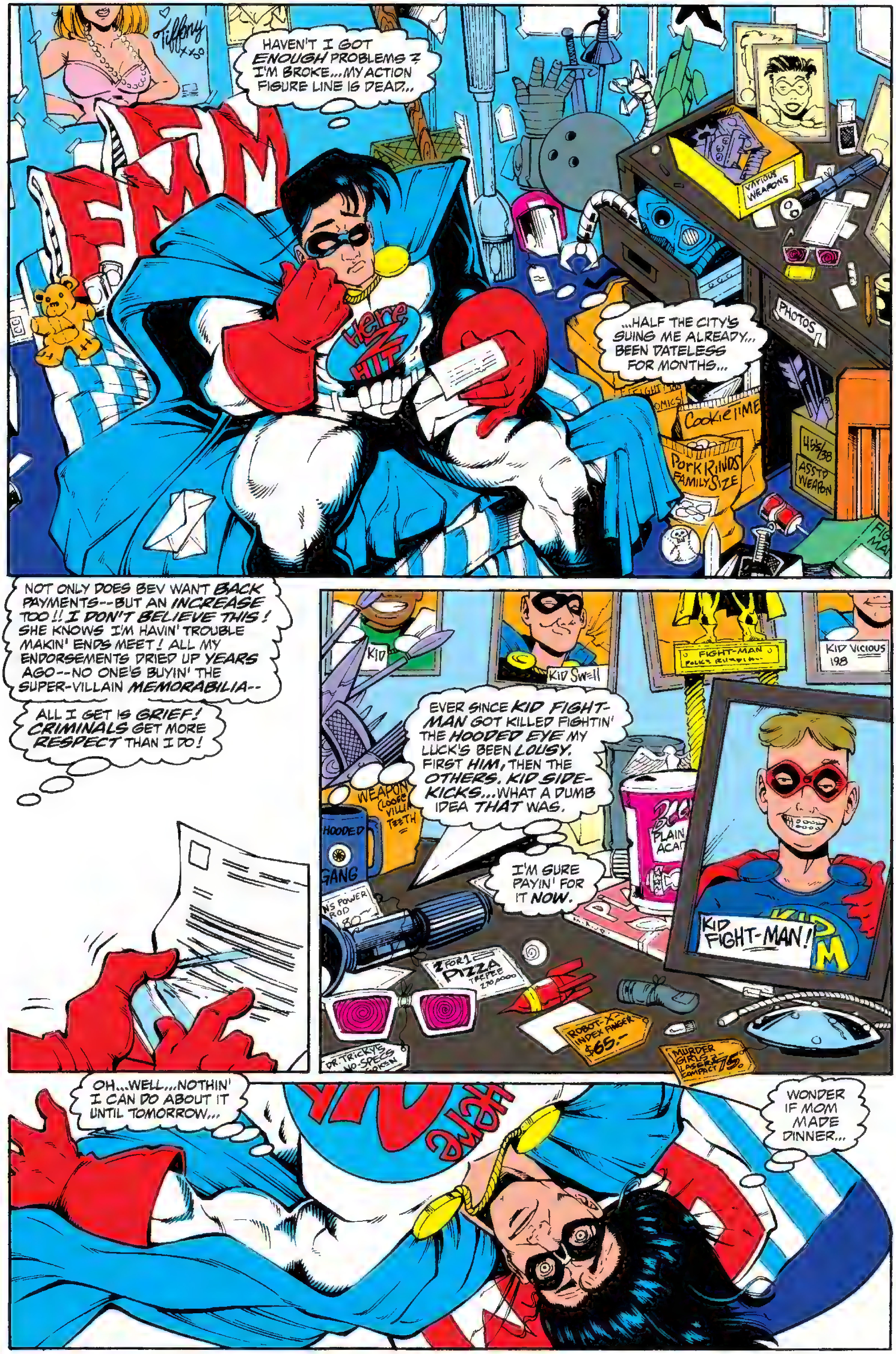

WELL, WELL, IF IT AIN'T GLASS-EYE FREDDIE, METALHEAD AND TRIGGERMAN CARR--
WHAT'S UP, LOSERS? PURSE-SNATCHING? WHAT'S NEXT, PULLIN' TAGS OFF PILLOWS?
Here 2 HIT
SO WHICH LUCKY STIFF GETS PUNCHED FIRST, HAH?!
THROB THROB
YOU DO, YA @*#☆!! MORO--
WATCH YOUR MOUTH! THERE'S A LADY PRESENT.
POP
OH CRIPES! NOT AGAIN...
HOPE I MAKE THE HARBOR--
TSK, TSK, FREDERICK--
KRAK
--GLASS EYES, GLASS JAW!

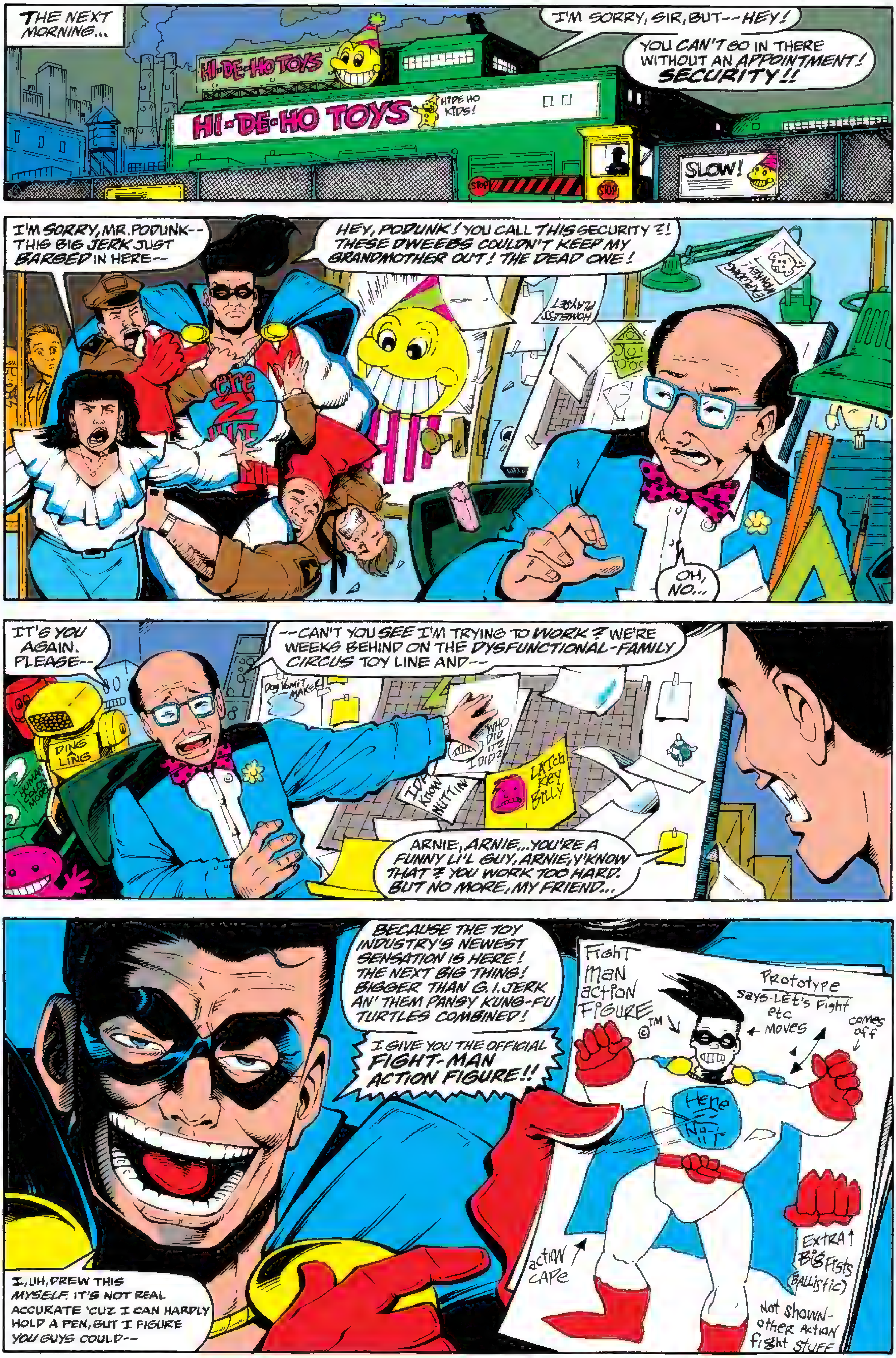

BY THE WAY, MISS--
K-BIF
--YOU LIVE AROUND HERE?
Uh, NO...
HEY, DO ME A SOLID-- TAKE THESE TWO JERKS' PICTURES. THEY'RE FOR MY SCRAPBOOK.
ER--
I'M GONNA LOOK FOR FREDDIE'S EYES... THERE'S A MARKET FOR EVIL GUY MEMORABILIA, Y'KNOW--
FIGHT-MAN! STOP!
Here 2 HIT
WHO'S GONNA MAKE ME?! OH... YOU GUYS.
YEAH, US GUYS--WHAT'RE YOU UP TO NOW, BIGMOUTH?
NOTHIN' MUCH... JUST DOING YOUR JOB, OFFICER USELESS!
UH, LOOK, HERE'S YOUR PHOTOS.
LOOK, I JUST WANTED TO THANK YOU. YOU GET A BAD RAP FROM THE PAPERS AND ALL, BUT... YOU REALLY HELPED ME OUT AND I'M GRATEFUL. THANKS.
WELL, UH, HOW GRATEFUL ARE YOU? I MEAN, YOU'RE AN OKAY-LOOKIN' BABE...
...HOW ABOUT I PICK YOU UP AT YOUR HOUSE TONIGHT FOR A MOVIE OR SOMETHIN'?
HECK, I COULD PICK UP YOUR HOUSE! HEH-HEH!!

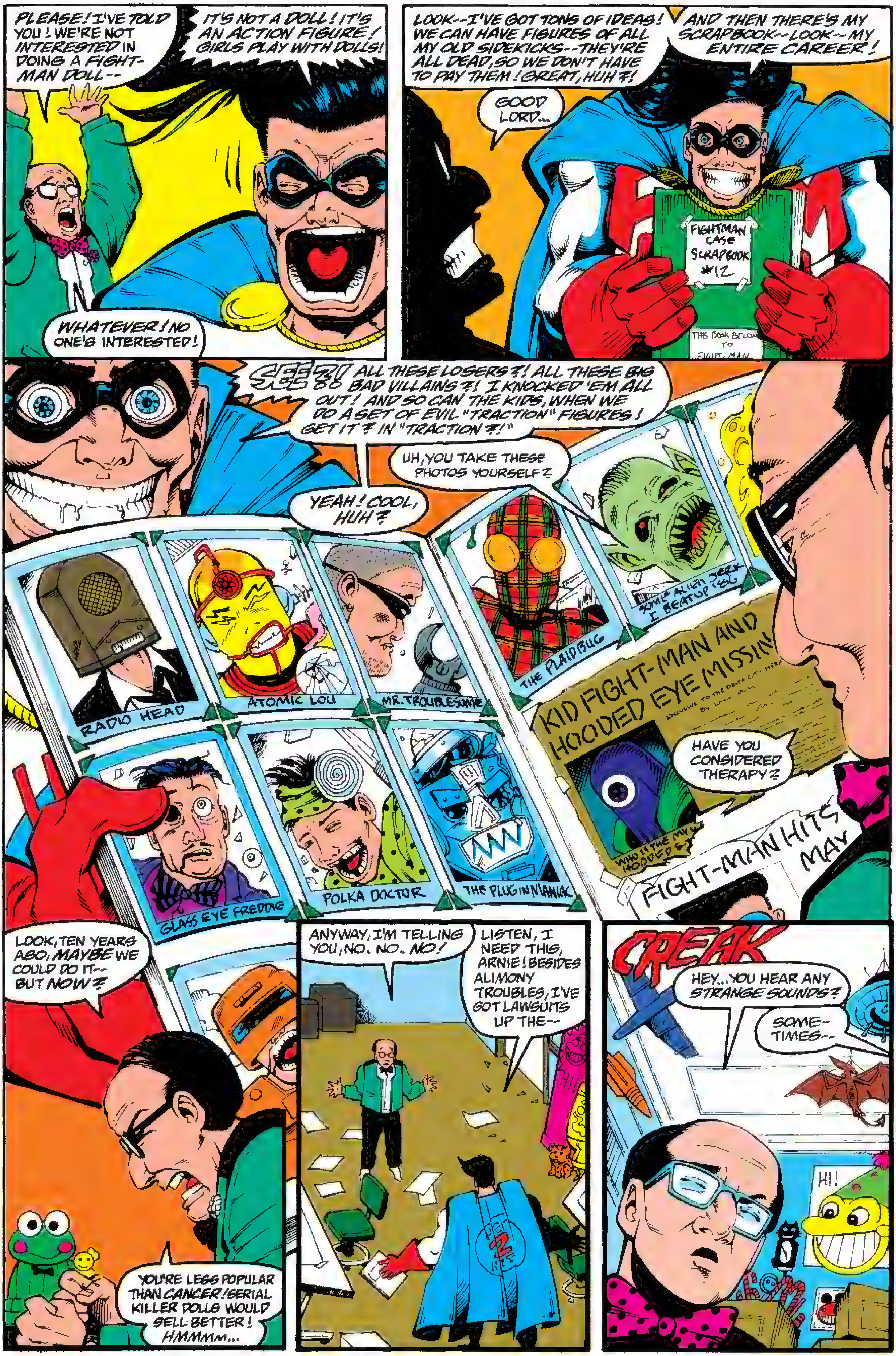

UMM...HEH, UH, HOW ABOUT JUST A HAND-SHAKE?
OH...SURE. SURE...
BUT IF YOU CHANGE YOUR--
YOU'RE DEAD!!
WHA--?
CRUNCH
YOU'RE DEAD, FIGHT-MAN!!
DELTA CIT POLIC
THEY'RE GONNA GET YOU ONCE AN' FOR ALL!! DEAD!!!
AH, ROT IN JAIL...
C'MON, FREDDIE, QUIT FIGHTIN'--
I AIN'T FIGHTING! I AIN'T GOT ANY EYES ON-- I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOIN', YA DUMB COP!
I'D KEEP AN EYE OUT IF I WERE YOU, MAN.
WHAT FOR?! FREDDIE'S NO THREAT. JUST A BIGMOUTH.
I'M NOT SO SURE... HE SAID "THEY'RE" AFTER YOU. THOSE THREE IN THE ALLEY ARE FROM RIVAL GANGS YET THEY'RE PULLING JOBS TOGETHER. I'D.. HEY! THAT EYE IS EVIDENCE!
WHAT EYE?
WANT ME T'SHOOT 'M, SARGE?
NO. BESIDES, HE'S BULLETPROOF.
GET USED TO HIM, ROOKIE. FIGHT-MAN'S LIKE A HURRICANE... UNPREDICTABLE, UNSTOPPABLE... DESTRUCTIVE...
ORTON
...MINDLESS. ONLY ONE DIFFERENCE--

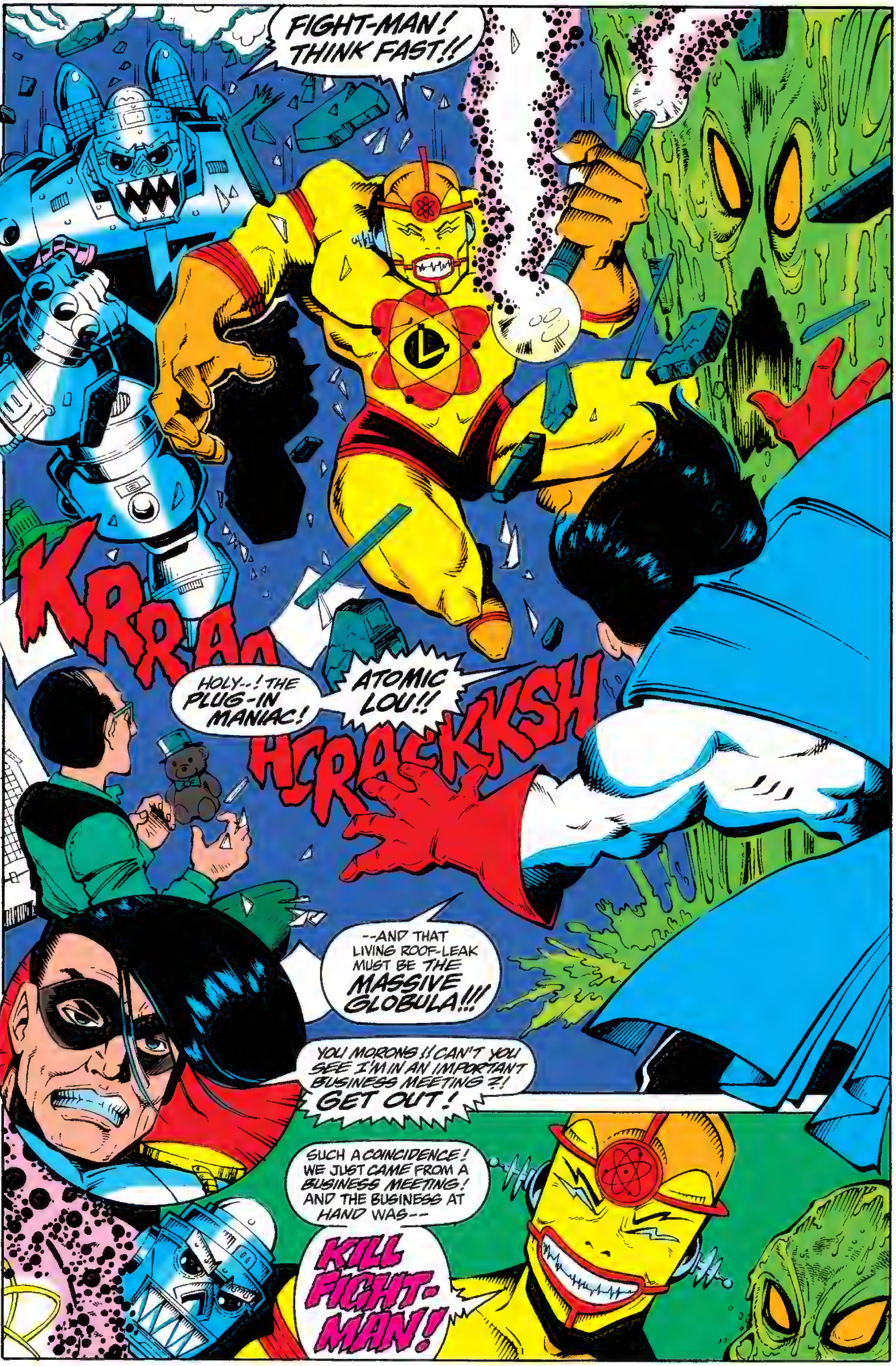

"HURRICANES GO AWAY."
Here 2 HIT
The BIG FIGHT!
EVAN DORKIN WRITER & PENCILER * PAM EKLUND INKER * BRAD JOYCE * LETTERS SU McTEIGUE COLORIST * FABIAN NICIEZA EDITOR
WHOA! I DROPPED THE EYE!!
@#%☆!! I WANTED THAT!
SPASH
ON DUTY
FIGHT-MAN! YOU @#%!! I'M GONNA SUE!!
SUE THIS, YOU ORDINARY AVERAGE CITIZEN, YOU!


STUPID JERK. NOT MY FAULT HIS CAB WAS THERE.
I COULD'A USED THAT EYE, TOO.
HEY, MAIL! MAN, I LOVE MAIL!
US MAIL
BILLS... BILLS... JUNK MAIL... BILLS--
PAST DUE
FINAL NOTICE!
FINAL NOT
FIGHTMAN
PAST DUE
FIGHT-MAN SUX
HEY, FART-MAN!!
MY DAD SEZ YOU'RE SO STUPID YA SUPER-GLUED YOUR DUMMO MASK ON PERMANENTLY! HAW HAW!!
YEAH, AN' MY DAD SEZ YOUR FOLKS DIED WATCHIN' T.V. TREE YEAHS AGO AN' DERE STILL DERE!!
TELL YOUR UNEMPLOY-MENT-COLLECTING, LOSER, WIMP DADS I'LL DROP-KICK THEIR CARS INTO CANADA IF THEY DON'T SHUT THEIR PIEHOLES!
AH, GO SAIL, YA BIG JERK!
HI, DAD. HI, MOM.
HEY, HERE'S A LETTER! FAN MAIL!
HOME SWEET HOME
I ♥ HOME SHOPPING
LESSEE--
FIGHT-MAN
MY EX-WIFE'S SUING ME FOR BACK ALIMONY!!

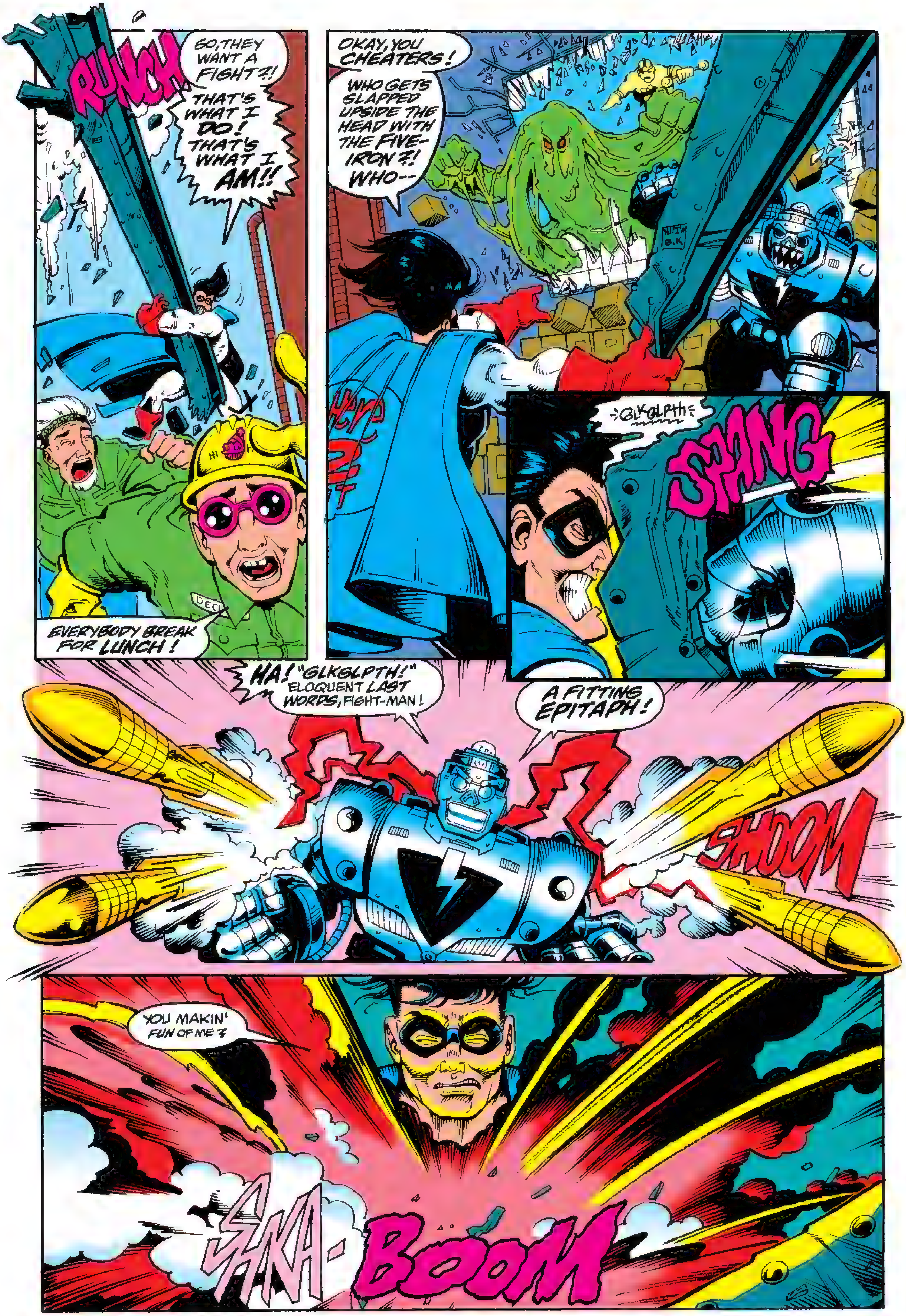

Tiffany xxoo
FMM
HAVEN'T I GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS? I'M BROKE...MY ACTION FIGURE LINE IS DEAD...
VARIOUS WEAPONS
PHOTOS
...HALF THE CITY'S SUING ME ALREADY... BEEN DATELESS FOR MONTHS...
Cookie TIME
Pork RINDS FAMILY SIZE
ASST'D WEAPON
NOT ONLY DOES BEV WANT BACK PAYMENTS--BUT AN INCREASE TOO!! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! SHE KNOWS I'M HAVIN' TROUBLE MAKIN' ENDS MEET! ALL MY ENDORSEMENTS DRIED UP YEARS AGO--NO ONE'S BUYIN' THE SUPER-VILLAIN MEMORABILIA--
ALL I GET IS GRIEF! CRIMINALS GET MORE RESPECT THAN I DO!
KID
KID SWELL
FIGHT-MAN
KID VICIOUS 198
EVER SINCE KID FIGHT-MAN GOT KILLED FIGHTIN' THE HOODED EYE MY LUCK'S BEEN LOUSY. FIRST HIM, THEN THE OTHERS. KID SIDE-KICKS...WHAT A DUMB IDEA THAT WAS.
I'M SURE PAYIN' FOR IT NOW.
WEAPON
HOODED GANG
2 FOR 1 PIZZA
KID FIGHT-MAN!
KFM
ROBOT-X-INDEX FINGER $65.-
MURDER GIRL'S LASER COMPACT $75.
DR. TRICKY'S NO-SPECS
OH...WELL...NOTHIN' I CAN DO ABOUT IT UNTIL TOMORROW...
WONDER IF MOM MADE DINNER...


THE NEXT MORNING...
HI-DE-HO TOYS
HI-DE-HO TOYS
HI-DE HO KIDS!
I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT-- HEY!
YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT! SECURITY!!
STOP
STOP
SLOW!
I'M SORRY, MR. PODUNK-- THIS BIG JERK JUST BARGED IN HERE--
HEY, PODUNK! YOU CALL THIS SECURITY ?! THESE DWEEBS COULDN'T KEEP MY GRANDMOTHER OUT! THE DEAD ONE!
HOMELESS PLAYSET
EXPLODING MONKEY!
Here 2 Hit
OH, NO...
IT'S YOU AGAIN. PLEASE--
--CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO WORK ? WE'RE WEEKS BEHIND ON THE DYSFUNCTIONAL-FAMILY CIRCUS TOY LINE AND--
Dog Vomit MAKER
DING-A-LING
HUMAN COLON MODEL
WHO DID ITZ I DID?
I DA Know NUTTIN
LATch Key Billy
ARNIE, ARNIE... YOU'RE A FUNNY LI'L GUY, ARNIE, Y'KNOW THAT ? YOU WORK TOO HARD. BUT NO MORE, MY FRIEND...
BECAUSE THE TOY INDUSTRY'S NEWEST SENSATION IS HERE! THE NEXT BIG THING! BIGGER THAN G.I. JERK AN' THEM PANSY KUNG-FU TURTLES COMBINED!
I GIVE YOU THE OFFICIAL FIGHT-MAN ACTION FIGURE!!
FIGHT man action FIGURE
©TM
Prototype
Says-LET's Fight etc
moves
comes off
Here 2 Hit
action cape
EXTRA Big Fists (BALListic)
Not shown- other Action fight stuff
I, UH, DREW THIS MYSELF. IT'S NOT REAL ACCURATE 'CUZ I CAN HARDLY HOLD A PEN, BUT I FIGURE YOU GUYS COULD--


PLEASE! I'VE TOLD YOU! WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN DOING A FIGHT-MAN DOLL--
IT'S NOT A DOLL! IT'S AN ACTION FIGURE! GIRLS PLAY WITH DOLLS!
WHATEVER! NO ONE'S INTERESTED!
LOOK--I'VE GOT TONS OF IDEAS! WE CAN HAVE FIGURES OF ALL MY OLD SIDEKICKS--THEY'RE ALL DEAD, SO WE DON'T HAVE TO PAY THEM! GREAT, HUH?!
AND THEN THERE'S MY SCRAPBOOK--LOOK--MY ENTIRE CAREER!
GOOD LORD...
FIGHTMAN CASE SCRAPBOOK #12
THIS BOOK BELON TO FIGHT-MAN
SEE?! ALL THESE LOSERS?! ALL THESE BIG BAD VILLAINS?! I KNOCKED 'EM ALL OUT! AND SO CAN THE KIDS, WHEN WE DO A SET OF EVIL "TRACTION" FIGURES! GET IT? IN "TRACTION"?!"
UH, YOU TAKE THESE PHOTOS YOURSELF?
YEAH! COOL, HUH?
RADIO HEAD
ATOMIC LOU
MR. TROUBLESOME
THE PLAIDBUG
SOME ALIEN JERK I BEATUP '86
KID FIGHT-MAN AND HOODED EYE MISSIN
EXCLUSIVE TO THE DELTA CITY HERA
WHO IS THE MY HOODED EY
HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THERAPY?
GLASS EYE FREDDIE
POLKA DOCTOR
THE PLUGIN MANIAC
FIGHT-MAN HITS MAY
LOOK, TEN YEARS AGO, MAYBE WE COULD DO IT--BUT NOW?
YOU'RE LESS POPULAR THAN CANCER! SERIAL KILLER DOLLS WOULD SELL BETTER! HMMMM...
ANYWAY, I'M TELLING YOU, NO. NO. NO!
LISTEN, I NEED THIS, ARNIE! BESIDES ALIMONY TROUBLES, I'VE GOT LAWSUITS UP THE--
CREAK
HEY... YOU HEAR ANY STRANGE SOUNDS?
SOME-TIMES--
HI!


FIGHT-MAN! THINK FAST!!
KRRAA
HCRACKKSH
HOLY--! THE PLUG-IN MANIAC!
ATOMIC LOU!!
--AND THAT LIVING ROOF-LEAK MUST BE THE MASSIVE GLOBULA!!!
YOU MORONS!! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M IN AN IMPORTANT BUSINESS MEETING?! GET OUT!
SUCH A COINCIDENCE! WE JUST CAME FROM A BUSINESS MEETING! AND THE BUSINESS AT HAND WAS--
KILL FIGHT-MAN!

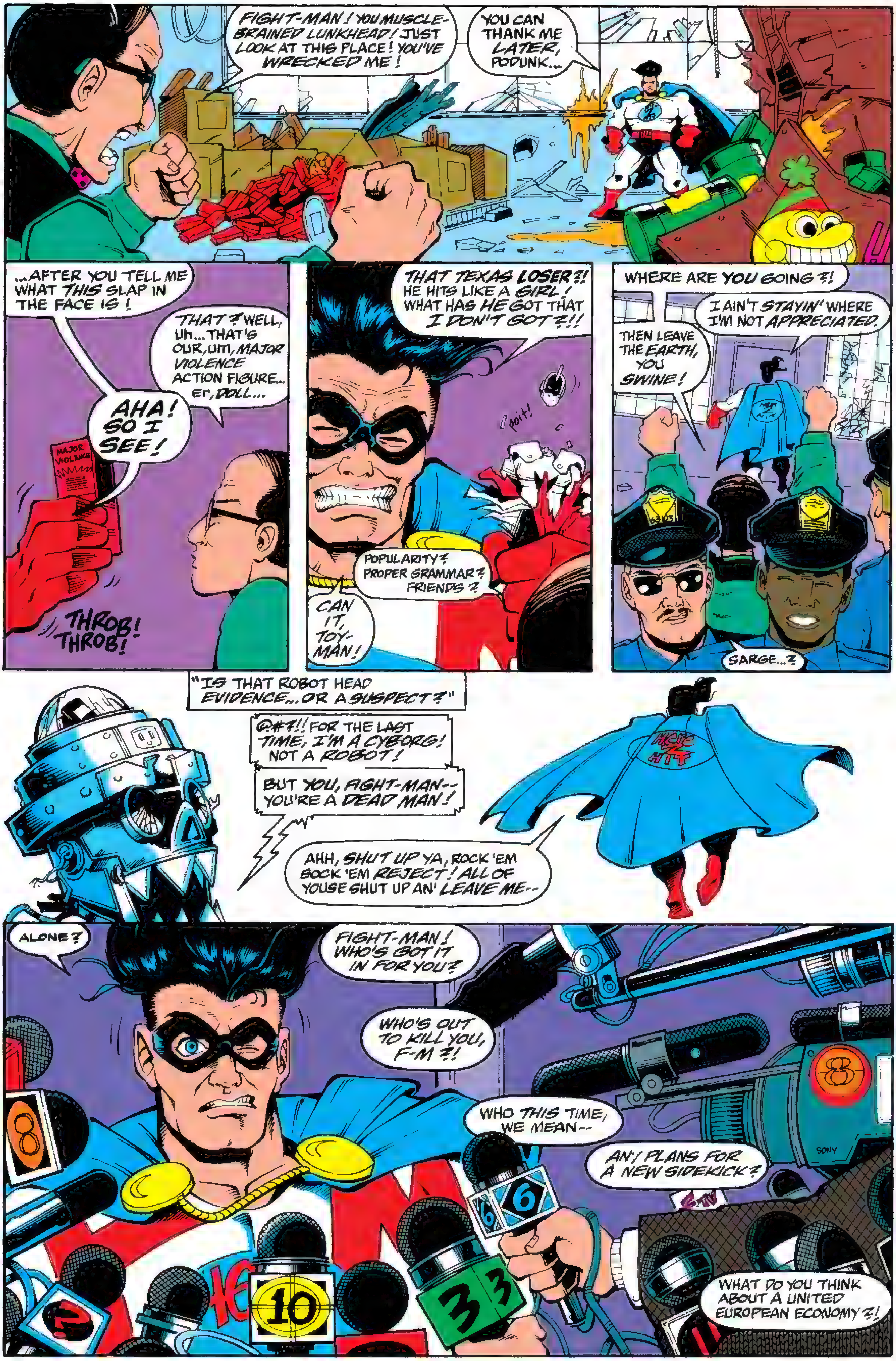
SO START KILLING, MEN!!
HIT HIT HIT!
HEY--I WASN'T READY YE--
K-WAM
SPASH
HI
SKRAK
HIDE
LOUSY CHEATS! I WASN'T READY YET! I THOUGHT WE WERE STILL IN THE "THREATENING/BOASTING" STAGE!
OKAY--GOTTA ROLL WITH THE PUNCH...LEAN INTO THE FALL...
...CONTROL THE LANDING...
8
KRESH
SCHRECK
HIT 2 HIT
THOOMP


RUNCH
SO, THEY WANT A FIGHT?!
THAT'S WHAT I DO! THAT'S WHAT I AM!!
EVERYBODY BREAK FOR LUNCH!
OKAY, YOU CHEATERS!
WHO GETS SLAPPED UPSIDE THE HEAD WITH THE FIVE-IRON?! WHO--
~GLKGLPTH~
SPANG
HA! "GLKGLPTH!" ELOQUENT LAST WORDS, FIGHT-MAN!
A FITTING EPITAPH!
SHOOM
YOU MAKIN' FUN OF ME?
SKKA-BOOM

?!?
SKRAK
NOBODY LIKES A SMART GUY!!
STUPID ROBOT...
@*$☆! FIGHT-MAN! I JUST HAD THIS CRANIUM FIXED!
DANGER
HOT
PLASTI
AND I'M NOT A ROBOT, YOU IMBECILE! I'M A CYBORG!
YOU'RE A USELESS HEAD NOW, SO SHUT UP!
GLOBULA! GO!
OH, MAAAN! CUT IT OUT!
QUIT IT, GLOBULA!
I'M GETTIN' NAUSEOUS IN HERE! I FEEL LIKE I'M IN A FLUSHED TOILET!

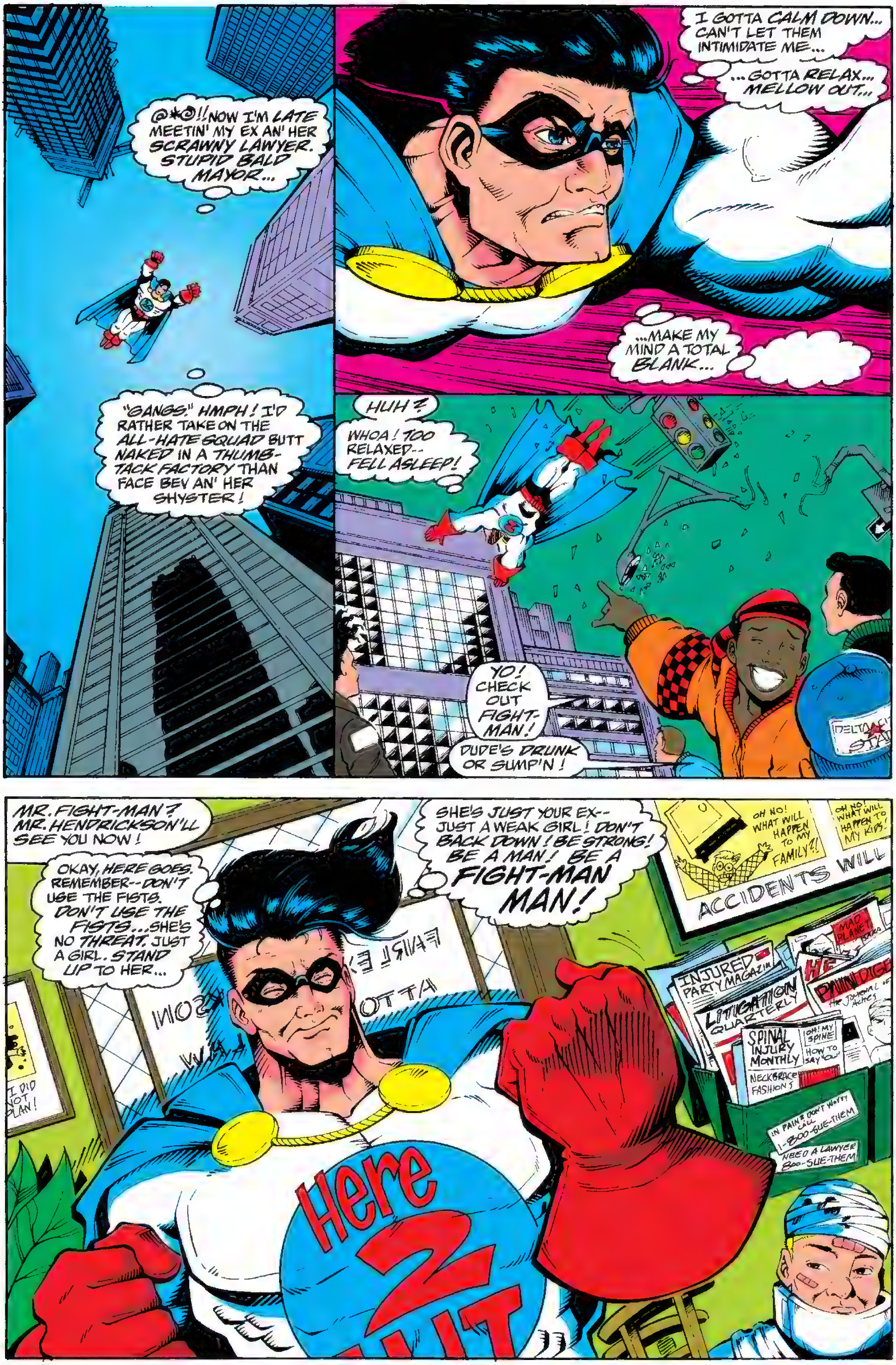
OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT!
SORT' A...
SPLORSHO
WHOA! GROSS! I FORGOT YOU COULD DO THAT--
OUCH! FORGOT YOU COULD DO THAT, TOO--
PLASTIC COOLANT
BROOM
ALL RIGHT! THAT'S IT!
I AIN'T GETTIN' KICKED AROUND BY NO WALKIN' SNOT!
DO NOT SPILL
CHEW ON THIS, YOU... YOU--
--YOU YOU!!
DO NOT SPILL!
WHOOOSH
HOT PLASTIC DANGER!
HA! YOU'VE MISSED! DOUBLE HA!!

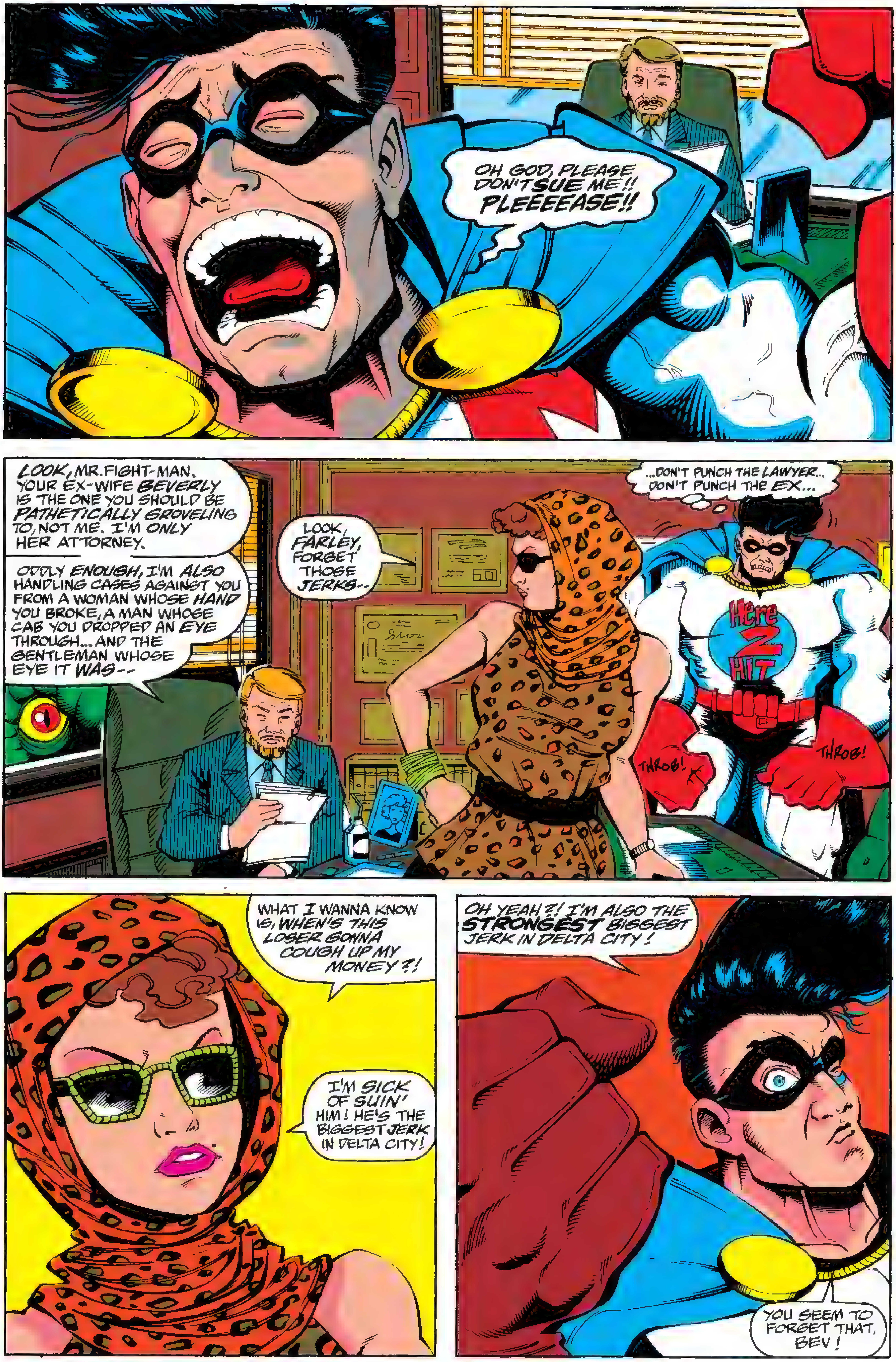
"OH YEAH? WELL I MEANT TO MISS, BIG-MOUTH!"
K-BLOOSH
"I FIGURED A FEW HUNDRED GALLONS OF HOT PLASTIC WOULD DO WONDERS FOR HIS SKIN!"
H-HE'S GONE!
THOUGHT IT'D WORK. I USED TO POUR CANDLE WAX ON ANTS WHEN--
YOU FOOL!!
HE OWED ME FIFTY DOLLARS!!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!!
SKZZAK
SHOULDN'T'VE DONE THAT, LOU...
...NOW I GOTTA GIVE YA THE BIG FIST!
AIEEE! I AM UNCONSCIOU--*
MAJOR VIOLENCE
MAJOR VIOLENCE
MAJOR VIOLENCE
MAJOR VIOLENCE
MAJOR VIOLENCE
HEY KIDS! SNEWS
COLLECT A
MAJOR VIOLENCE ACCESSORIES

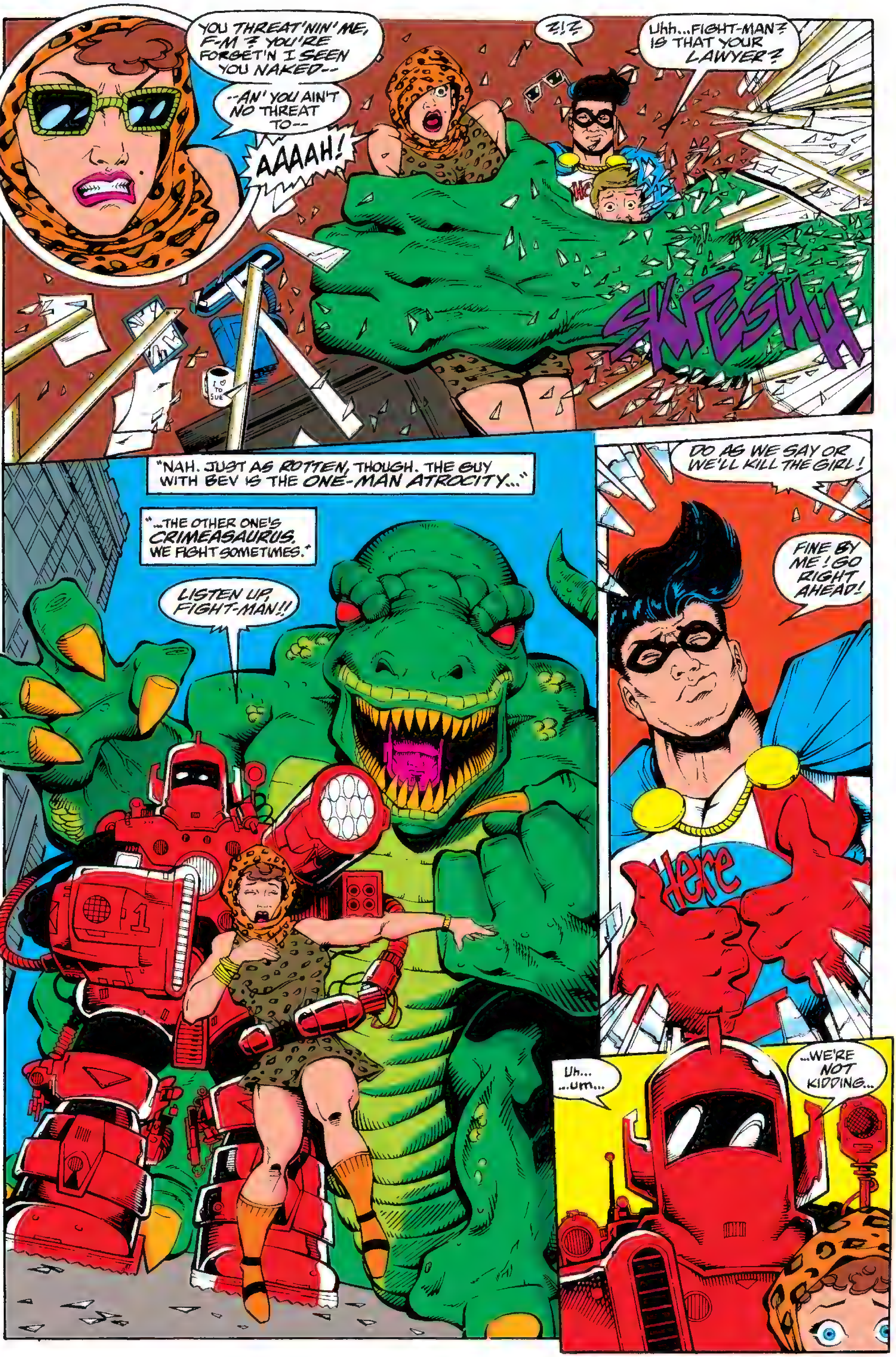

FIGHT-MAN! YOU MUSCLE-BRAINED LUNKHEAD! JUST LOOK AT THIS PLACE! YOU'VE WRECKED ME!
YOU CAN THANK ME LATER, PODUNK...
...AFTER YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS SLAP IN THE FACE IS!
THAT? WELL, Uh... THAT'S OUR, um, MAJOR VIOLENCE ACTION FIGURE... er, DOLL...
AHA! SO I SEE!
MAJOR VIOLENCE
THROB! THROB!
THAT TEXAS LOSER?! HE HITS LIKE A GIRL! WHAT HAS HE GOT THAT I DON'T GOT?!!
goit!
POPULARITY? PROPER GRAMMAR? FRIENDS?
CAN IT, TOY-MAN!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!
I AIN'T STAYIN' WHERE I'M NOT APPRECIATED.
THEN LEAVE THE EARTH, YOU SWINE!
SARGE...?
"IS THAT ROBOT HEAD EVIDENCE...OR A SUSPECT?"
@#?!! FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M A CYBORG! NOT A ROBOT!
BUT YOU, FIGHT-MAN-- YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!
AHH, SHUT UP YA, ROCK 'EM SOCK 'EM REJECT! ALL OF YOUSE SHUT UP AN' LEAVE ME--
ALONE?
FIGHT-MAN! WHO'S GOT IT IN FOR YOU?
WHO'S OUT TO KILL YOU, F-M?!
WHO THIS TIME, WE MEAN--
AN' PLANS FOR A NEW SIDEKICK?
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT A UNITED EUROPEAN ECONOMY?!
8
6
10
33
SONY

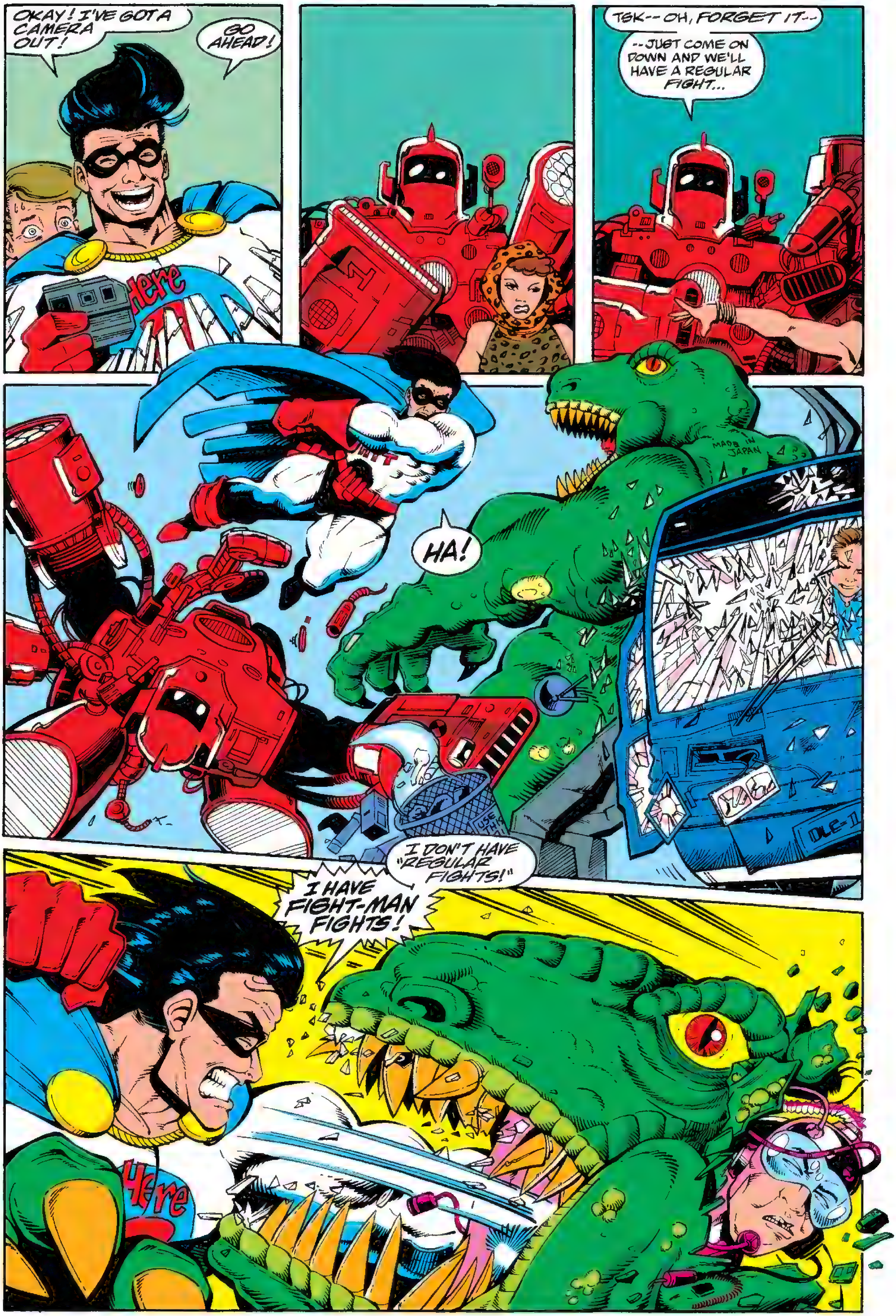
IS THERE A "CONTRACT" OUT ON FIGHT-MAN? THAT'S WHAT POLICE ARE ASKING TONIGHT AFTER THE SELF-STYLED "HERO'S" LATEST HIGH PROFILE, LOWBROW PUNCHUP.
Here 2 BE HIT?
DEBRA WALSH
WGME
THREE ALLEGED "SUPER-VILLAINS" WERE BEATEN UP BY FIGHT-MAN AFTER ALLEGEDLY ATTACKING HIM AT THE HI-DEE-HO TOY PLANT IN ROSEDALE EARLIER TODAY.
FIGHT-MAN THEN LITERALLY BLEW OFF REPORTERS' INQUIRIES INTO THE INCIDENT...
HI-DEE-HO VICE-PRESIDENT ARNOLD PODUNK HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT THE MATTER.
THEY SHOULD'VE KILLED HIM!
HI
CONTROVERSY HAS ALWAYS SURROUNDED FIGHT-MAN...
DALLAS COWBOYS
...JUST RECENTLY HE TOOK ON THOUSANDS CELEBRATING THE DALLAS COWBOYS' SUPER BOWL WIN.
FIGHT-MAN FIRST MADE NEWS A DECADE AGO WHEN HE TOOK ON THE CRIME BOSS WHO RAN DELTA CITY'S UNDERWORLD...
...THE POWERFUL AND MYSTERIOUS HOODED EYE.
FIGHT-MAN'S CAMPAIGN MADE HIM POPULAR, BUT, MINUTES AFTER THE EYE'S DEFEAT, HE HAD THIS TO SAY TO QUESTIONS REGARDING HIS TACTICS--
THIS ENTIRE STINKIN' CITY, HOMELESS INCLUDED, CAN GO KISS MY--
ONE TACTIC THAT OUTRAGED MANY WAS HIS USE OF YOUNG KENNY LIEBMAN, ALIAS KID FIGHT-MAN, AS AN ASSISTANT AGAINST THE EYE.
GRAND OP
Moe's ME
HAM·BACON·CH
THE PLACE FOR CHOPS!
39
69
K F
THE YOUTH DIED, ALONG WITH THE UNIDENTIFIED EYE. HE WAS THE FIRST OF FIFTEEN YOUTHS TO PERISH WHILE ASSISTING FIGHT-MAN.
FIGHT-MAN ALSO MADE NEWS WITH HIS BRIEF AND TEMPESTUOUS MARRIAGE TO MODEL BEVERLY LACOCO, WHO DIVORCED HIM ON GROUNDS OF "IDIOCY."
WHEN TOLD ABOUT A POSSIBLE "HIT" BEING OUT ON HER EX, MS. LACOCO SAID, AND I QUOTE, "GOOD."
CITING WHAT POLICE SOURCES SAY COULD BE A UNIFIED UNDERWORLD EFFORT TO KILL THE SUPER HERO, THE NEW MAYOR HAS CALLED FOR A MEETING WITH FIGHT-MAN TOMORROW.
IN OTHER NEWS... A NATIONAL POLL RELEASED TODAY SAYS...
R.I.P. GOODWILL TO ALL
...THAT 9 OUT OF 10 PEOPLE... WOULD LIKE TO KILL 9 OUT OF 10 PEOPLE...

HEY HEY, HO HO, FIGHT-MAN HAS GOT TO GO. HEY HEY
FIGHT-MAN IS A BLIGHT MAN
MAN IS A JERK!
FIGHT T=MAN
MIDGETS AGAINST FIGHT-MAN!
KILL FIGHT-MAN! KILL HIM NOW
SEND F-M to the L.A. P.D.
NOW, LOOK, UH... FIGHT-MAN...
FIGH IS FASC
OUT OF OUR CITY!
WORK OR OOD
AS YOU KNOW, DELTA CITY'S BEEN HIT BADLY BY THE RECESSION. WE'VE SUFFERED MAJOR CUTBACKS, MOST ESPECIALLY IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.
WHEN I TOOK OFFICE I VOWED TO REIN IN THE RAMPANT LAWLESSNESS... DESPITE DIMINISHED POLICE MAN-POWER.
SO, I AM OF COURSE CONCERNED WHEN I HEAR TALK THAT A GANG ALLIANCE HAS BEEN FORMED IN ORDER TO KILL Y--
WHERE THE @**!! ARE YOU GOING ?!
I'M LEAVING. I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE ME A CITATION OR SOMETHING.
I EVEN WORE MY FORMAL BOOTS FOR A LECTURE FROM A BALD GUY.
Here 2 Hit
GET BACK HERE!
NOW LISTEN UP, YOU FREAK OF NATURE! YOUR ANTICS WON'T FLY WITH THIS ADMINISTRATION!
THE BIG GANGS HAVE BEEN UNUSUALLY QUIET! I WANT IT TO STAY THAT WAY!
I DON'T GIVE A RIP ABOUT YOU--
PARNELL
--BUT I WON'T HAVE MY CITY AS GROUND ZERO FOR A "SUPER STEROID" MOB HIT!
HEY! I'VE NEVER DONE STEROIDS!
AND IF YOU'RE TRYING TO KICK ME OUT OF TOWN, GOOD LUCK! OTHER MAYORS WITH MORE HAIR THAN YOU HAVE TRIED IT, PAL!
LISTEN TO ME YOU--
WHAT?! CAN'T HEAR YOU!
YOU LISTEN TO ME--
I'M NOT LISTENING! I'M NOT LI--
GET OUT! OUT!
YOU'LL SEE, FIGHT-MAN! YOU CAN'T FIGHT CITY HALL!!
--NOT LISTENING--


@*©!! NOW I'M LATE MEETIN' MY EX AN' HER SCRAWNY LAWYER. STUPID BALD MAYOR...
"GANGS." HMPH! I'D RATHER TAKE ON THE ALL-HATE SQUAD BUTT NAKED IN A THUMB-TACK FACTORY THAN FACE BEV AN' HER SHYSTER!
I GOTTA CALM DOWN... CAN'T LET THEM INTIMIDATE ME...
...GOTTA RELAX... MELLOW OUT...
...MAKE MY MIND A TOTAL BLANK...
HUH?
WHOA! TOO RELAXED-- FELL ASLEEP!
YO! CHECK OUT FIGHT-MAN!
DUDE'S DRUNK OR SUMP'N!
DELTA CITY STAR
MR. FIGHT-MAN? MR. HENDRICKSON'LL SEE YOU NOW!
OKAY, HERE GOES. REMEMBER--DON'T USE THE FISTS. DON'T USE THE FISTS...SHE'S NO THREAT. JUST A GIRL. STAND UP TO HER...
SHE'S JUST YOUR EX-- JUST A WEAK GIRL! DON'T BACK DOWN! BE STRONG! BE A MAN! BE A FIGHT-MAN MAN!
OH NO! WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO MY FAMILY?!
OH NO! WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO MY KIDS!
ACCIDENTS WILL
MAD PLANET
INJURED PARTY MAGAZINE
LITIGATION QUARTERLY
PAIN DIGE
The Journal of Aches
SPINAL INJURY MONTHLY
OH! MY SPINE
HOW TO SAY "OW"
NECKBRACE FASHIONS
IN PAIN? DON'T WORRY CALL 1-800-SUE-THEM
NEED A LAWYER 800-SUE-THEM
I DID NOT PLAN!
Here 2 HIT

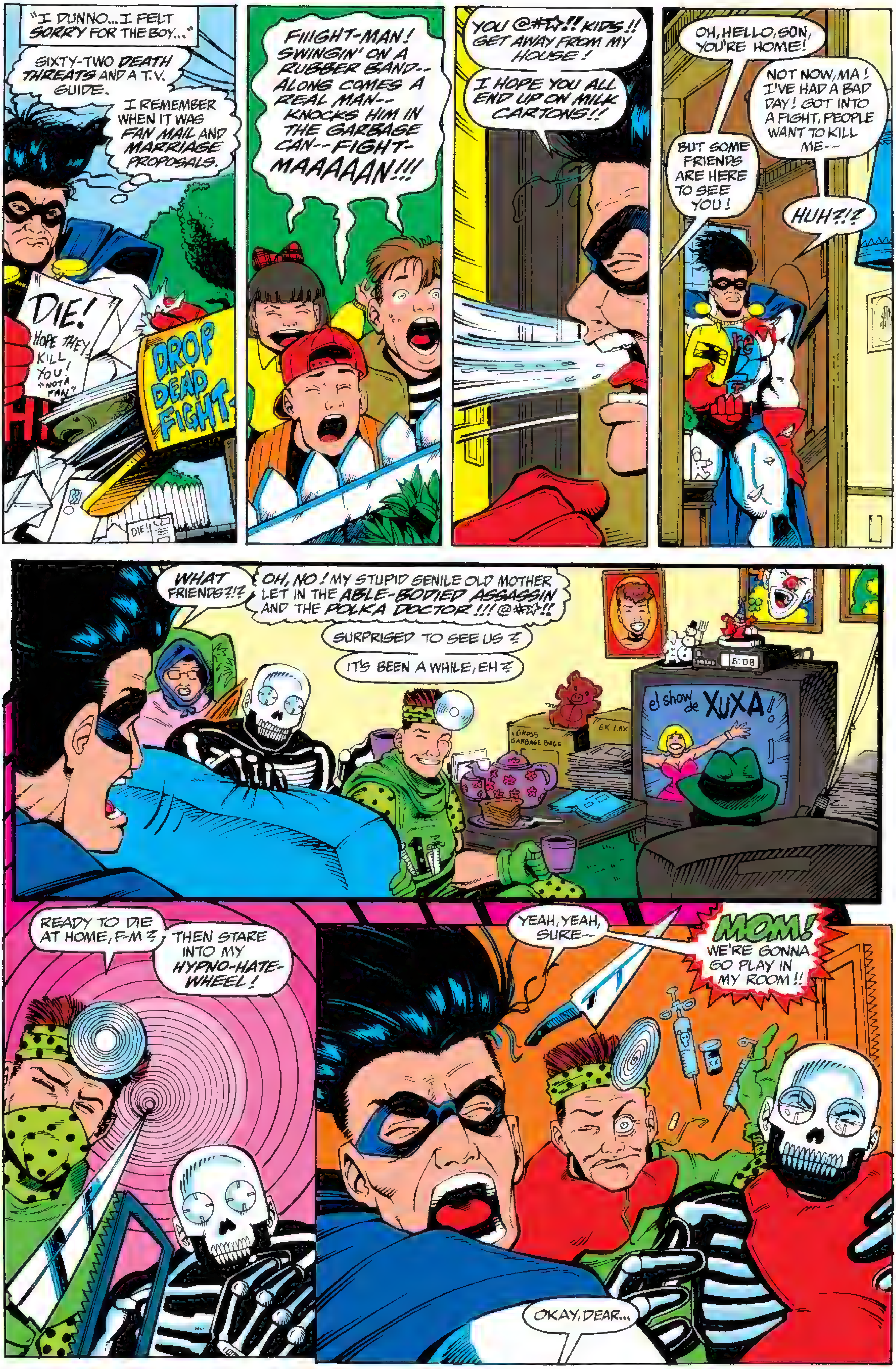

OH GOD, PLEASE DON'T SUE ME!! PLEEEEASE!!
LOOK, MR. FIGHT-MAN. YOUR EX-WIFE BEVERLY IS THE ONE YOU SHOULD BE PATHETICALLY GROVELING TO, NOT ME. I'M ONLY HER ATTORNEY.
ODDLY ENOUGH, I'M ALSO HANDLING CASES AGAINST YOU FROM A WOMAN WHOSE HAND YOU BROKE, A MAN WHOSE CAB YOU DROPPED AN EYE THROUGH... AND THE GENTLEMAN WHOSE EYE IT WAS--
LOOK, FARLEY, FORGET THOSE JERKS--
...DON'T PUNCH THE LAWYER... DON'T PUNCH THE EX...
Here 2 HIT
THROB!
THROB!
WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS, WHEN'S THIS LOSER GONNA COUGH UP MY MONEY?!
I'M SICK OF SUIN' HIM! HE'S THE BIGGEST JERK IN DELTA CITY!
OH YEAH?! I'M ALSO THE STRONGEST BIGGEST JERK IN DELTA CITY!
YOU SEEM TO FORGET THAT, BEV!

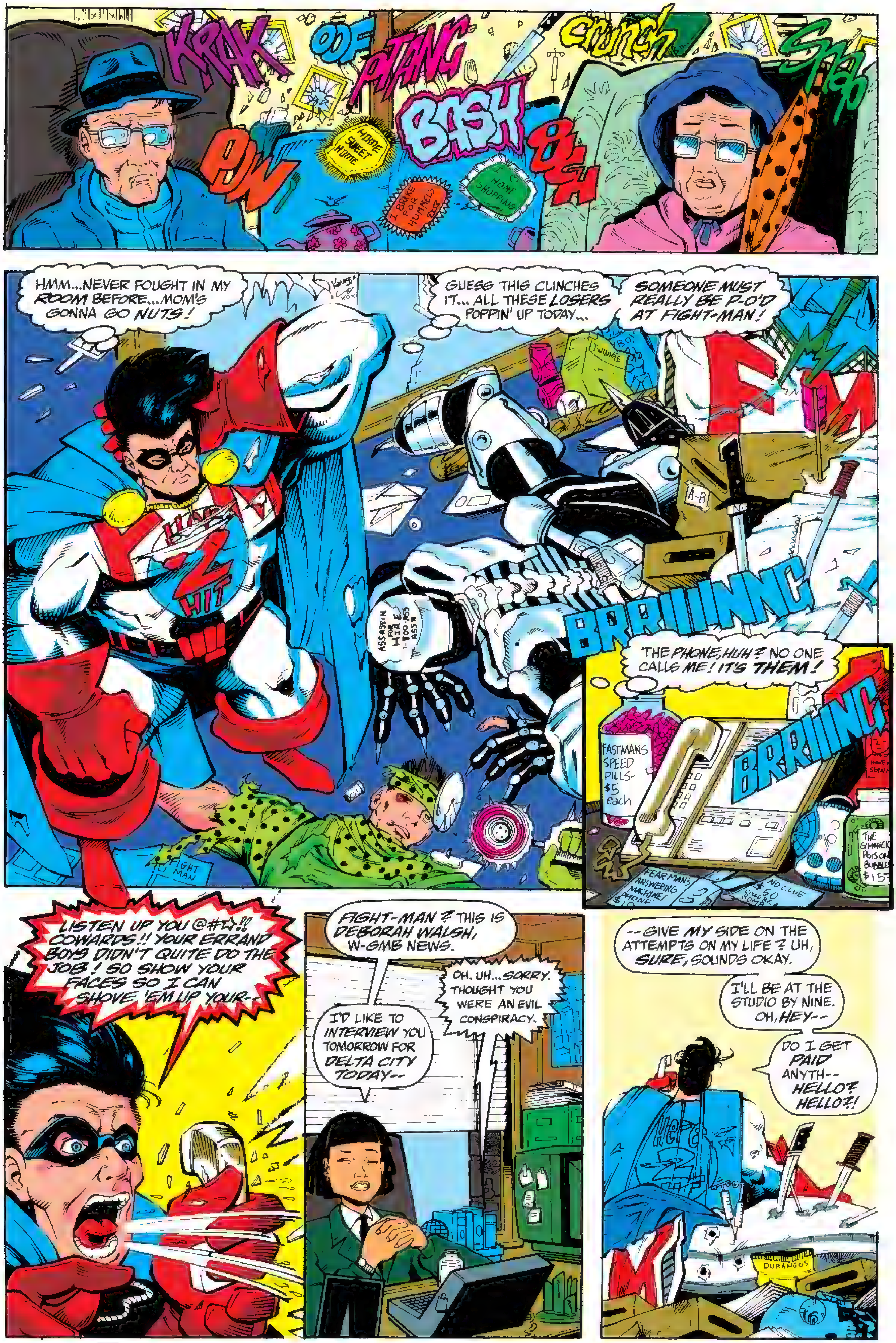

YOU THREAT'NIN' ME, F-M? YOU'RE FORGET'N I SEEN YOU NAKED--
--AN' YOU AIN'T NO THREAT TO--
AAAAH!
?!?
Uhh...FIGHT-MAN? IS THAT YOUR LAWYER?
I ♡ TO SUE
SKRESHH
"NAH. JUST AS ROTTEN, THOUGH. THE GUY WITH BEV IS THE ONE-MAN ATROCITY..."
"...THE OTHER ONE'S CRIMEASAURUS. WE FIGHT SOMETIMES."
LISTEN UP, FIGHT-MAN!!
1
DO AS WE SAY OR WE'LL KILL THE GIRL!
FINE BY ME! GO RIGHT AHEAD!
Here
Uh... ...um...
...WE'RE NOT KIDDING...

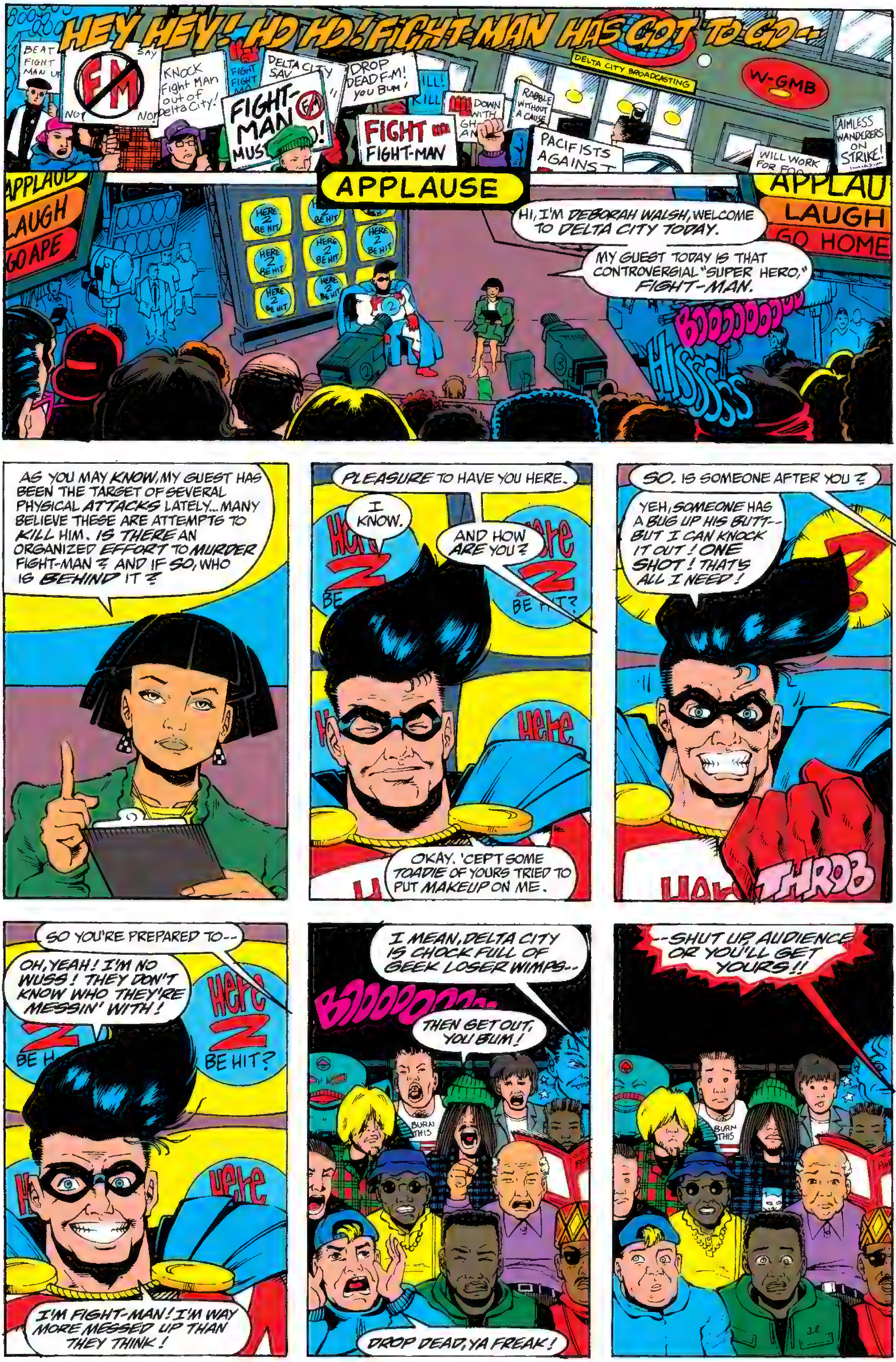

OKAY! I'VE GOT A CAMERA OUT!
GO AHEAD!
Here
TSK-- OH, FORGET IT--
--JUST COME ON DOWN AND WE'LL HAVE A REGULAR FIGHT...
HA!
MADE IN JAPAN
DLE-II
I DON'T HAVE "REGULAR FIGHTS!"
I HAVE FIGHT-MAN FIGHTS!
Here

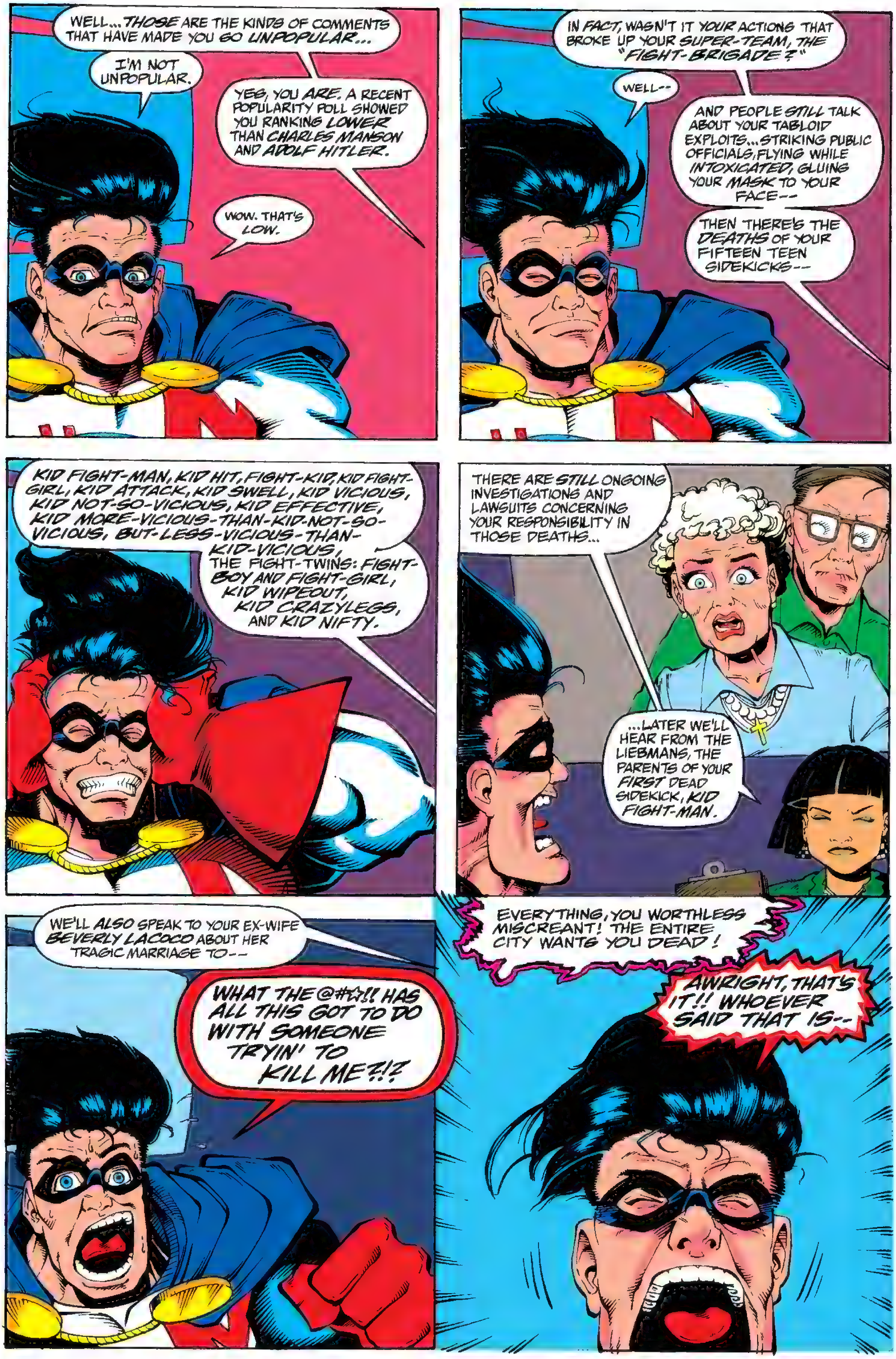
HEY--YOU'RE NOT TAKAHASHI!
I B-BOUGHT THE SUIT FROM HIM...
I'M CRIMEASAURUS TWO...
HMM.
THROB
"BAD INVESTMENT, PAL."
OUCH.
SMASH!
POW!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, FIGHT-MAN!
WITH YOUR BLOOD!
SHOOM
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
SKEOW
YOU WANNA SEE BLOOD, BIG MOUTH?
THROBB
KEEP AN EYE ON THE FIST--

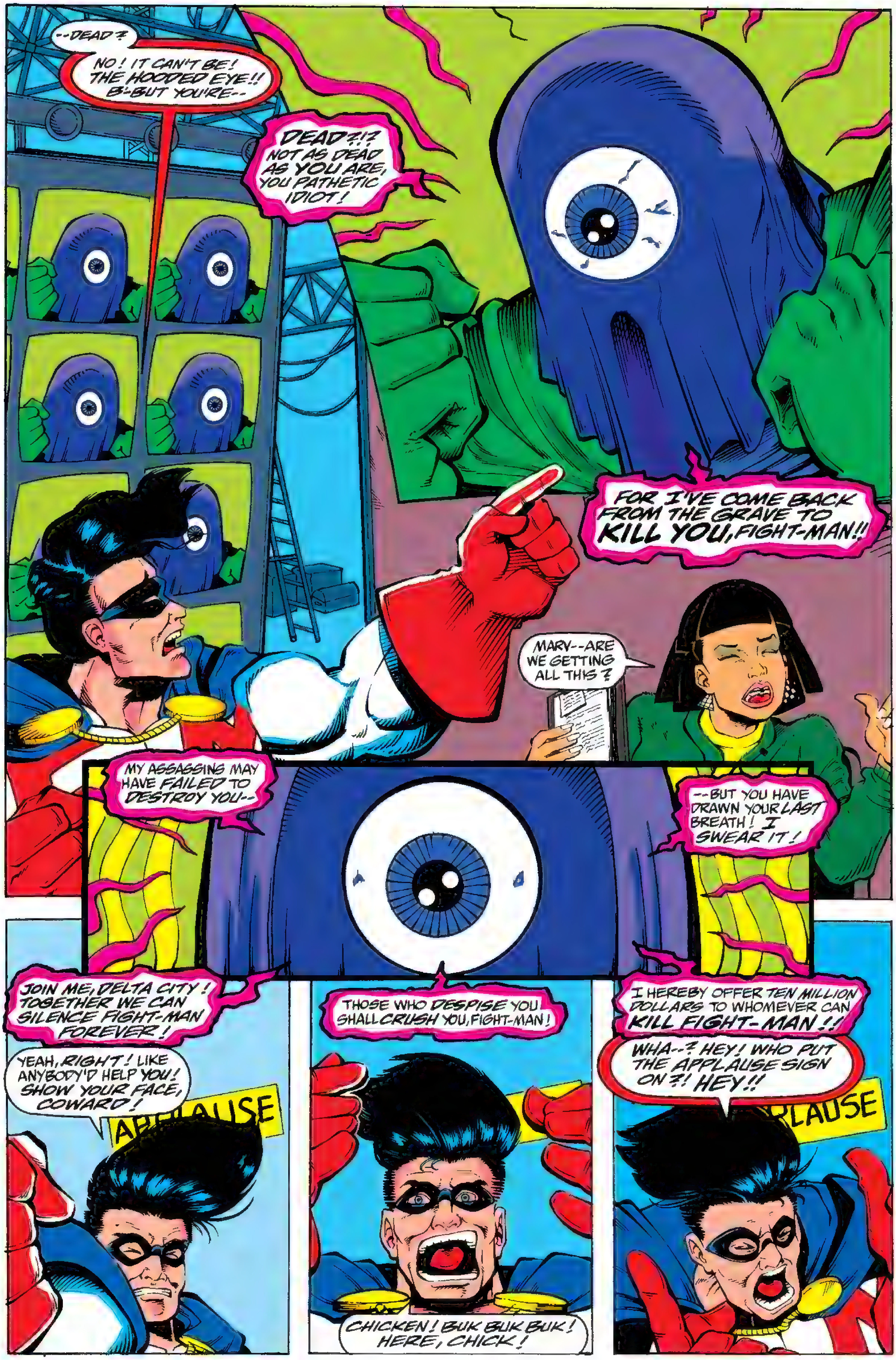
P-BAM
YOU SEE THAT?! WHAM! RIGHT THROUGH THAT DONUT JOINT!
PROBABLY TOOK OUT A COP OR TWO!
DISCO DONUT
NO PARKING
Y'KNOW I DON'T GET THOSE TWO GUYS...
IF THEY GOT THE DOUGH TO BUILD THEM FUNKY SUITS, WHY DO THEY NEED TO ROB BANKS?
AN' THEY CALL ME STUPID!
YOU ARE STUPID!!
YOU'RE KING STUPID!
I HOPE THERE IS A HIT OUT ON YOU! I JUST WANT MY MONEY BEFORE THEY OFF YOU!!
YOU FORGET, BEV, THAT I DO THE HITTING IN THIS TOWN!
YOU'RE JUST LUCKY I GOT A CODE 'GAINST HITTIN' GIRLS!!
WELL, THERE GOES MR. CONGENIALITY. HOW'D YOU EVER HOOK UP WITH THAT JERK?
≈SIGH≈ WE MET AT A CAR SHOW... HE SWEPT ME OFF MY FEET... I WAS BREATHLESS...
REALLY? I CAN'T PICTURE HIM BEING CHARMING.
CHARM NOTHING! THE DOPE FLEW ME INTO SPACE! HE WOULDN'T TAKE ME DOWN TILL I AGREED TO GO OUT WITH HIM!
"SO WHY'D YOU STAY WITH HIM?"

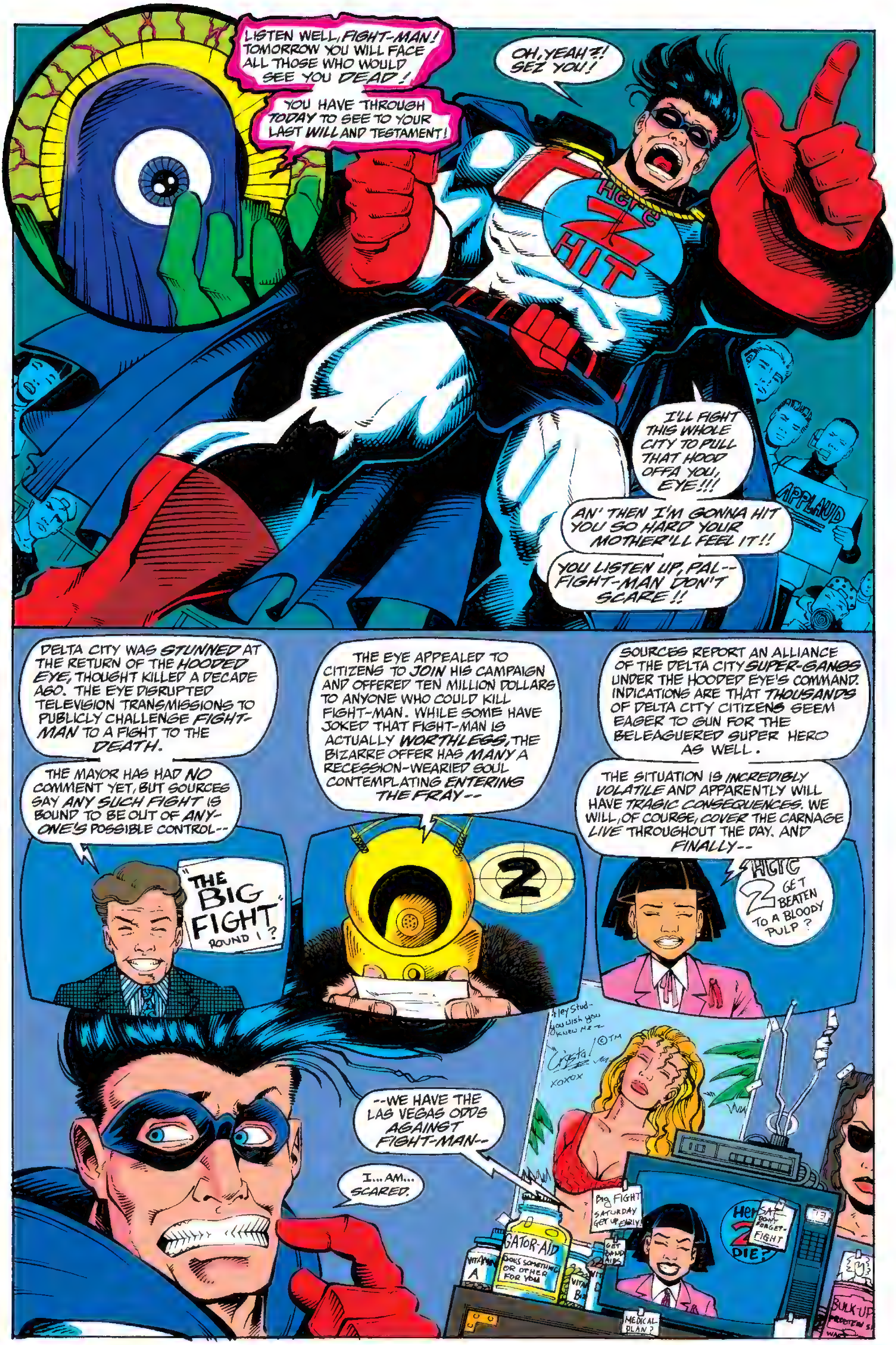

"I DUNNO...I FELT SORRY FOR THE BOY..."
SIXTY-TWO DEATH THREATS AND A T.V. GUIDE.
I REMEMBER WHEN IT WAS FAN MAIL AND MARRIAGE PROPOSALS.
DIE! HOPE THEY KILL YOU! "NOT A FAN"
DROP DEAD FIGHT-
DIE!
FIIIGHT-MAN! SWINGIN' ON A RUBBER BAND-- ALONG COMES A REAL MAN-- KNOCKS HIM IN THE GARBAGE CAN--FIGHT-MAAAAAN!!!
YOU @#✩!! KIDS!! GET AWAY FROM MY HOUSE!
I HOPE YOU ALL END UP ON MILK CARTONS!!
OH, HELLO, SON, YOU'RE HOME!
NOT NOW, MA! I'VE HAD A BAD DAY! GOT INTO A FIGHT, PEOPLE WANT TO KILL ME--
BUT SOME FRIENDS ARE HERE TO SEE YOU!
HUH?!?
WHAT FRIENDS?!?
OH, NO! MY STUPID SENILE OLD MOTHER LET IN THE ABLE-BODIED ASSASSIN AND THE POLKA DOCTOR!!! @#✩!!
SURPRISED TO SEE US?
IT'S BEEN A WHILE, EH?
5:08
el show de XUXA!
GROSS GARBAGE BAGS
EX LAX
READY TO DIE AT HOME, F-M?
THEN STARE INTO MY HYPNO-HATE-WHEEL!
YEAH, YEAH, SURE--
MOM! WE'RE GONNA GO PLAY IN MY ROOM!!
OKAY, DEAR...

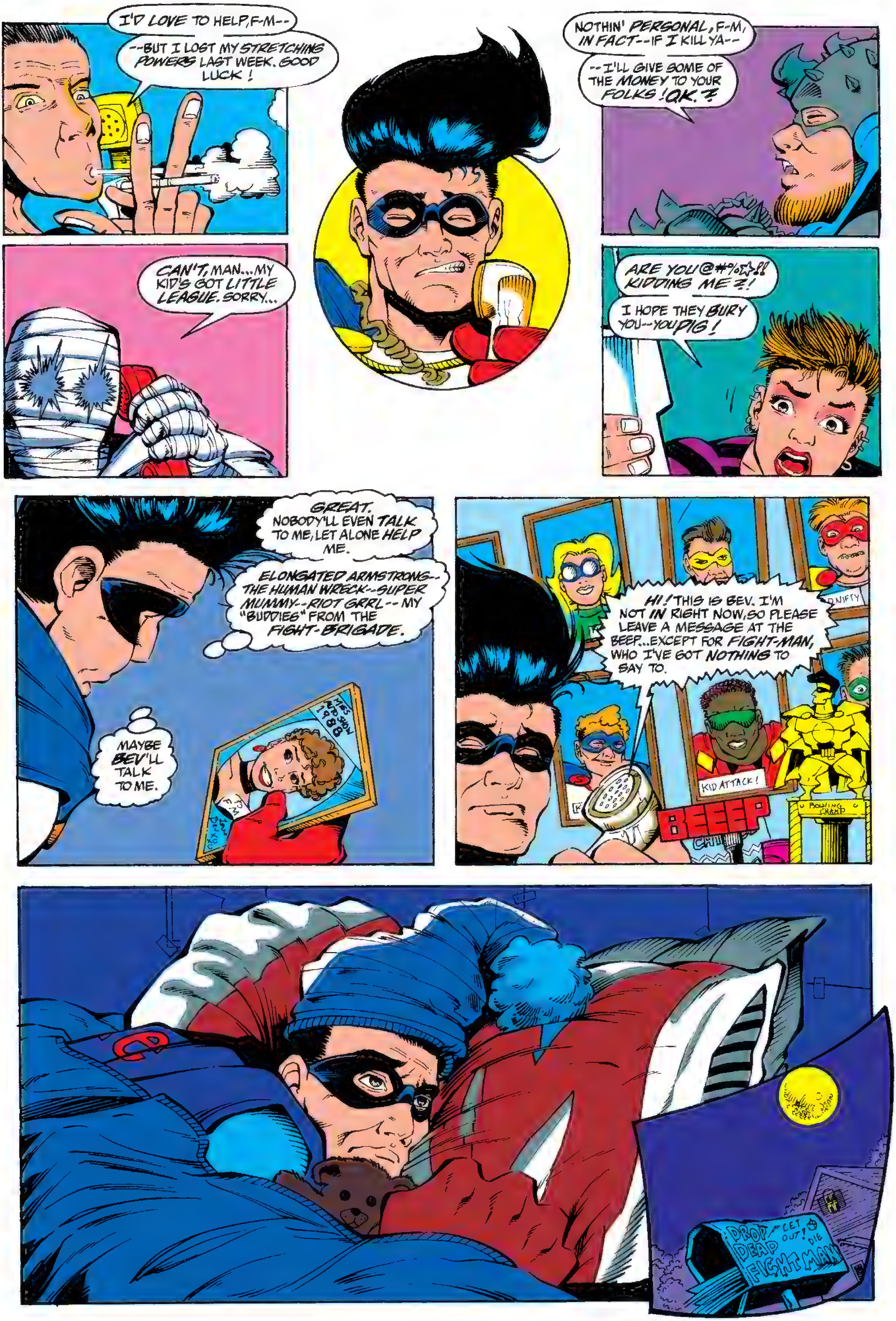

KRAK
OOF
PTANG
BASH
CRUNCH
SPLAT
POW
OUCH
HOME SWEET HOME
I BRAKE FOR HUMMELS
I ♡ HOME SHOPPING
HMM...NEVER FOUGHT IN MY ROOM BEFORE...MOM'S GONNA GO NUTS!
GUESS THIS CLINCHES IT... ALL THESE LOSERS POPPIN' UP TODAY...
SOMEONE MUST REALLY BE P-O'D AT FIGHT-MAN!
TWINKIE
ASSASSIN FOR HIRE 1-800-ASS ASSN
A-B
FM
FIGHT MAN
BRRIIING
THE PHONE, HUH? NO ONE CALLS ME! IT'S THEM!
FASTMANS SPEED PILLS- $5 each
BRRIIING
HAVE Y SEEN
THE GIMMICK POISON BUBBLES $15
FEAR MAN'S ANSWERING MACHINE/ PHONE $10
NO CLUE $60 COLOR BOMB
LISTEN UP YOU @#☆!! COWARDS!! YOUR ERRAND BOYS DIDN'T QUITE DO THE JOB! SO SHOW YOUR FACES SO I CAN SHOVE 'EM UP YOUR--
FIGHT-MAN? THIS IS DEBORAH WALSH, W-GMB NEWS.
OH. UH...SORRY. THOUGHT YOU WERE AN EVIL CONSPIRACY.
I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW YOU TOMORROW FOR DELTA CITY TODAY--
--GIVE MY SIDE ON THE ATTEMPTS ON MY LIFE? UH, SURE, SOUNDS OKAY.
I'LL BE AT THE STUDIO BY NINE. OH, HEY--
DO I GET PAID ANYTH-- HELLO? HELLO?!
DURANGOS

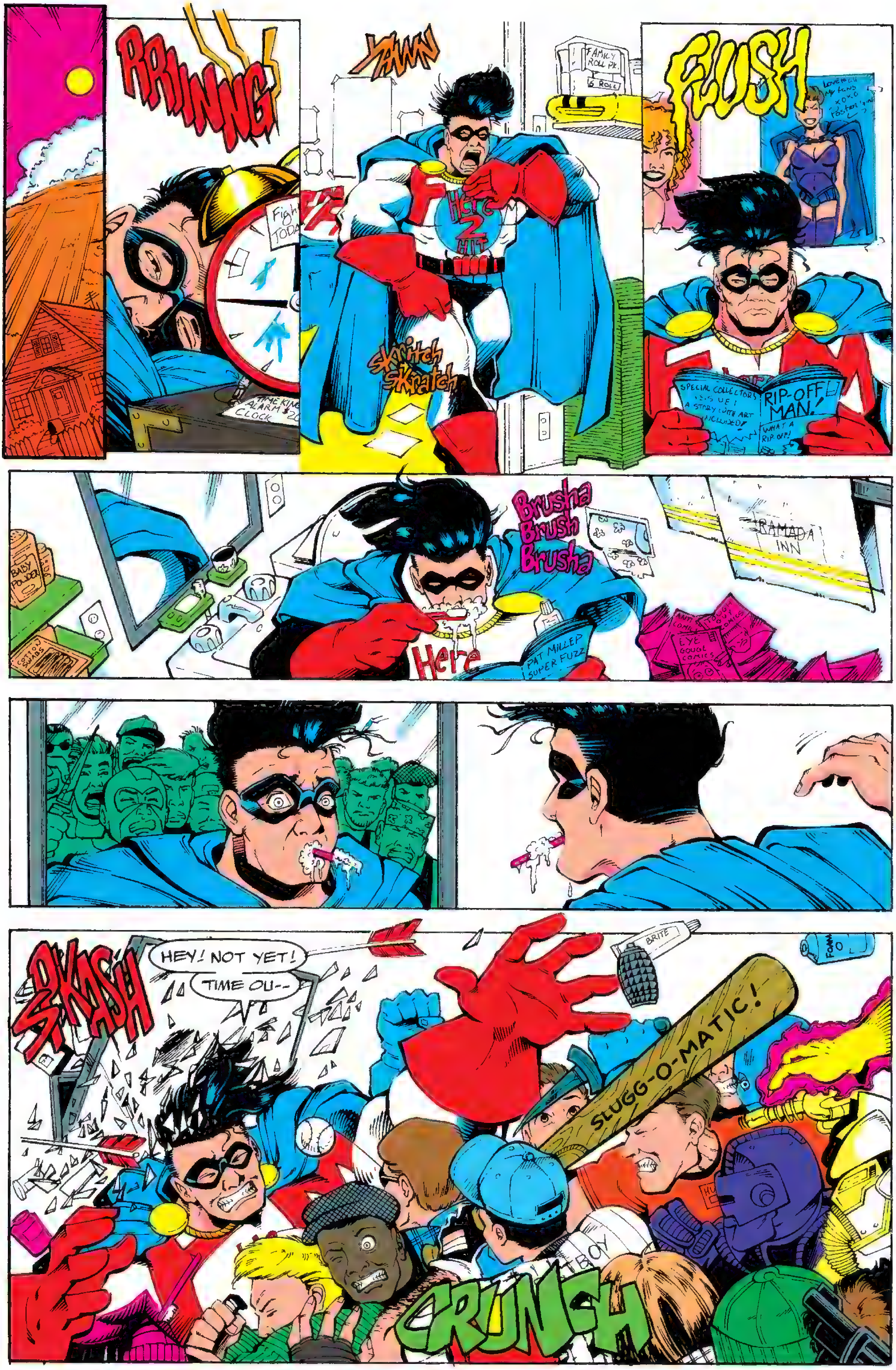

HEY HEY! HO HO! FIGHT-MAN HAS GOT TO GO--
BEAT FIGHT MAN UP
SAY NO! NO!
KNOCK Fight Man out of Delta City!
FIGHT FIGHT MA
DELTA CITY SAV
FIGHT-MAN MUS !
DROP DEAD F-M! you Bum!
ILL! KILL
FIGHT FIGHT-MAN
DOWN WITH GH AN
RABBLE WITHOUT A CAUSE
PACIFISTS AGAINST
DELTA CITY BROADCASTING
W-GMB
WILL WORK FOR FOO
AIMLESS WANDERERS ON STRIKE!
APPLAUD
LAUGH
GO APE
APPLAUSE
APPLAU
LAUGH
GO HOME
HERE 2 BE HIT
HI, I'M DEBORAH WALSH, WELCOME TO DELTA CITY TODAY.
MY GUEST TODAY IS THAT CONTROVERSIAL "SUPER HERO," FIGHT-MAN.
BOOOOOOOOO
HISSSSS
AS YOU MAY KNOW, MY GUEST HAS BEEN THE TARGET OF SEVERAL PHYSICAL ATTACKS LATELY... MANY BELIEVE THESE ARE ATTEMPTS TO KILL HIM. IS THERE AN ORGANIZED EFFORT TO MURDER FIGHT-MAN? AND IF SO, WHO IS BEHIND IT?
PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU HERE.
I KNOW.
AND HOW ARE YOU?
OKAY. 'CEPT SOME TOADIE OF YOURS TRIED TO PUT MAKEUP ON ME.
SO, IS SOMEONE AFTER YOU?
YEH, SOMEONE HAS A BUG UP HIS BUTT-- BUT I CAN KNOCK IT OUT! ONE SHOT! THAT'S ALL I NEED!
THROB
SO YOU'RE PREPARED TO--
OH, YEAH! I'M NO WUSS! THEY DON'T KNOW WHO THEY'RE MESSIN' WITH!
I'M FIGHT-MAN! I'M WAY MORE MESSED UP THAN THEY THINK!
I MEAN, DELTA CITY IS CHOCK FULL OF GEEK LOSER WIMPS--
BOOOOOOO
THEN GET OUT, YOU BUM!
BURN THIS
DROP DEAD, YA FREAK!
--SHUT UP, AUDIENCE OR YOU'LL GET YOURS!!

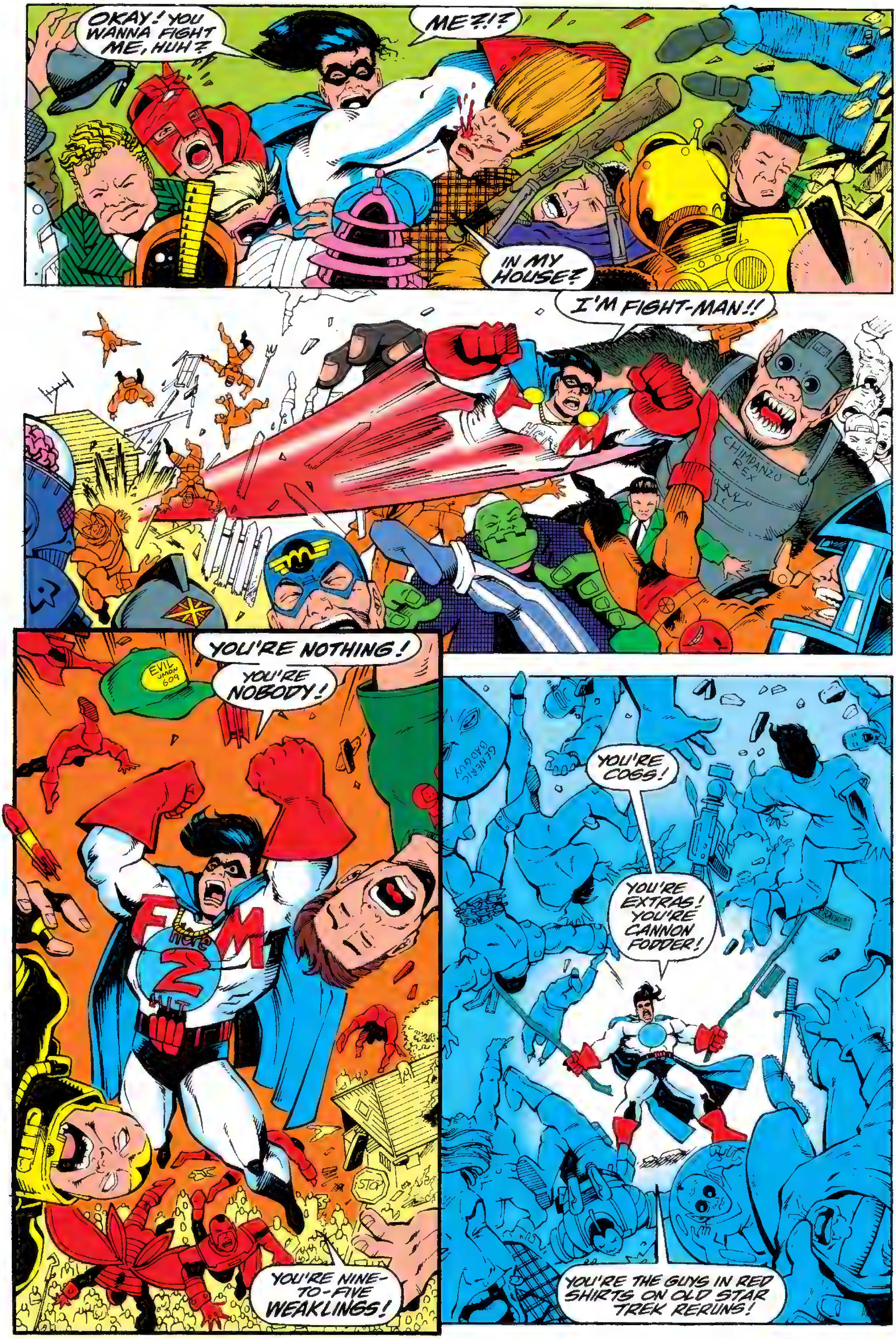

WELL... THOSE ARE THE KINDS OF COMMENTS THAT HAVE MADE YOU SO UNPOPULAR...
I'M NOT UNPOPULAR.
YES, YOU ARE. A RECENT POPULARITY POLL SHOWED YOU RANKING LOWER THAN CHARLES MANSON AND ADOLF HITLER.
WOW. THAT'S LOW.
IN FACT, WASN'T IT YOUR ACTIONS THAT BROKE UP YOUR SUPER-TEAM, THE "FIGHT-BRIGADE?"
WELL--
AND PEOPLE STILL TALK ABOUT YOUR TABLOID EXPLOITS... STRIKING PUBLIC OFFICIALS, FLYING WHILE INTOXICATED, GLUING YOUR MASK TO YOUR FACE--
THEN THERE'S THE DEATHS OF YOUR FIFTEEN TEEN SIDEKICKS--
KID FIGHT-MAN, KID HIT, FIGHT-KID, KID FIGHT-GIRL, KID ATTACK, KID SWELL, KID VICIOUS, KID NOT-SO-VICIOUS, KID EFFECTIVE, KID MORE-VICIOUS-THAN-KID-NOT-SO-VICIOUS, BUT-LESS-VICIOUS-THAN-KID-VICIOUS, THE FIGHT-TWINS: FIGHT-BOY AND FIGHT-GIRL, KID WIPEOUT, KID CRAZYLEGS, AND KID NIFTY.
THERE ARE STILL ONGOING INVESTIGATIONS AND LAWSUITS CONCERNING YOUR RESPONSIBILITY IN THOSE DEATHS...
...LATER WE'LL HEAR FROM THE LIEBMANS, THE PARENTS OF YOUR FIRST DEAD SIDEKICK, KID FIGHT-MAN.
WE'LL ALSO SPEAK TO YOUR EX-WIFE BEVERLY LACOCO ABOUT HER TRAGIC MARRIAGE TO--
WHAT THE @#☆!! HAS ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH SOMEONE TRYIN' TO KILL ME?!?
EVERYTHING, YOU WORTHLESS MISCREANT! THE ENTIRE CITY WANTS YOU DEAD!
AWRIGHT, THAT'S IT!! WHOEVER SAID THAT IS--


--DEAD?
NO! IT CAN'T BE! THE HOODED EYE!! B-BUT YOU'RE--
DEAD?!? NOT AS DEAD AS YOU ARE, YOU PATHETIC IDIOT!
FOR I'VE COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO KILL YOU, FIGHT-MAN!!
MARV--ARE WE GETTING ALL THIS?
MY ASSASSINS MAY HAVE FAILED TO DESTROY YOU--
--BUT YOU HAVE DRAWN YOUR LAST BREATH! I SWEAR IT!
JOIN ME, DELTA CITY! TOGETHER WE CAN SILENCE FIGHT-MAN FOREVER!
YEAH, RIGHT! LIKE ANYBODY'D HELP YOU! SHOW YOUR FACE, COWARD!
APPLAUSE
THOSE WHO DESPISE YOU SHALL CRUSH YOU, FIGHT-MAN!
CHICKEN! BUK BUK BUK! HERE, CHICK!
I HEREBY OFFER TEN MILLION DOLLARS TO WHOMEVER CAN KILL FIGHT-MAN!!
WHA--? HEY! WHO PUT THE APPLAUSE SIGN ON?! HEY!!
PLAUSE


LISTEN WELL, FIGHT-MAN! TOMORROW YOU WILL FACE ALL THOSE WHO WOULD SEE YOU DEAD!
YOU HAVE THROUGH TODAY TO SEE TO YOUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT!
OH, YEAH?! SEZ YOU!
Hero Z HIT
I'LL FIGHT THIS WHOLE CITY TO PULL THAT HOOD OFFA YOU, EYE!!!
AN' THEN I'M GONNA HIT YOU SO HARD YOUR MOTHER'LL FEEL IT!!
YOU LISTEN UP, PAL-- FIGHT-MAN DON'T SCARE!!
APPLAUD
DELTA CITY WAS STUNNED AT THE RETURN OF THE HOODED EYE, THOUGHT KILLED A DECADE AGO. THE EYE DISRUPTED TELEVISION TRANSMISSIONS TO PUBLICLY CHALLENGE FIGHT-MAN TO A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.
THE MAYOR HAS HAD NO COMMENT YET, BUT SOURCES SAY ANY SUCH FIGHT IS BOUND TO BE OUT OF ANYONE'S POSSIBLE CONTROL--
THE EYE APPEALED TO CITIZENS TO JOIN HIS CAMPAIGN AND OFFERED TEN MILLION DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO COULD KILL FIGHT-MAN. WHILE SOME HAVE JOKED THAT FIGHT-MAN IS ACTUALLY WORTHLESS, THE BIZARRE OFFER HAS MANY A RECESSION-WEARIED SOUL CONTEMPLATING ENTERING THE FRAY--
SOURCES REPORT AN ALLIANCE OF THE DELTA CITY SUPER-GANGS UNDER THE HOODED EYE'S COMMAND. INDICATIONS ARE THAT THOUSANDS OF DELTA CITY CITIZENS SEEM EAGER TO GUN FOR THE BELEAGUERED SUPER HERO AS WELL.
THE SITUATION IS INCREDIBLY VOLATILE AND APPARENTLY WILL HAVE TRAGIC CONSEQUENCES. WE WILL, OF COURSE, COVER THE CARNAGE LIVE THROUGHOUT THE DAY. AND FINALLY--
"THE BIG FIGHT" ROUND 1?
2
Hero Z GET BEATEN TO A BLOODY PULP?
--WE HAVE THE LAS VEGAS ODDS AGAINST FIGHT-MAN--
I... AM... SCARED.
Hey Stud- you wish you knew me ~ Crista! ©TM XOXOX
Big FIGHT SATURDAY GET UP EARLY!
GATOR-AID DOES SOMETHING OR OTHER FOR YOU
VITAMIN A
VITA B
GET BAND AIDS
Hero Z DIE?
SAT- DON'T FORGET- FIGHT
MEDICAL PLAN?
BULK-UP PROTEIN

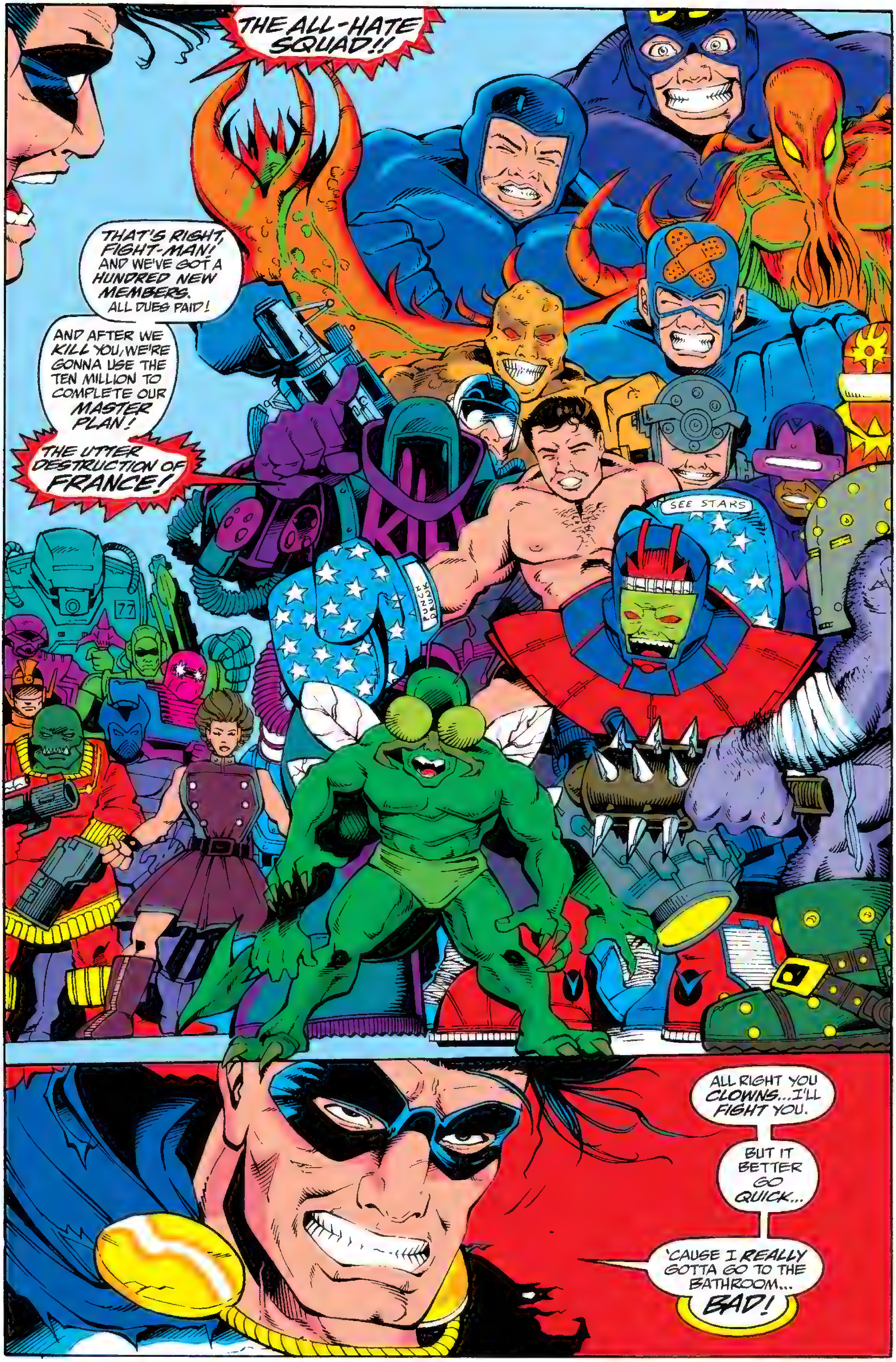

I'D LOVE TO HELP, F-M--
--BUT I LOST MY STRETCHING POWERS LAST WEEK. GOOD LUCK!
NOTHIN' PERSONAL, F-M, IN FACT--IF I KILL YA--
--I'LL GIVE SOME OF THE MONEY TO YOUR FOLKS! OK.?
CAN'T, MAN...MY KID'S GOT LITTLE LEAGUE. SORRY...
ARE YOU @#%☆!! KIDDING ME?!
I HOPE THEY BURY YOU--YOU PIG!
GREAT. NOBODY'LL EVEN TALK TO ME, LET ALONE HELP ME.
ELONGATED ARMSTRONG--THE HUMAN WRECK--SUPER MUMMY--RIOT GRRL--MY "BUDDIES" FROM THE FIGHT-BRIGADE.
MAYBE BEV'LL TALK TO ME.
1988
TO F.M.
HI! THIS IS BEV. I'M NOT IN RIGHT NOW, SO PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE AT THE BEEP...EXCEPT FOR FIGHT-MAN, WHO I'VE GOT NOTHING TO SAY TO.
NIFTY
KID ATTACK!
BOWLING CHAMP
BEEEP
DROP DEAD FIGHT MAN
GET OUT!
DIE

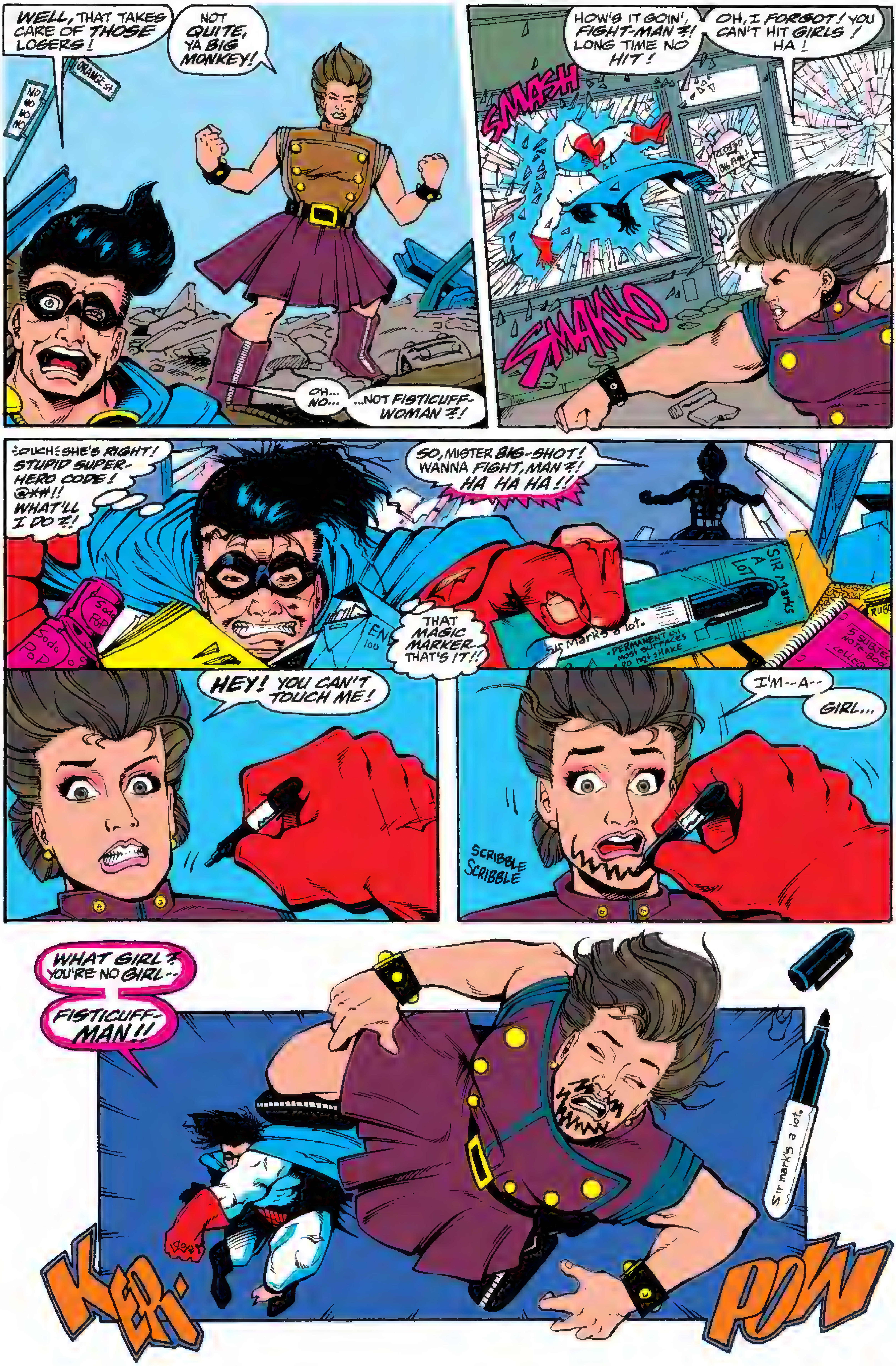

RRIINNG!
Fight TODAY
TIME KING ALARM CLOCK $20
YAWN
FAMILY ROLL PK.
6 ROLL
Here 2 Hit
skritch skratch
FLUSH
Love to all my fans XOXO Foxtel'gina
SPECIAL COLLECTORS ISSUE! A STORY WITH ART INCLUDED!
RIP-OFF MAN!
WHAT A RIP OFF!
BABY POWDER
COTTON SWABS
Brusha Brush Brusha
RAMADA INN
Here
PAT MILLER SUPER FUZZ
ANTI COMICS
TOUGH GUY COMICS
EYE GOUGE COMICS
SKASH
HEY! NOT YET!
TIME OU--
BRITE
SLUGG-O-MATIC!
CRUNCH

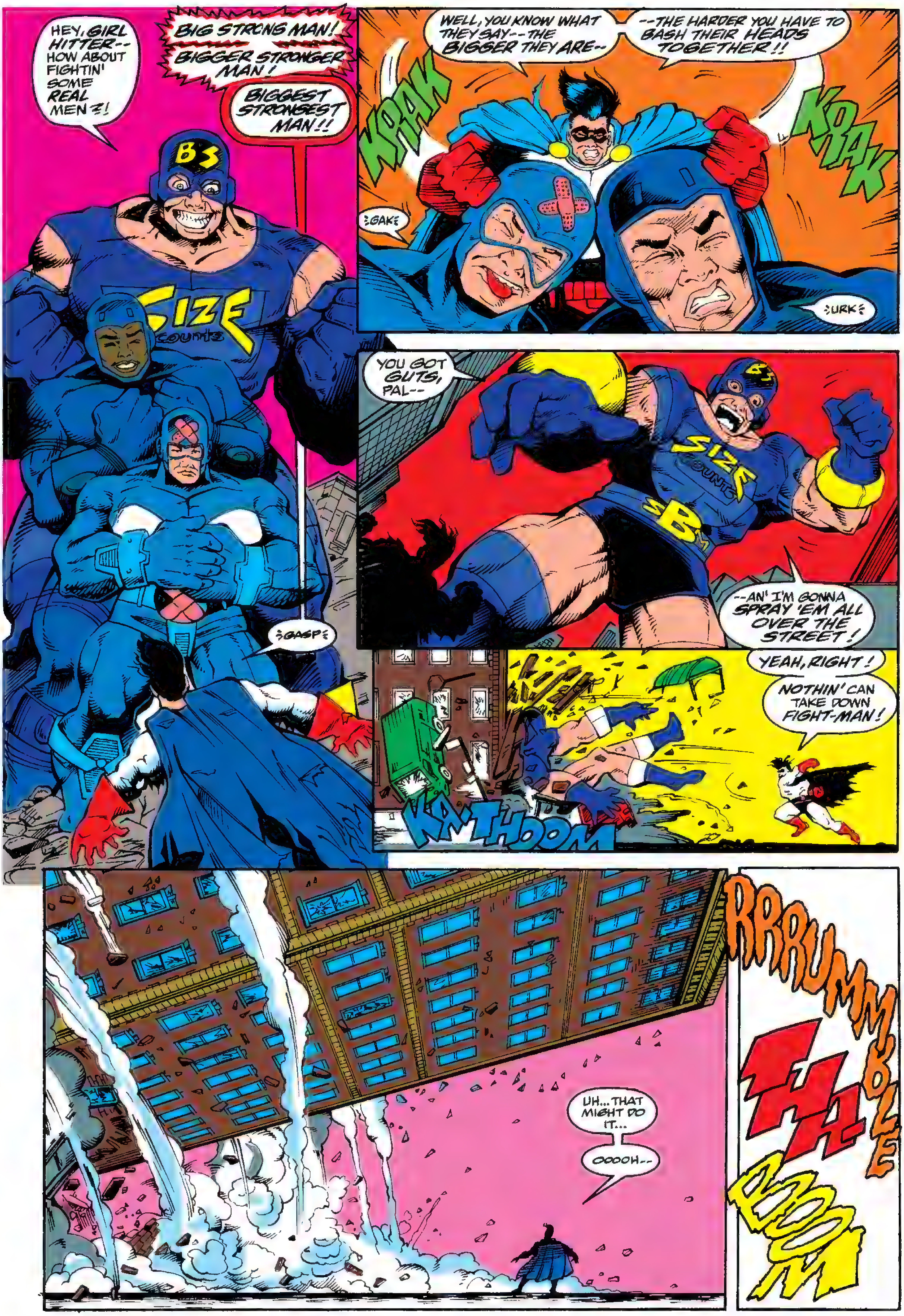

OKAY! YOU WANNA FIGHT ME, HUH?
ME?!?
IN MY HOUSE?
I'M FIGHT-MAN!!
CHIMPANZO REX
YOU'RE NOTHING!
YOU'RE NOBODY!
EVIL JMON 609
YOU'RE NINE-TO-FIVE WEAKLINGS!
STOP
GENERIC BADGUY
YOU'RE COGS!
YOU'RE EXTRAS! YOU'RE CANNON FODDER!
YOU'RE THE GUYS IN RED SHIRTS ON OLD STAR TREK RERUNS!

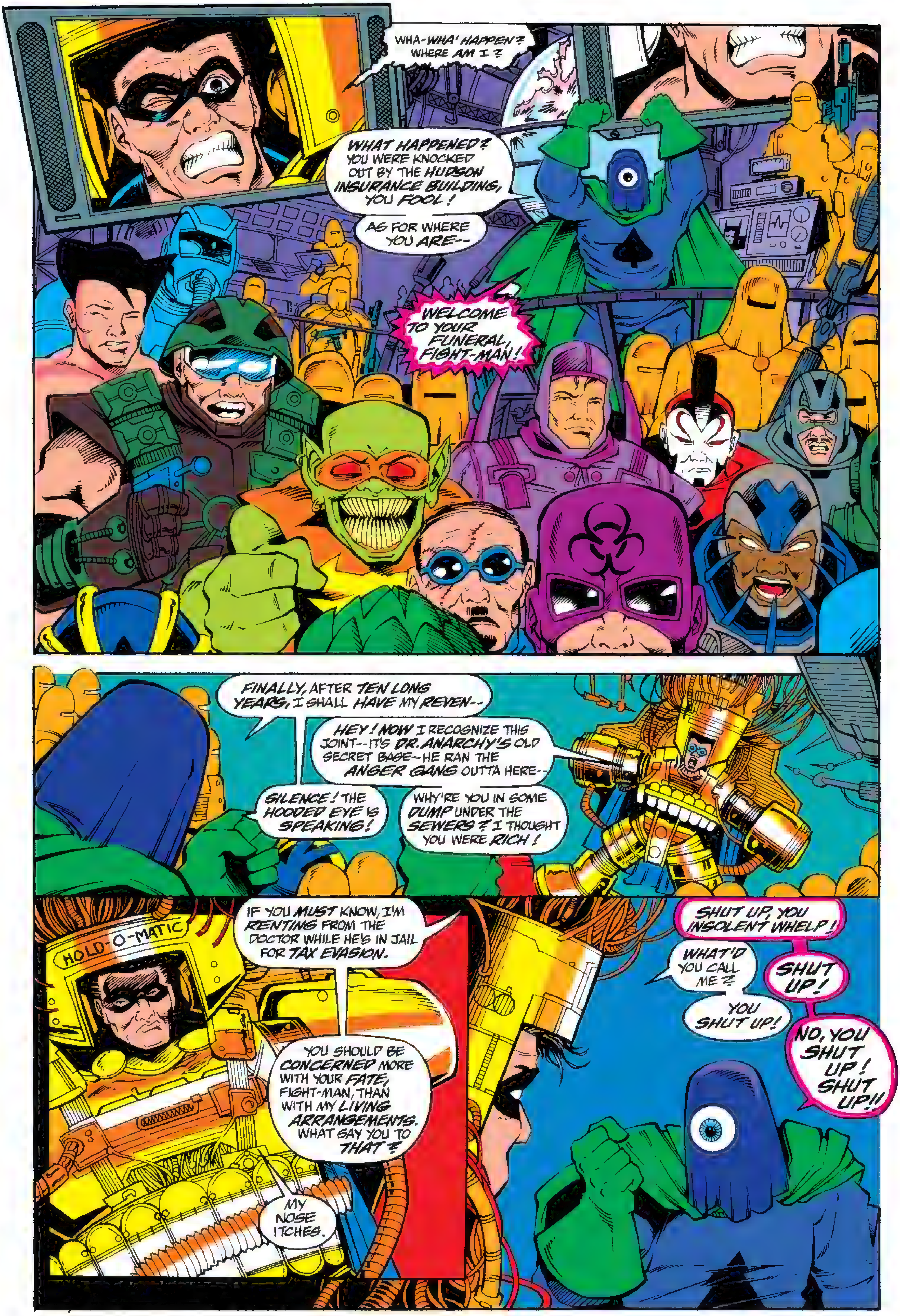
I'M FIGHT-MAN!
I CAN DO THIS ALL DAY! AND ALL NIGHT!
I CAN FIGHT TILL THE COWS COME HOME!
AND THEN I'LL FIGHT THE @#*!! COWS!!
Here 2 HIT
ONE WAY
BAGELS
WILL FIGHT FOR FOOD
MEANY
WHOA! HERE COMES THE NEXT WAVE OF FIST RECIPIENTS!
LOOKS LIKE THOUSANDS OF THEM--STRETCHING ALL THE WAY TO DOWNTOWN!
OKAY, DELTA CITY--
--YOU ASKED FOR IT!

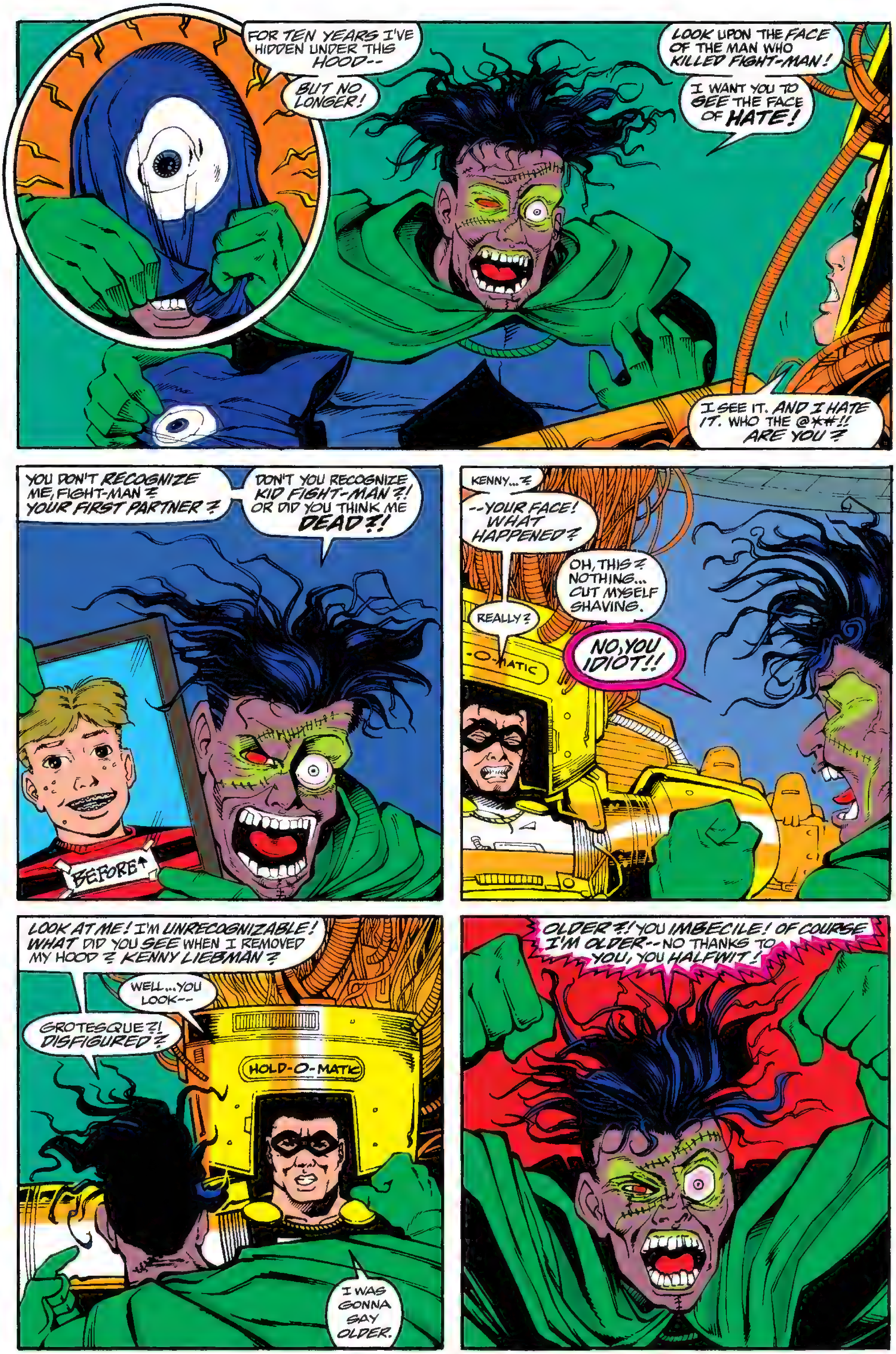
ONE HOUR LATER...
TWO HOURS LATER...
THREE HOURS LATER...
HOT
COLD
SIX HOURS LATER...
huff OKAY... *huff* WHO'S NEXT?
ANYBODY?! *GASP* HAH? C'MON, YOU... GIMPS!!
WHO'S--
P-KONG
Here

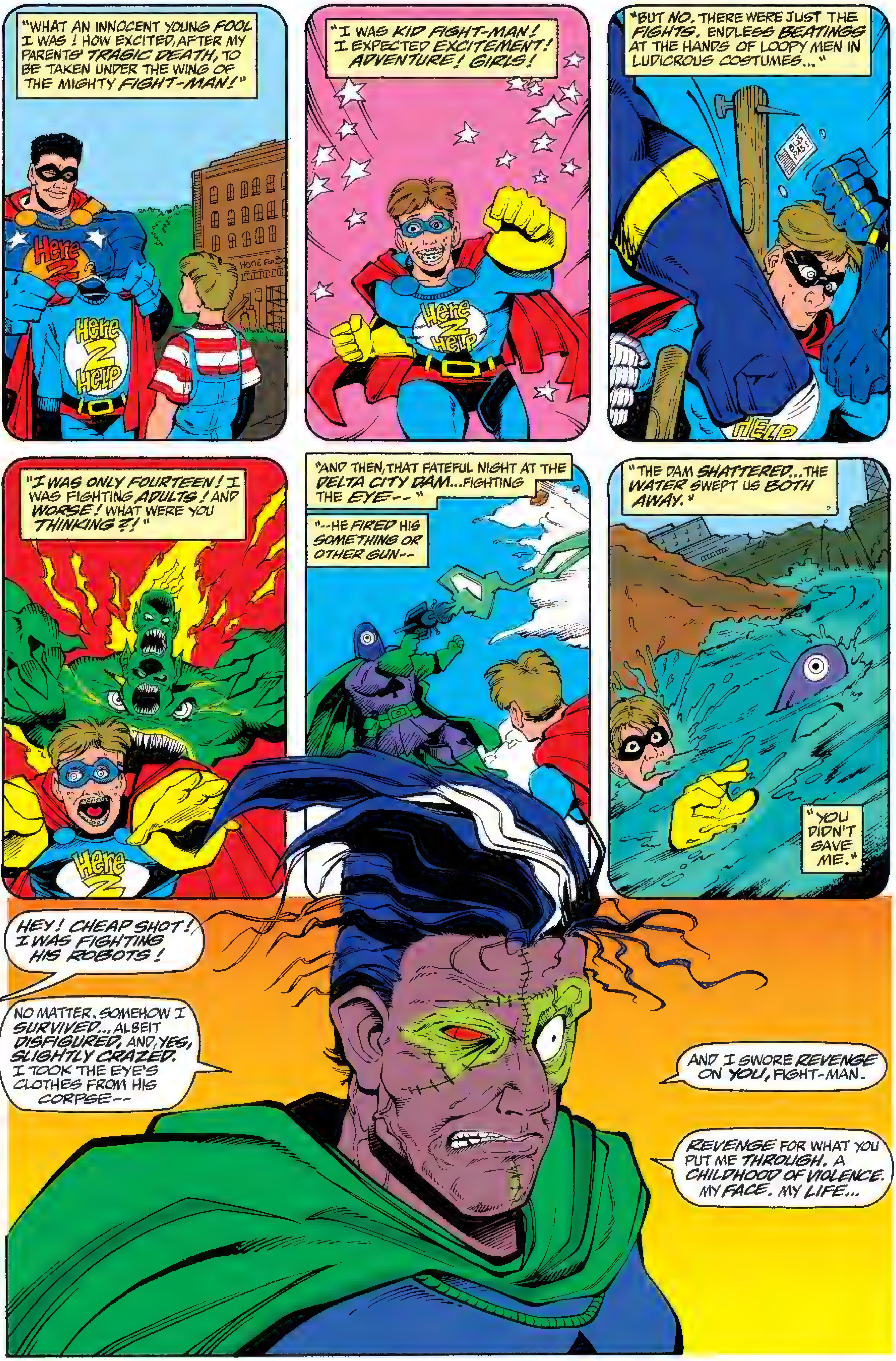

THE ALL-HATE SQUAD!!
THAT'S RIGHT, FIGHT-MAN! AND WE'VE GOT A HUNDRED NEW MEMBERS. ALL DUES PAID!
AND AFTER WE KILL YOU, WE'RE GONNA USE THE TEN MILLION TO COMPLETE OUR MASTER PLAN!
THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF FRANCE!
KILL
SEE STARS
PUNCH DRUNK
77
ALL RIGHT YOU CLOWNS... I'LL FIGHT YOU.
BUT IT BETTER GO QUICK...
'CAUSE I REALLY GOTTA GO TO THE BATHROOM... BAD!

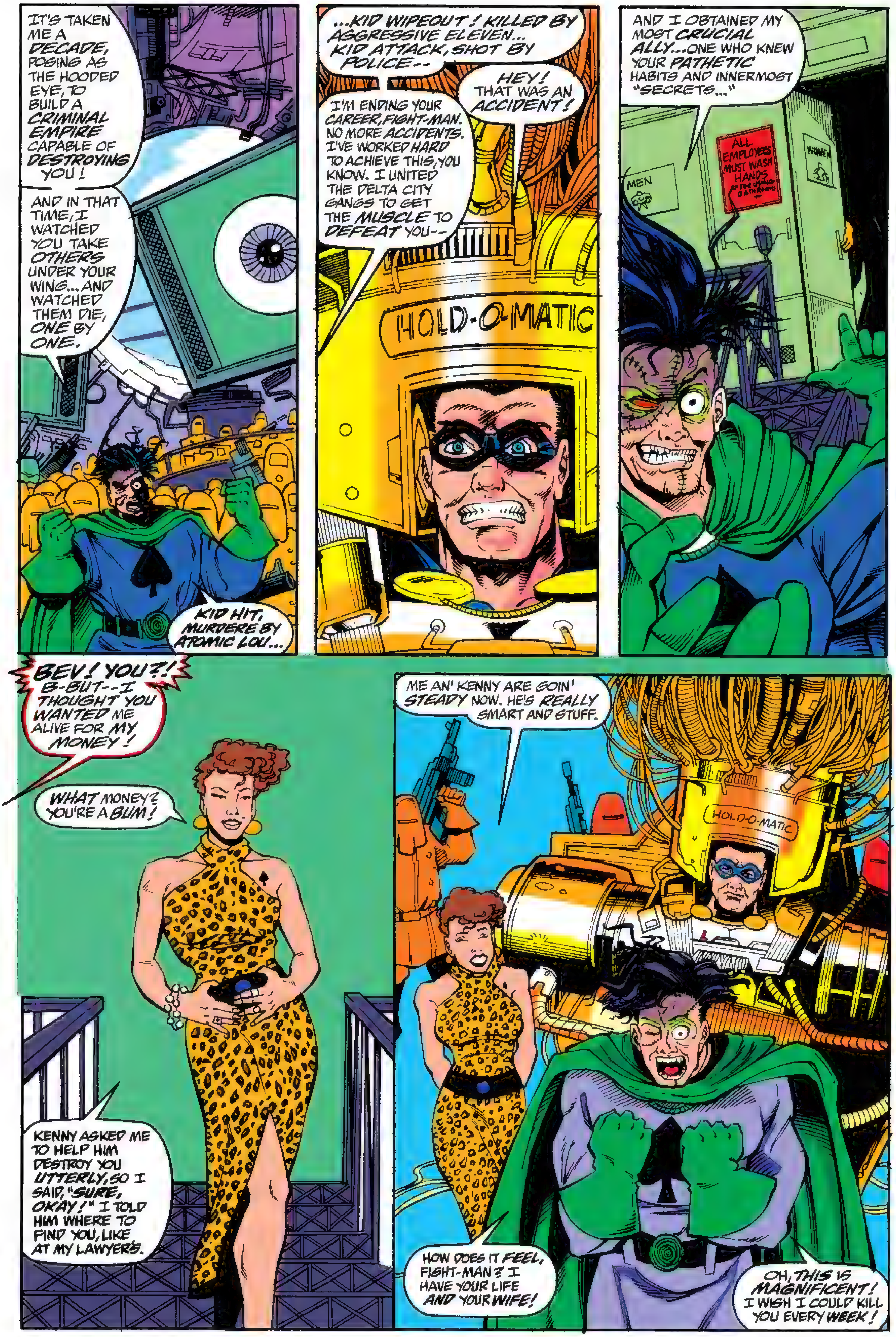

WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF THOSE LOSERS!
NO NO NO NO
ORANGE St.
NOT QUITE, YA BIG MONKEY!
OH... NO...
...NOT FISTICUFF-WOMAN?!
HOW'S IT GOIN', FIGHT-MAN?! LONG TIME NO HIT!
OH, I FORGOT! YOU CAN'T HIT GIRLS! HA!
SMASH
CLOSED Big Fight!
SMAKKO
OUCH! SHE'S RIGHT! STUPID SUPER-HERO CODE! @*#!! WHAT'LL I DO?!
SO, MISTER BIG-SHOT! WANNA FIGHT, MAN?! HA HA HA!!
Soda Pop
Soda Pop
ENG 100
THAT MAGIC MARKER-- THAT'S IT!!
Sir Marks A Lot
Sir Marks a lot.
• PERMANENT ON MOST SURFACES • DO NOT SHAKE
5 SUBJECT NOTE BOOK
HEY! YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME!
I'M--A--
GIRL...
SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE
WHAT GIRL?! YOU'RE NO GIRL--
FISTICUFF-MAN!!
Sir mark's a lot.
KER-
POW

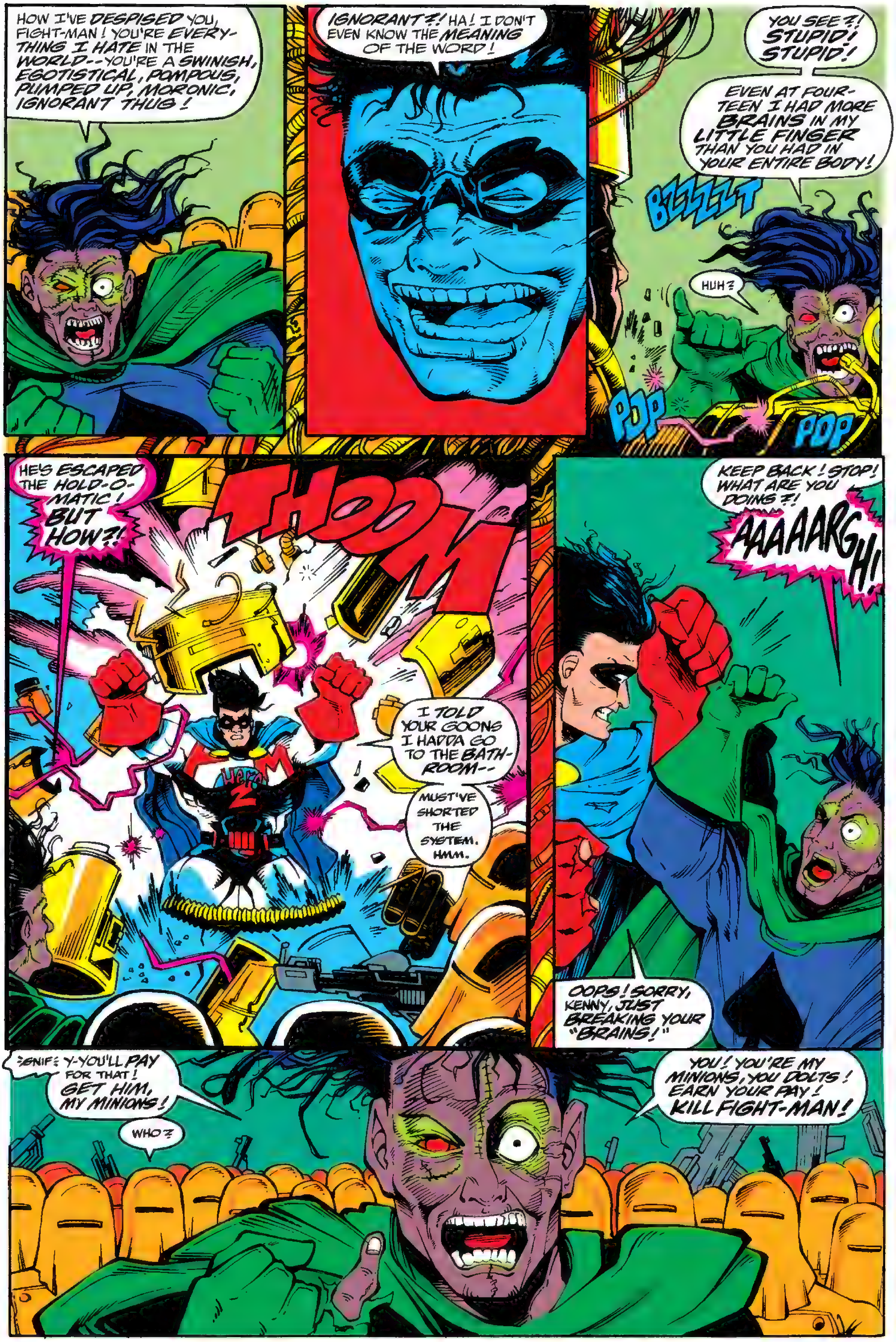

HEY, GIRL HITTER-- HOW ABOUT FIGHTIN' SOME REAL MEN?!
BIG STRONG MAN!
BIGGER STRONGER MAN!
BIGGEST STRONGEST MAN!!
BS
SIZE counts
GASP
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY-- THE BIGGER THEY ARE--
--THE HARDER YOU HAVE TO BASH THEIR HEADS TOGETHER!!
KRAAK
KRAAK
GAK
URK
YOU GOT GUTS, PAL--
--AN' I'M GONNA SPRAY 'EM ALL OVER THE STREET!
SIZE COUNTS
BS
YEAH, RIGHT!
NOTHIN' CAN TAKE DOWN FIGHT-MAN!
KATHOOM
UH... THAT MIGHT DO IT...
OOOOH--
RRRUMMMBLE
BOOOOM

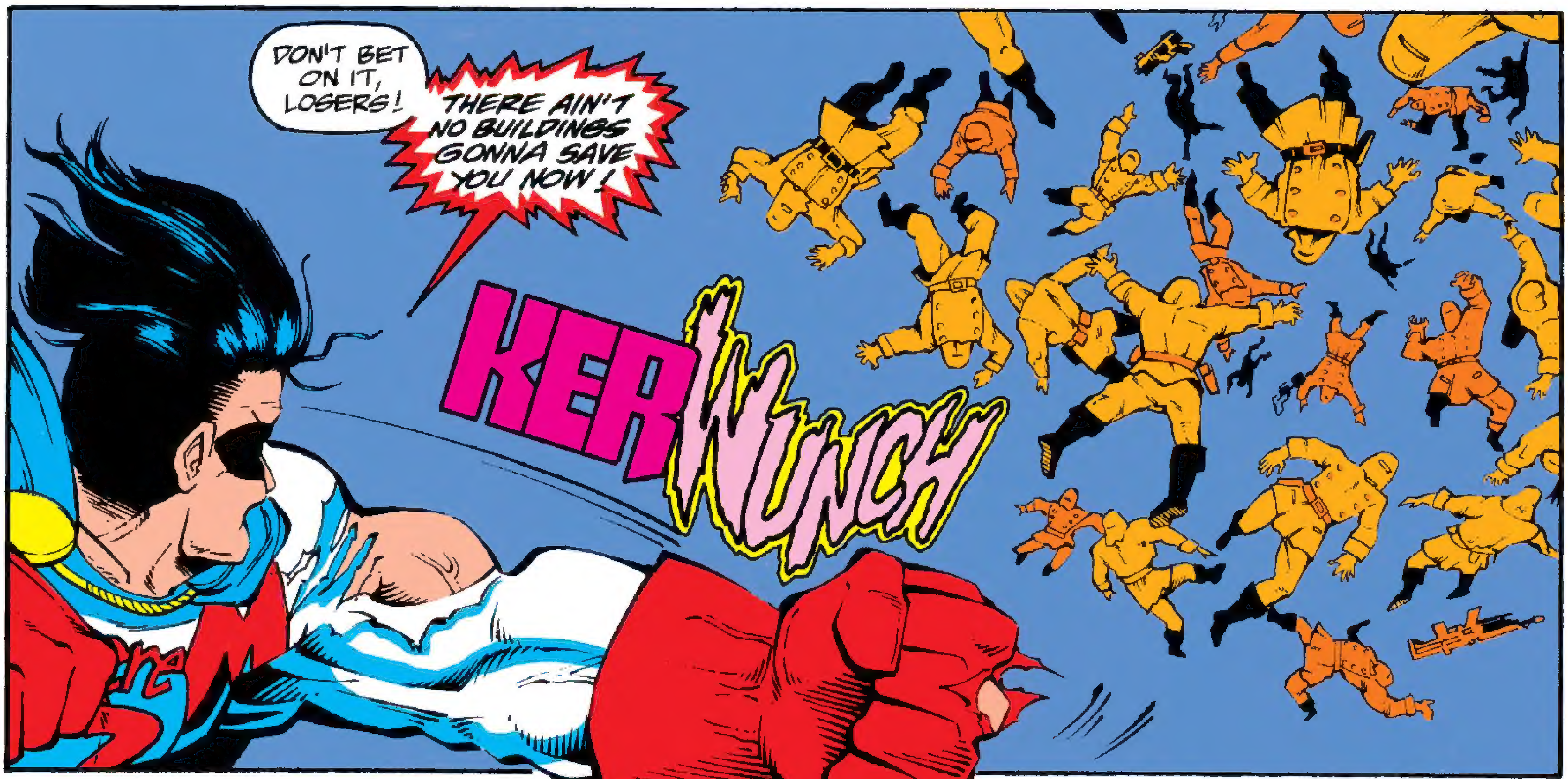

WHA-WHA' HAPPEN? WHERE AM I?
WHAT HAPPENED? YOU WERE KNOCKED OUT BY THE HUDSON INSURANCE BUILDING, YOU FOOL!
AS FOR WHERE YOU ARE--
WELCOME TO YOUR FUNERAL, FIGHT-MAN!
FINALLY, AFTER TEN LONG YEARS, I SHALL HAVE MY REVEN--
HEY! NOW I RECOGNIZE THIS JOINT--IT'S DR. ANARCHY'S OLD SECRET BASE--HE RAN THE ANGER GANG OUTTA HERE--
SILENCE! THE HOODED EYE IS SPEAKING!
WHY'RE YOU IN SOME DUMP UNDER THE SEWERS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE RICH!
HOLD-O-MATIC
IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M RENTING FROM THE DOCTOR WHILE HE'S IN JAIL FOR TAX EVASION.
YOU SHOULD BE CONCERNED MORE WITH YOUR FATE, FIGHT-MAN, THAN WITH MY LIVING ARRANGEMENTS. WHAT SAY YOU TO THAT?
MY NOSE ITCHES.
SHUT UP, YOU INSOLENT WHELP!
WHAT'D YOU CALL ME?
SHUT UP!
YOU SHUT UP!
NO, YOU SHUT UP! SHUT UP!!

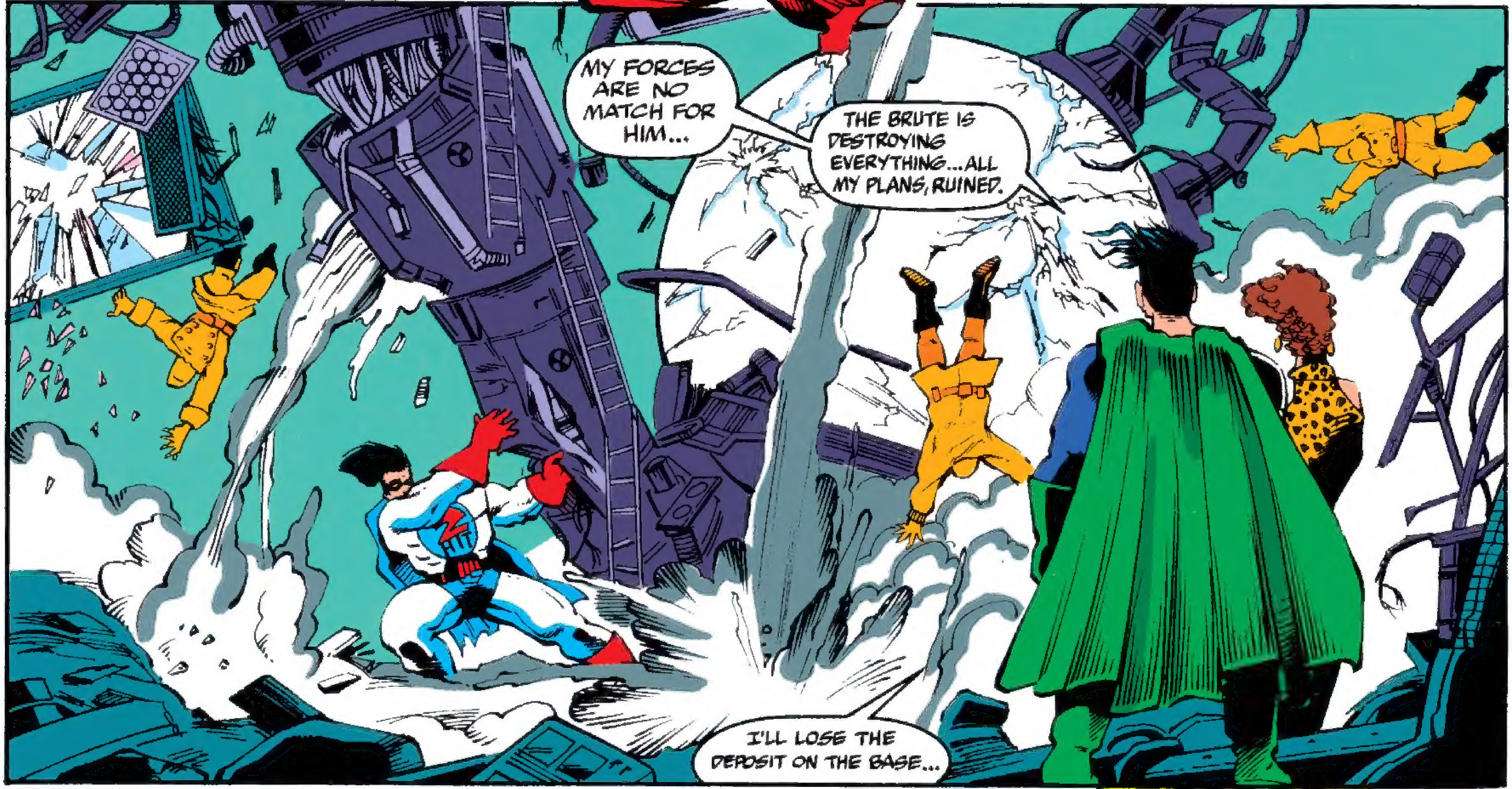

FOR TEN YEARS I'VE HIDDEN UNDER THIS HOOD--
BUT NO LONGER!
LOOK UPON THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO KILLED FIGHT-MAN!
I WANT YOU TO SEE THE FACE OF HATE!
I SEE IT. AND I HATE IT. WHO THE @*#!! ARE YOU?
YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE ME, FIGHT-MAN? YOUR FIRST PARTNER?
DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE KID FIGHT-MAN?! OR DID YOU THINK ME DEAD?!
BEFORE↑
KENNY...?
--YOUR FACE! WHAT HAPPENED?
OH, THIS? NOTHING... CUT MYSELF SHAVING.
REALLY?
NO, YOU IDIOT!!
-O-MATIC
LOOK AT ME! I'M UNRECOGNIZABLE! WHAT DID YOU SEE WHEN I REMOVED MY HOOD? KENNY LIEBMAN?
WELL...YOU LOOK--
GROTESQUE?! DISFIGURED?
HOLD-O-MATIC
I WAS GONNA SAY OLDER.
OLDER?! YOU IMBECILE! OF COURSE I'M OLDER--NO THANKS TO YOU, YOU HALFWIT!

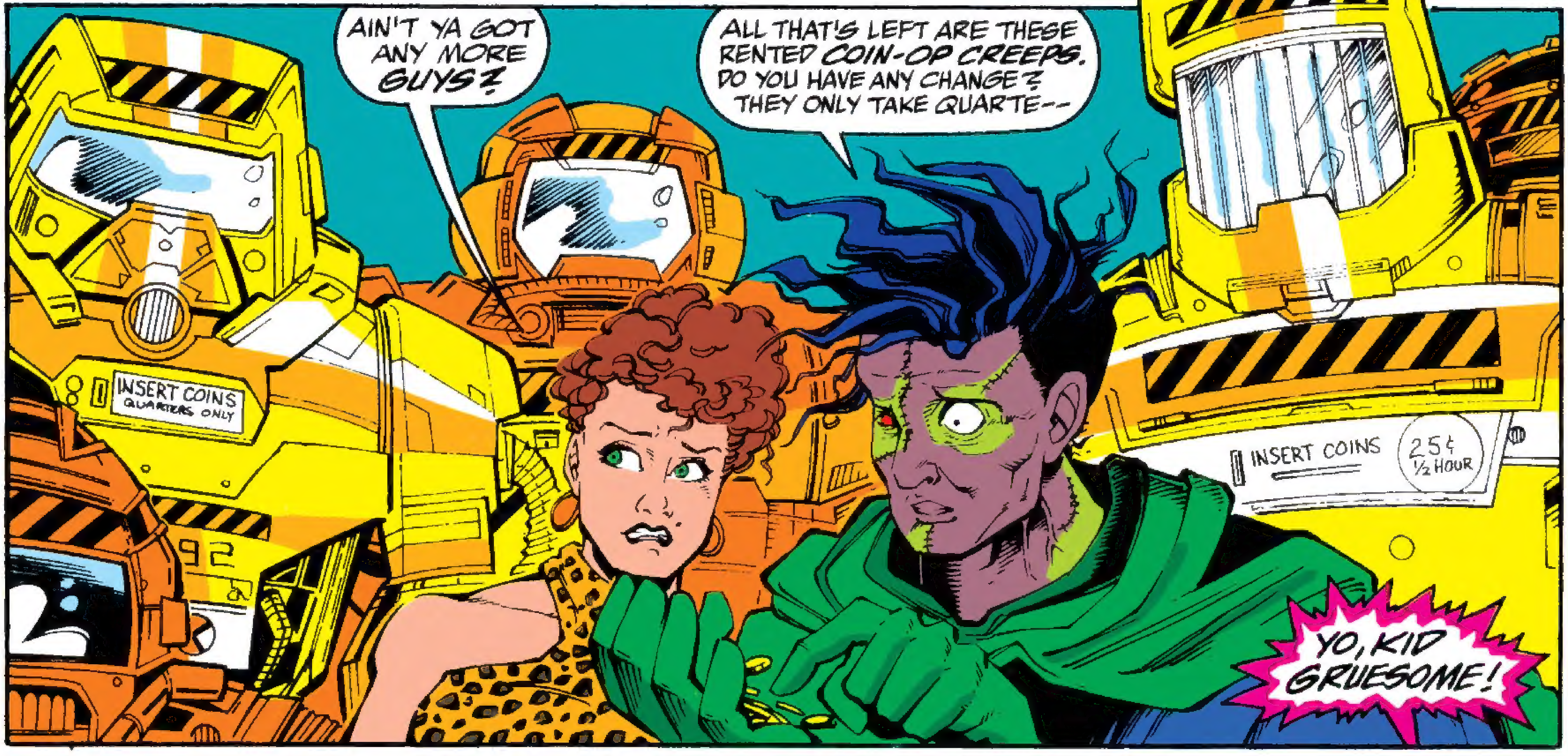

"WHAT AN INNOCENT YOUNG FOOL I WAS! HOW EXCITED, AFTER MY PARENTS' TRAGIC DEATH, TO BE TAKEN UNDER THE WING OF THE MIGHTY FIGHT-MAN!"
Here 2 Help
HOME FOR
"I WAS KID FIGHT-MAN! I EXPECTED EXCITEMENT! ADVENTURE! GIRLS!"
Here 2 Help
"BUT NO. THERE WERE JUST THE FIGHTS. ENDLESS BEATINGS AT THE HANDS OF LOOPY MEN IN LUDICROUS COSTUMES..."
BUS PASS
HELP
"I WAS ONLY FOURTEEN! I WAS FIGHTING ADULTS! AND WORSE! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?!"
Here 2
"AND THEN, THAT FATEFUL NIGHT AT THE DELTA CITY DAM...FIGHTING THE EYE--"
"--HE FIRED HIS SOMETHING OR OTHER GUN--"
"THE DAM SHATTERED...THE WATER SWEPT US BOTH AWAY."
"YOU DIDN'T SAVE ME."
HEY! CHEAP SHOT! I WAS FIGHTING HIS ROBOTS!
NO MATTER. SOMEHOW I SURVIVED...ALBEIT DISFIGURED, AND, YES, SLIGHTLY CRAZED. I TOOK THE EYE'S CLOTHES FROM HIS CORPSE--
AND I SWORE REVENGE ON YOU, FIGHT-MAN.
REVENGE FOR WHAT YOU PUT ME THROUGH. A CHILDHOOD OF VIOLENCE. MY FACE. MY LIFE...


IT'S TAKEN ME A DECADE, POSING AS THE HOODED EYE, TO BUILD A CRIMINAL EMPIRE CAPABLE OF DESTROYING YOU!
AND IN THAT TIME, I WATCHED YOU TAKE OTHERS UNDER YOUR WING... AND WATCHED THEM DIE, ONE BY ONE.
KID HIT, MURDERE BY ATOMIC LOU...
...KID WIPEOUT! KILLED BY AGGRESSIVE ELEVEN... KID ATTACK, SHOT BY POLICE--
HEY! THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
I'M ENDING YOUR CAREER, FIGHT-MAN. NO MORE ACCIDENTS. I'VE WORKED HARD TO ACHIEVE THIS, YOU KNOW. I UNITED THE DELTA CITY GANGS TO GET THE MUSCLE TO DEFEAT YOU--
HOLD-O-MATIC
AND I OBTAINED MY MOST CRUCIAL ALLY... ONE WHO KNEW YOUR PATHETIC HABITS AND INNERMOST "SECRETS..."
MEN
WOMEN
ALL EMPLOYEES MUST WASH HANDS AFTER USING BATHROOMS
BEV! YOU?! B-BUT--I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME ALIVE FOR MY MONEY!
WHAT MONEY? YOU'RE A BUM!
KENNY ASKED ME TO HELP HIM DESTROY YOU UTTERLY, SO I SAID, "SURE, OKAY!" I TOLD HIM WHERE TO FIND YOU, LIKE AT MY LAWYER'S.
ME AN' KENNY ARE GOIN' STEADY NOW. HE'S REALLY SMART AND STUFF.
HOLD-O-MATIC
HOW DOES IT FEEL, FIGHT-MAN? I HAVE YOUR LIFE AND YOUR WIFE!
OH, THIS IS MAGNIFICENT! I WISH I COULD KILL YOU EVERY WEEK!

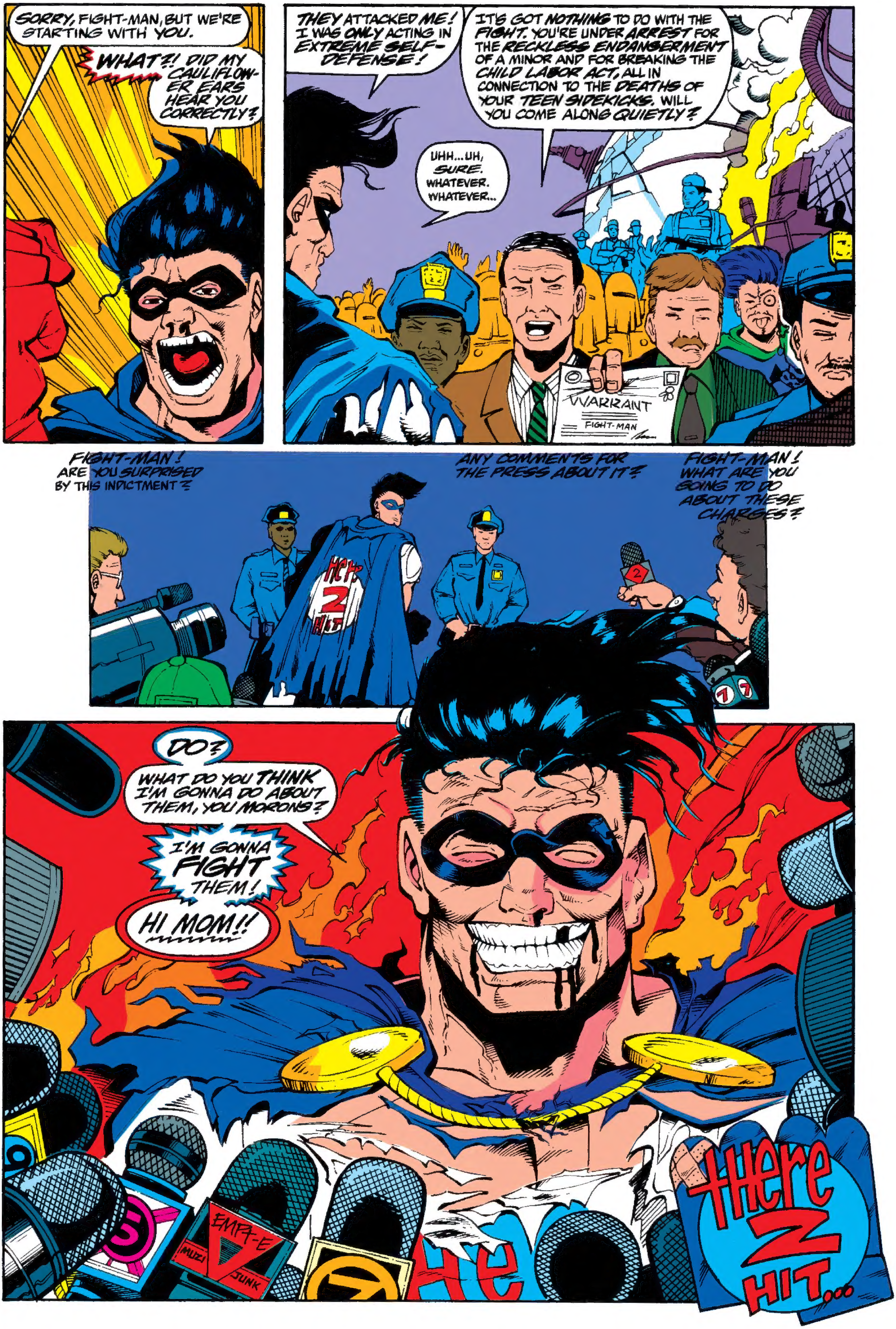

HOW I'VE DESPISED YOU, FIGHT-MAN! YOU'RE EVERYTHING I HATE IN THE WORLD--YOU'RE A SWINISH, EGOTISTICAL, POMPOUS, PUMPED UP, MORONIC, IGNORANT THUG!
IGNORANT?! HA! I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD!
YOU SEE?! STUPID! STUPID!
EVEN AT FOURTEEN I HAD MORE BRAINS IN MY LITTLE FINGER THAN YOU HAD IN YOUR ENTIRE BODY!
BZZZZT
HUH?
POP
POP
HE'S ESCAPED THE HOLD-O-MATIC! BUT HOW?!
THOOM
I TOLD YOUR GOONS I HADDA GO TO THE BATHROOM--
MUST'VE SHORTED THE SYSTEM. HMM.
KEEP BACK! STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
AAAAARGH!
OOPS! SORRY, KENNY, JUST BREAKING YOUR "BRAINS!"
SNIF Y-YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT! GET HIM, MY MINIONS!
WHO?
YOU! YOU'RE MY MINIONS, YOU DOLTS! EARN YOUR PAY! KILL FIGHT-MAN!


DON'T BET ON IT, LOSERS!
THERE AIN'T NO BUILDINGS GONNA SAVE YOU NOW!
KERWUNCH


MY FORCES ARE NO MATCH FOR HIM...
THE BRUTE IS DESTROYING EVERYTHING...ALL MY PLANS, RUINED.
I'LL LOSE THE DEPOSIT ON THE BASE...


AIN'T YA GOT ANY MORE GUYS?
ALL THAT'S LEFT ARE THESE RENTED COIN-OP CREEPS. DO YOU HAVE ANY CHANGE? THEY ONLY TAKE QUARTE--
INSERT COINS QUARTERS ONLY
INSERT COINS
25¢ 1/2 HOUR
92
YO, KID GRUESOME!

MADE YOU LOOK!
POW
Here 2 HIT
WHY...?
...WHY DO THE STUPID PEOPLE ALWAYS WIN...?
AHHH, SHUT UP, YOU BIG BABY.
ALL RIGHT! THIS IS THE POLICE! NOBODY MOVE! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
ABOUT TIME YOU SAPS SHOWED UP! YOU CAN START THE HANDCUFF PARTY WITH MY EX-WIFE HERE!
EXIT
EEK!


SORRY, FIGHT-MAN, BUT WE'RE STARTING WITH YOU.
WHAT?! DID MY CAULIFLOWER EARS HEAR YOU CORRECTLY?
THEY ATTACKED ME! I WAS ONLY ACTING IN EXTREME SELF-DEFENSE!
IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FIGHT. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE RECKLESS ENDANGERMENT OF A MINOR AND FOR BREAKING THE CHILD LABOR ACT, ALL IN CONNECTION TO THE DEATHS OF YOUR TEEN SIDEKICKS. WILL YOU COME ALONG QUIETLY?
UHH...UH, SURE. WHATEVER. WHATEVER...
WARRANT
FIGHT-MAN
FIGHT-MAN! ARE YOU SURPRISED BY THIS INDICTMENT?
ANY COMMENTS FOR THE PRESS ABOUT IT?
FIGHT-MAN! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THESE CHARGES?
HELP 2 HIT
DO?
WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M GONNA DO ABOUT THEM, YOU MORONS?
I'M GONNA FIGHT THEM!
HI MOM!!
EMPT-E
MUZI
JUNK
There 2 HIT...

FOR A LISTING OF MORE MARVEL COLLECTIONS, DOWNLOAD

MARVEL
BACKLIST
READING
CHRONOLOGY
MARVEL
www.marvel.com

TM & © 2011 MARVEL & SUBS

Go to your local comic shop to pick up these great collections!
And stay tuned to the Marvel App for more amazing collection releases.
To find a comic shop near you visit www.comicshoplocator.com